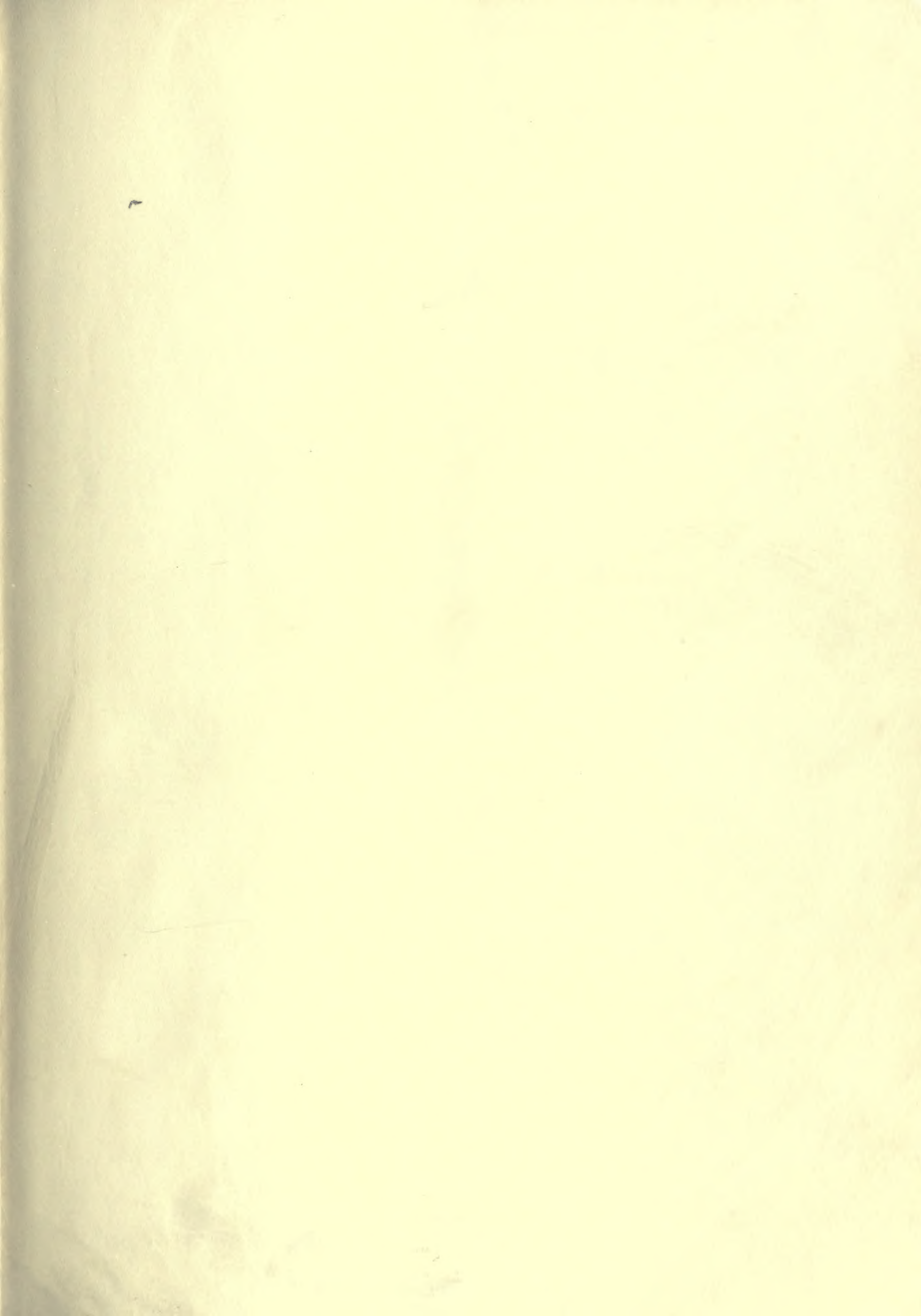






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(JULY, 1918  
VOL. XXVIII. NO. 209



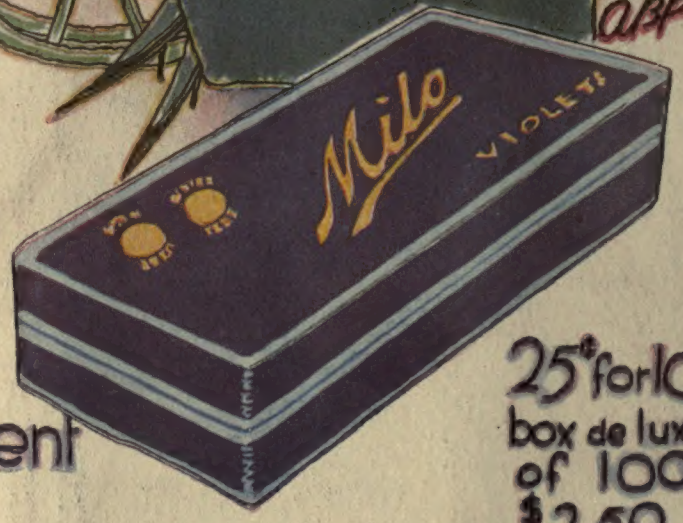


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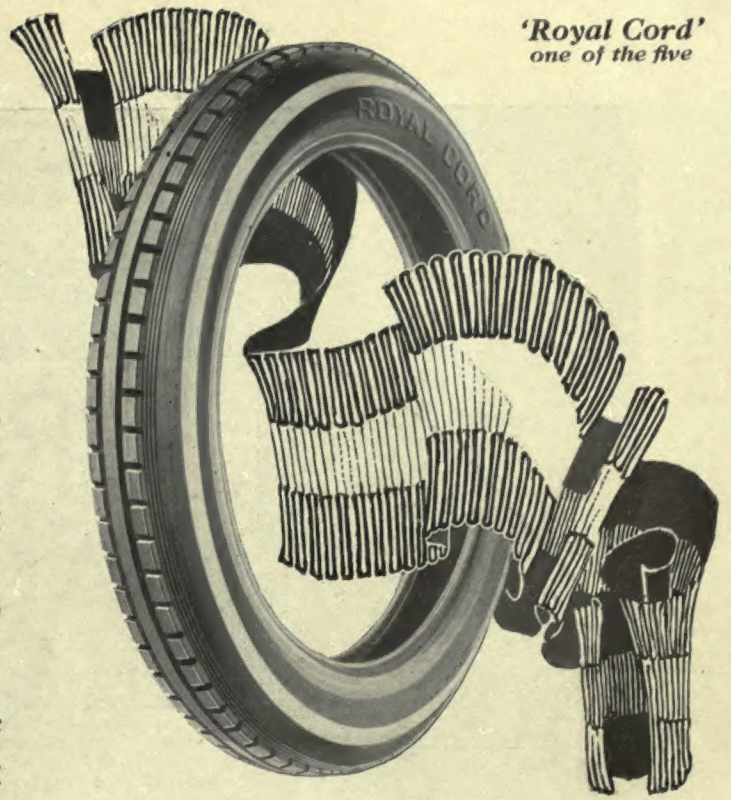
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# SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

JULY, 1918



**W**E offer a splendid antidote for hot summer weather.

Yes, you've guessed it!

The August issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

No disheartening war news, or reports that will lead to heated discussions. Chatty news of theatre land for those vacationing who wish to keep informed, and sprightly, entertaining stories for those who seek amusement.

The August number will be primarily a picture number.

On hot, stifling days just glance at the enchanting pictures of your favorites bathing, rowing, gardening, boating, etc., and be transported to the spots where the cool breezes always blow.

Yes, it's to be a corking summer number, if we have to be immodest enough to confess it ourselves!



**I**T'S been the fashion of late to rail at the theatre, and to berate the unfortunate manager. Poor fellow, it's astonishing how he survives the abuse heaped on his head. All our highbrow critics declare that our drama is going to the dogs.

"But we can't be as bad as all that." So Louis De Foe says. Surely this well-known critic who has spent the best part of his life sitting up nights weathering all kinds of terrible plays—and survived it—ought to know something about it.

He insists that it is an old cry—the decadence of the stage, and proofs in hand, he will show you that our generation is not so far behind the most brilliant period of the stage.

This is an entirely new angle of a much discussed question, and Mr. De Foe is always worth listening to.

**W**HOS that funny looking gink over there, hidin' in the corner?" asks one of the stage hands at a dress rehearsal.

"Aw, let 'im stay," says another. "He's only the author."

On the last sentence hangs a tale.

And Lewis Allen tells it in his witty skit, "He's Only the Author," in the August issue.

The most despised creature in theatre-dom, the downtrodden playwright has his troubles. His script continually changed by the manager, his funniest remarks for the comedian cut out by the star, who doesn't pity him?

Read about some of his experiences in a side-splitting article.



**T**HE war has brought about many changes, and it's responsible for many queer things. Among the oddest perhaps is the subterranean theatre recently opened in Paris on account of the long range bombardments by German cannon.

A brief cable dispatch spoke about the opening of this bomb-proof theatre, but no details were given of its arrangement.

Edwin Carty Ranck, one of our staff writers, has just returned from France where he witnessed a performance at this most unique theatre in the world.

In the next issue he will give you a full description of it, his account being illustrated by a very interesting picture.



**B**IFF-BANG." That's the drama now.

It sounds like a German bomb. But don't get frightened. It's only the show with which the Pelham Training Boys captured New Yorkers' hearts and pocketbooks at the Century.

"Biff-Bang" introduced the latest type of chorus girl. "She" is the husky-voiced, brawny seaman, who, dolled and primped and silk-stockinged, captured all feminine hearts.

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER  
Publishers  
ARTHUR HORNBLow  
Editor

THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 89TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, Add \$1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, Add 85c.

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 209

JULY, 1918



*From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg*

**MME. YORSKA AS SALOME**

This picturesque, forceful French actress gave a realistic rendering of Salome with the Washington Square Players recently



# LEGS VS. THE BE-WHISKERED DRAMA

*Sundry reflections awakened by visits to  
"The Doll's House" and "The Follies"*

By ARTHUR HORNBLow



**I** TAKE off my straw hat (5¾ latest model) to Mr. Arthur Hopkins.

He is one of the few—conspicuously few—American theatre managers not ashamed to admit he has a soul above the dollar.

Not that he is ignorant of the value of the elusive shekel. Like most of us, he seeks to gather up as many of them as possible, but he's not the kind to sidetrack things really worth while and trade only in mush, legs and smut because the possibilities of larger profit are more alluring.

This year, particularly, he has done yeoman service in the cause of dramatic art. While our local boards have been literally buried under an avalanche of mawkish, trivial, stupid, unclean plays, he has had the courage to celebrate his first year as manager of the Plymouth Theatre by devoting ten weeks of his season to Ibsen repertoire. Think of his nerve, rehashing the be-whiskered old gentleman of Norway when Broadway (according to the most enlightened of our theatrical caterers) cries only for mush and "pep"!

With Nazimova as his star, could he have done anything else? A strong actress requires a strong play, and the shrewd manager isn't going to pay big royalties on sloppy, amateurish plays (by comparison) when he can get real plays for nothing.



**W**HICH came first—the strong actress or the strong play? It recalls that other problem of the poultry yard—who preceded, the egg or the hen? I'm not good at conundrums, but it's quite understandable, even to a slacker intelligence, that the dramatist must first write his play before the actor can interpret it, just as the boy must first have his cake before he can eat it, and it's as plain as the nose on your face (excuse my being so personal) that if the playwright doesn't write good plays, we can't have good actors.

That is why we owe a debt of gratitude to Arthur Hopkins for giving us an occasional glimpse at dramatic art at its best—masterpieces whose appeal is universal, played by an actress of magnetic and appealing personality, who is without a rival on our stage in interpretations demanding intellectual breadth and brilliant technique.

Laugh at the be-whiskered drama as old-fashioned, high-brow stuff if you will. Personally, I prefer it to "Happiness," "The Little Teacher" and plays of that ilk. For the sake of the reputation of this burg for common intelligence, let us rejoice that there are still theatregoers among us who prefer Ibsen's marvelous delineations of character, the thoughts his philosophy awakens and sets coursing through the brain to the vacuous, inconsequential, degrading stuff which passes for theatrical entertainment in too many of our theatres nowadays.

We seldom get the opportunity to see the serious, or even the poetic drama. Shakespeare is practically banished from our stage. Why? Because we are living in what may be termed the low visibility era of the theatre. The play-

wrights, fat and prosperous, are uninspired. The stage itself is almost entirely in the hands of commercial hucksters who have constituted themselves our moral guardians. It is they and not we who dictate what kind of dramatic entertainment we shall have. They know we can't think for ourselves, so they think for us. They give us "The Madonna of the Future," "Anthony in Wonderland," "The Barton Mystery," "Words and Music," "The Three Bears," and the rest, *ad nauseum*.



**T**HE managers consider this sort of dramatic fare good enough for our present Kultur. When our audiences have grown in intelligence they will be given stronger mental food. Meantime, they must accept the silly, childish stuff doled out to them.

Mr. Hopkins succeeded in drawing large audiences with "The Doll's House," a play written nearly forty years ago, and which even to-day our play hacks vainly try to imitate. And such audiences—the *cognescenti* and *intelligenzia* of the world's greatest democracy. Have you ever stopped to study audiences as they flow out from, say an Ibsen audience and an audience that has gaped and chortled over the latest nasty musical-comedy? Look at the faces, listen to the voices, note the manners. It is the Great Divide—the wide chasm, which can never be bridged, between those who have been given brains with which to think and those who have been endowed with large mouths with which to grin.

If Ibsen is too serious in this time of war, if the people must laugh to hide their aching hearts, by all means give them comedy. Buy not of the room and bath variety. If our dramatists can write only sewerage comedy, why not turn over the business of playwriting to the plumbers?

For those who want to laugh in an honest, wholesome way, there are plenty of good old comedies that would bear revival. We haven't seen "The School for Scandal" in years. It wouldn't hurt our present generation of theatregoers to have a speaking acquaintance with the loquacious Mrs. Malaprop, nor with the genial Bob Acres in "The Rivals." Personally, I wouldn't mind seeing that side-splitter, "Charley's Aunt" again. And as for the mirthful "Bunty Pulls the Strings," I could see it every day.



**B**UT you object—that is old stuff. Only dead ones insist on standing still. Quite true—the world certainly does move as brother Galileo heretically observed. The jaded theatrical appetite demands constant novelty—above all it craves "pep." Solomon, as sagacious a monarch as ever drew an unearned income, is renowned for three things—he knew how to pick a particular baby's mother from among a million other babies' mothers, his own personal charms filled the oriental eye of the languorous Queen of Sheba, he was the first to make the trite but true remark, "There's nothing new under the sun." He might also have

added, "under the moon." For these modern days, when no Hun raiders are around, Broadway nights show up almost as bright as do the days.

But the demand for novelty cannot be brutally ignored or set aside. It's a childish craving, no doubt, yet still a natural and not unwholesome one. Let us see now how our intelligent, enterprising theatre managers cater to this keen thirst. Do they encourage new authors, do they experiment with novel, big ideas, do they explore new fields of thought or fancy?

No—nothing of that kind. A few bold spirits—styling themselves independents, and operating in bandbox theatres—venture to follow untrodden paths, and now and then succeed in striking an original note, presenting plays that have both virility and literary charm.

But these side-shows, in little out-of-the-way theatres, appealing only to a special cultured few, do not reach the great mass of theatregoers, and can be of little influence in elevating the public taste. When one says the theatre—one means the regular Broadway house with its big seating capacity and well-established clintèle.

What do the managers of these theatres give us by way of novelty? Apparently only one thing occurs to them—the feminine form undraped, which, in view of the heated term, is, I agree, logical enough. But, if less an appeal to animalism than a desire to keep cool these dog days, why not be consistent and ask your audiences also to throw all their clothes to the four breezes? Camouflaged only by palm-leaf fans, the nudity of the auditorium would present a novel spectacle quite in keeping with the houris *in naturalibus puris* on the stage.



**A**NOTHER form of novelty—not very original but ever popular—is to comb America's backwoods for pretty faces. Mr. Ziegfeld is an expert at this delectable business, and you may see for yourself how successful are his gleanings by taking the trouble of paying a visit to the "Follies" at the New Amsterdam. A veritable garden of feminine beauty of all types—girls to please every taste, stately blondes, vivacious brunettes. They have nothing to do but pose and look pretty, for which let us be thankful, as otherwise the illusion might be lost. Later on, we may have the pleasure of seeing them as movie stars.

As it is, the beauty show alone is more than worth the price of admission.

This is all in the way of novelty that any self-respecting bouncer can expect. And as for the country visitor—the mainstay of all our theatres—Ziegfeld's girls are the very Alpha and Omega of the theatre. When Uncle John and Aunt Sue go back to Skillihunk, Mass., and thrill their gaping neighbors with stories of all the sights they saw in little old New York, they never fail to mention their visit to the "Follies."

"Say, we wuz at the theayter. You uns should see 'em gals! Sure New York can't be beat when it comes to a lively show."

There you have it. The provinces are more than satisfied. The metropolis may well be proud of its pre-eminence in the world of art.





*Sarony*

**IRENE FRANKLIN**

(Left)

One of Vaudeville's brightest lights, who returned to the Palace recently for an engagement de luxe with the inimitable Burton Green, and proved that for variety patrons she is shining as resplendently as ever

*Maurice Goldberg*

(Right)

**FAY BAINTER**

The dark-eyed, light-haired beauty, who charmed all New York last year as the Japanese princess in "The Willow Tree," is proving that she can sing and dance as well as act in "The Kiss Burglar" at the Cohan Theatre



WITH REPUTATIONS FOR CHARM—TWO FAVORITES

# AMUSING STAGE CONTRETEMPS

*Some ludicrous blunders which turned tragedy into comedy*

By W. FORREST GILCHREST



THE work of a dramatic critic grows monotonous at times, but now and then occur amusing incidents that serve to enliven otherwise dull moments. Occasionally there are scenes enacted upon the stage that are not set down in the prompt book, which cause the auditors to smile, and while some of them are not sufficiently plain to be realized by an audience, although patent to the critic, yet now and then I have witnessed some very laughable mistakes which were immediately recognized on both sides of the footlights. On several occasions I have witnessed errors that completely overthrew the serious character of a play, and turned the entire effect into ridicule.

During one of Sarah Bernhardt's numerous engagements in New York she produced "La Femme de Claude"—("The Wife of Claude"), which was then seen for the first time in this country. In anticipation of a notable presentation a large and fashionable audience had gathered, and the great French actress won hearty and deserved applause throughout the various acts. But in the closing scene, toward which all the previous performance had worked up, something happened that entirely changed the complexion of the play, and turned what was intended for a very dramatic ending into a scene of great hilarity.



IN this scene the wife of Claude, a thoroughly bad woman, is about to elope with a young protégé of her husband. The latter is the inventor of a gun which has been approved by the Government. Claude keeps the plans for this weapon in a cabinet, located at the side of the stage. In order to secure funds to maintain herself after the elopement, the wife resolves to carry away with her the plans to sell them to the authorities.

She enters and goes to the cabinet, from which she extracts the plans. While she is busily engaged in rifling the cabinet, Claude enters the apartment and, intuitively, the whole plot is revealed to him. A gun is standing beside the door, through which he entered. Now, according to stage directions, Claude is to seize the weapon and shoot his wife, who is to stagger to the center of the stage and die. This, of course, would make a tragic ending of the play.

But just then something occurred that caused a halt in the proceedings. Claude caught up the gun and pointed it toward Sarah, while the audience sat spell-bound by the situation, as it awaited the report. And the audience waited, for when Claude did pull the trigger of the weapon, no report followed. Unfortunately, the person whose duty it was to load the gun had forgotten that important duty.

Claude pulled the trigger two or three times without result, and he was so surprised at the situation, that he stood like a statue, completely bewildered. Instead of rising to the situation, as an American actor would have done, and pretend to brain Sarah with the gun, he stood gazing blankly at the obdurate weapon.

In the meantime Mme. Bernhardt stood calmly awaiting the fatal bullet which was supposed to end her wicked career. Its non-appearance dazed her also, and she stood for a moment irresolute, then she dashed through a window, out of sight,

only to reappear a moment later. For a moment she stood irresolute; then she staggered to the center of the stage and died a horrible death, by the rules of stage decorum. But the sight of a woman dying from a wound inflicted by a gun that had not been discharged, proved too much for the risibilities of the audience, and the smiles which had greeted the first stage episode, turned into roars of laughter.



THIS was probably the only time in this great star's stage experience that an audience had ever laughed at the dying struggles of Sarah. The audience thought it funny; what Sarah thought about it is unknown, but the stage manager told me the next day, that the atmosphere behind the curtain after its fall, was of a sufficiently blue character, so dense that it could have been cut out in chunks.

I remember another laughable episode, the ridiculous character of which was somewhat alleviated by the quick wit of the star. It was on the occasion of a revival of "Diplomacy" by Rose Coghlan. As every theatregoer knows, the plot of the play hinges on the abstraction of an official document from a box, by the adventuress. The box was brought out all right and placed on a table in the center of the stage. The key was supposed to have been left in the lock of the box. Miss Coghlan, after the other characters had left the stage, walked over to the box and attempted to open it. Somebody had blundered; the box was locked, and the key missing. The attempt of the actress to open the box, and the surprised look on her face revealed the predicament, and many in the audience began to titter. Miss Coghlan, however, grasped the situation. She looked off the stage and said quietly: "Perhaps the key has been dropped on the floor," and then, as if seeking the missing key, she walked off the stage, returning a moment later with a paper folded, in her right hand, concealed from view of the audience. She walked over to the box, and, seemingly, picked up the desired paper, saying: "Ah, it was left on the outside." There was laughter, of course, but the audience rewarded the actress with a round of hearty applause, for the clever manner in which she had handled the situation.



AS a spectator I saw the first night of "Our American Cousin," which was produced at Laura Keane's Theatre, on Broadway, near Houston Street, in October, 1858. E. A. Sothern, who had been in the old Wallack company, and had not distinguished himself above the ordinary stock actor, literally jumped into fame on that occasion, through a mishap, and of all that talented organization, he made the greatest hit, as the English fop, Dundreary. As originally written by the author, Tom Taylor, an English dramatist, the part was a small one, and had been accepted by the comedian only after considerable persuasion by Miss Keene, after J. H. Stoddard had refused to appear in the part, on account of its inconspicuous character.

As Sothern made his first entrance, through a large door at the back of the stage, he tripped over a rug, and hence came on the stage with a hop, skip and jump. The audience, believing it

to be part of the stage business, laughed loudly, and Sothern, quickly realizing the point, kept up the strange walk throughout the evening. Indeed, it was this comical sort of walk that made the character amusing. Sothern afterward starred in the character, and he is best remembered by his very amusing rendition of the character of the assinine English nobleman.

Stoddard afterward refused to play a character, in which another actor started toward fame. He was cast for Baron Chevril in "A Parisian Romance," and refused the part as being beneath him. Mansfield had no such compunction, and his work in the character is stage history.

How slight an incident can ruin a play was well exemplified in the production of "The Year One," by Neil Burgess. He had made a heavy outlay for scenery, costumes and stage effects, and the play was certainly mounted in a gorgeous manner. All went well on the opening night, at the Star Theatre, and although the audience was somewhat surprised to see the former proprietor of "Cold Molasses" without a female dress, but in that of a Roman Senator, the production promised to be a great success. However, in the closing scene a mishap occurred that ruined the play.



THERE was a chariot race with which the play closed. A curtain hung from the first groove, and hid the arena, but the vociferous shouts of the spectators were greatly in evidence. The drop went up, and Burgess was seen in a chariot, racing with another charioteer. The old treadmill effect, which had been so successfully used in "The Country Fair," had been brought into use again for this scene. But, while the stirring effect of a chariot race was expected to thrill the audience, the opposite was the result. Three of the horses driven by Burgess were on a hard gallop, while the other animal was standing stock still, gazing placidly at the audience. There was a howl of laughter from the auditors, who rose in their seats at the ridiculous scene and they quitted the theatre without waiting for the close of the play.

Burgess told me afterward that the play had been written by his sister, who, from spirit-land, dictated to her brother the various scenes. Burgess, as is well known, was a Spiritualist.

On one occasion I went to see "Damon and Pythias," that good old-time "scene-chewing" drama, at the Bowery Theatre. J. B. Allen, a capital actor, but with a high temper, was Damon, and George C. Boniface was the Pythias. In the closing scene Damon staggers in, having returned just in time to save Pythias from death, the latter having remained as hostage for his safe return, after a last visit to his wife and child. Dionysius, the Tyrant, at once summons Damon to the scaffold. Allen sprang to the scaffold and the supernumeraries behind the scene shouted, according to stage direction. Then, after a few lines, Damon was supposed to be interrupted by more shouting, and had to say, "Shout again." But no shouts came; the silence was impressive, so much so that the fall of the traditional pin would have sounded like an earthquake. Allen looked off the stage and blurted out: "Shout, you ———"



Boyd Marshall Mitzi George F. Marion Robert Emmett Keane

Act I. The little acrobat relates her romance



Photos White

MITZI

The little Italian girl enters the lawyer's office through the transom

**M**ITZI, the firefly of musical-comedy, has a new vehicle in "Head Over Heels," in which she impersonates a little Italian acrobat. She sings, dances, mimics, tumbles and reveals unexpected athletic skill and agility in a romance that blends humor and pathos. Mitzi's season has begun with a summer run at the Tremont Theatre, Boston. Her New York appearance will be made shortly



Mitzi

George F. Marion

Act II. The Babinetti troupe rehearse



Mitzi

Boyd Marshall

Act III. A happy finale

MITZI SCORES IN 'HEAD OVER HEELS'

Why don't you shout?" The "supers" shouts were drowned by the shouts of laughter.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is known as an actress of great impulse, and this quality once made trouble for her. When she, for the first time here, essayed the character of Charlotte Corday, I journeyed up to Harlem, at the instance of my old friend, Kyrle Bellew, to criticize the performance. All went well with the play, like the traditional marriage bell, until the last scene, in which, as Charlotte Corday, Mrs. Potter is supposed to kill Marat, enacted by Bellew. As Marat sat in the tub indulging in a bath, Charlotte rushed toward him with a knife in her hand. With all the fierce energy that this actress possessed, she rushed to the bath and stabbed Marat; but, unfortunately for

her and her companion, in the struggle she upset the bathtub, and the audience discovered that Marat was having a bath in a tub which had no bottom.

Augustin Daly once gave a sumptuous revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and Ellen Burg, who was the wife of Robert Edson, was engaged to play the character of Puck. At one period she was supposed to fly away, and she did this by means of a wire attached to her waist. She went up nicely, but as she was just above the flies the cord slipped and she was left hanging, the audience seeing only a pair of plump legs dangling from the skies.

The first production of Humperdinck's pretty play, "Hansel and Gretel," was at Daly's Theatre, before a representative audience. Au-

gustus Harris—then plain Mr. and not Sir—was the manager of the enterprise. Harris was a good theatrical manager, but from an educational standpoint he was somewhat lacking. In response to a call before the curtain, Harris appeared, and made a short address, thanking the audience for its approval of "Pumpnickel's" play.

One evening I went to an East-Side theatre to see a popular actress, who had grown gray in the character, play Lady Isabel in the perennial "East Lynne." In the scene where Lady Isabel is kneeling over her dying child, a pathetic moment, in which the spectators are always moved to tears, a big black cat strolled out leisurely from behind the scenes, at the front, and walked slowly across the stage.

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## MADE IN AMERICA

*How plays are manufactured and thrown upon our stage as seen by a Frenchman*

By LUCIEN VANERA



SOME of my Paris friends have asked me to tell them how stage productions are made in this country—in what the American methods differs from the French. I confess that I am puzzled what to answer.

Plays are not produced in America. They are manufactured, like locomotives. Everybody has a finger in the pie, and the unfortunate author, at the end of a few days rehearsal, sees his comedy transformed into a drama, musical-comedy or—nothing at all.

This is the way it goes: The manager accepts your comedy. He thinks it's great. Only three weeks' rehearsal and you'll have a big Broadway success on your hands. Unfortunately, there are the three weeks rehearsals ahead, also the manufacturer—excuse me, I mean the manager.

American managers are divided into several classes. First we have the manager who manufactures musical-comedy which I might call "catalogues of popular music." He gets one man to write the piece, another to do the costumes, another the music, a fourth the scenery. As to the "artists," one finds them ready-made. The director selects those most in the public eye, adapts them to the costumes and scenery and then, having made them learn by heart certain words and move about according to the music, he presents the whole concoction to the consumer (the dear theatregoing public) under some snappy title which, of course, has nothing to do with what one's going to see. It charms the eye, sometimes the ear, but above all, it tranquilizes the mind.

Then we have the manager who specializes in comedy. There are good and bad. A theatre manager is like a well-known trade-mark. You order tickets for a Belasco play as you'd order Lynhaven oysters. The artists are no better, but they are better set up.

Then there are managers who, having no specialty, dabble a little in everything, and sad to relate these are the ones who make barrels of money.

Your play is accepted by one of these three classes of caterers to the public amusement. It now becomes a matter of organizing the company. The less important actors are easily found. The leading rôles are more difficult to fill. Miss Flossie Smith will be wonderful in the title rôle. They send for her, and engage her.

Then they hand her the part. Everything is going swimmingly.

All the author has got to do now is to adapt his piece to the star, make his heroine ten years younger, make her very fashionable, and change the scenes so that she may hold center stage continually.

Now, as to the lady's father! The manager sees him little and fat, the author, tall, with a moustache, but the manager's son prefers him without a moustache. After much discussion, the son carries the day. Now, the leading man! Mr. Jones would be very good if he were shorter, Mr. Brown is rather thin. He would make Miss Flossie look too fat, and Mr. Robinson is no good because he's a blond. Finally, they end by finding the perfect type—a floor-walker in a dry goods store. The manager ran across him when buying some socks. He telephones for him and engages him at \$200 a week on a three years' contract, subject to the usual two weeks' cancellation clause!

Finally, they begin to rehearse. For eight days everything goes fine. The leading man is taught his part—like a parrot. They make him walk up and down the stage. Then they come to the conclusion that he is not at all suited to the part. They send for the author—if he can change the text and some of the stage business, it will help things. Author consents to change three or four of the smaller parts, and modify some of the scenes.

To-day, dress rehearsal in the presence of the manager who took the author aside and complimented him. "If you cut out that leading man's scene in the first act and change the end, it'll be fine." For the third time the author makes the play over. They are to open next week out of town. Suddenly the manager comes to the conclusion that the father ought to have a moustache. They send for the actor, take away his part and give it to an actor who has a moustache like the Kaiser. At the end of three days, they get tired of the turned up points and get another actor who wears a moustache like a brush.

After two weeks delay they open at Atlantic City—a three days' engagement to try the piece on the dog. The first night there is only a small audience as a result of poor advertising. But the play appears to go. Next morning, rehearsal. The end of the play must be changed. The

second scene must be made the first and the funny lines, with which the comedian made his big hit, must be given to the star. Second performance! Next morning, rehearsal. The manager knew he was right. The father should have been little and fat. They telegraph to New York to send on another actor of the required proportions. The piece is again slightly changed, after which follows the third performance which has nothing in common with the first.

The manager is delighted. "We've got a big success." However, there's a hitch, and they keep on the jump for three or four weeks, going from place to place, and every day the play is changed. Finally, all agree that it is perfect, excepting in one thing. The manager thinks it lacks something. What it is, he doesn't know. To-day is Thursday, they finish Saturday and open on Broadway the following Thursday. But—

On Saturday, during the second act, the manager is suddenly struck with an idea. "At last!" he cries, "I've got it!" He rushes up to the author. "Say—we've got a big thing here, only we must change things around a little. The play is all right as far as it goes, but it don't go far enough. What it needs is ginger, 'pep,' music, dancing, girls! That's what it needs. See?"

The company is immediately discharged, and another company of musical people engaged in its place. Everything is begun all over again, and finally they open in great style in New York. The piece proves a frightful frost and at the end of the week is sent to the storehouse. The manager says he realizes now that he should have made a drama of it. Happily, he is too late!

Forgive them, oh ye authors, they know not what they do. Besides all American managers are not as bad as that. Sometimes one is satisfied to produce the piece exactly as the author writes it, and casts it with really good artists. The piece turns out a corking success, it has a prodigious run, and the other managers all cry out, "What luck!" Happily there are in America a few of those so-called lucky ones who know how to choose good authors, good artists (of which there are plenty here) and who, having the artistic instinct, respect authors and artists, and understand that it is not enough to have one's name on the door of a manager's office to know how to write, act and judge a play.



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Some of the principals in the Thrift Festival held at the Polo Grounds recently. Left to right: Leon Rothier, Oscar Seagle, Marie Sundelius, John Philip Sousa, Betty McKenna, Sophie Braslau, Charles Harrison. (Inset) Lieut. Sousa's band and the chorus of 10,000 voices



**ENTER ADOLPH KLAUBER, PRODUCER**

Mr. Klauber, who for the last few years has been literary adviser to the Selwyns, will make his debut next season as an independent producer. He began his career as a reporter on the *New York Times* and later became dramatic critic of that newspaper. He left there to go with the Selwyns. Some years ago he married Miss Jane Cowl



Peggy Wood, Mrs. Rida Johnson Young and Charles Purcell, planting an apple tree on Mrs. Young's estate at Stamford. Mrs. Young is the author of "Maytime" and the tree has been planted in memory of the apple tree around which the plot of the play hinges

# BELASCO'S LITTLE GIRLS

Showing how the Wizard of Broadway develops successful stars

By VERA BLOOM



NO one has been able, so far, to analyze David Belasco's magic but the fact remains that he can take the most commonplace plays, and by sheer genius of casting and production, turn out baffling successes—baffling because no one knows just why they succeed.

There was a period, about a year ago, when an impression got around that the Belasco era was over—that instead of his detailed realism we wanted the sketchy sort that originated with the little Theatre movement.

But early in the present season and quietly Belasco slipped into his own theatre with "Polly With a Past," a comedy and Ina Claire, and a bit later into the Lyceum, with "Tiger Rose," a melodrama, and Lenore Ulric. Ever since you've had to have had a career in housebreaking or second-story work to get inside either playhouse,

As far as Belasco's regular audiences were concerned, they only knew Lenore Ulric from "The Heart of Wetona" and Ina Claire not at all. Now Miss Claire is the shining example to which aspiring comedienues are compared, and Miss Ulric has even had the crushing praise of being called the "coming American actress."



INA CLAIRE and Broadway became acquainted when she was "The Quaker Girl," then she went to London, and came back to make "Hello, Frisco!" and her imitations famous in the Follies, and jumped from there in one bound, when Belasco "discovered" her impersonation of Marie Odile, to center-stage and star dressing room at the Belasco Theatre, the secret goal, you should know, of every stage-struck girl from Salem to Seattle.

One of the advantages of Miss Claire's position is being able to give interviews in the comfortable little salon Mr. Belasco provides for his stars. The programmes and pictures on the walls permeate it with the spirit of success, and the old furniture fairly cries for confidential chats.

Miss Claire sank gratefully into a chair after the matinee. Fluctuating all afternoon between a French adventuress and a demure black-and-white-clad maid is harder work than being the champion costume-changer in the Follies, for it involves characterization as well as clothes.

"Oh!" she laughed, protestingly, "some day I hope to have a part where I won't have to work harder off the stage than on. As 'Polly' I have to change my makeup completely several times, and in record time, at that. It would have been easy to make my adventuress the ordinary sort, with blackened eyes that look like burnt holes, chalky face, and scarlet lips. But I wanted her to be the more subtle, chic looking *demi-mondaine* one sees at the smart hotels in Paris, with just a touch of Gaby Deslys thrown in for the high-lights."

Ina Claire has plenty of high-lights of her own. She is poised, vivacious and spirited, both in words and gestures, and she combines the animation of a brunette with the delicacy of a blonde to quite an unusual degree.

"How did it feel to break one of the dramatic hurdle records?" I asked her, "and jump from Ziegfeld to Belasco in a bound?"

"It was not such a jump as you think," said

Miss Claire, with confidence rather than conceit. "I had really been prepared to do this sort of work for some time, and I had offers from managers for several years before. It was a case of what the song-writers call 'vamp till ready'—just keeping step, you know, without marching!"



IN a way it was far more difficult than this. In musical-comedy, or revues, everything depends on 'personality.' That's what you are paid for, and the director pays much more attention to the chorus than to the principals. In fact, he usually leaves you severely alone, and you develop, or rather manufacture your personality yourself. That is why all the singing comedians have certain little tricks of speech or 'business' of their own that they always use. There is no such thing as sustained characterization in musical comedy."

"Then how were you able to step into a leading part without experience?" I asked this unusual young lady.

"I made my own experience with my imitations," she explained, "every one was a tabloid character-part. Not alone that, but each was three parts in one—the actor, the character and the parody on the two! To tell the truth, when I came to Mr. Belasco, I felt that I hadn't the proper foundation of technique without playing small rôles, or doing 'stock' work, but he told me that with intelligent study and the knowledge of quick characterization I had, missing the usual training wouldn't be an insurmountable handicap."

Coming to the real question at last, I asked: "What did Mr. Belasco do for you? Did you see how the magic works?"

"Mr. Belasco gave me confidence," declared Miss Claire, still with her air of alert penetration, "he is a great teacher, you know, and treats each 'pupil' differently. But he never laughed at me, and what's more, he never ridiculed. I can always get things best by suggestion, rather than being told every detail, so he would just say—"here Miss Claire changed in a flash to the priestly, rather sad manner of David Belasco, and went on as Belasco, and not herself—"If I were you, I would just—just—he rarely said the exact words, for I could tell from the inflexion of his voice and from his gestures exactly what he wanted, and we would go on with the scene in perfect accord."

"At rehearsals, I would only go through the lines and 'business' mechanically, but every night, lying in the dark, I would go over each speech, each scene in my mind's eye. I could picture the ensemble, and, from the angle of the audience, you see, put myself in the picture. First, I always find the climax of a scene, then shade it, with a quiet space just before to make the effect more vivid."



LENORE ULRIC, Belasco's other "little girl" plays primitive, emotional parts, like the Hawaiian heroine of the "Bird of Paradise" the Indian "Wetona," and now wild, lovable French-Canadian "Tiger Rose" with more dash and feeling than anyone on the stage.

And because Miss Ulric leads the quietest of

off-stage lives, few people really know if Tiger Rose becomes tame when she leaves the stage-door, or if all the fire and intensity is Lenore Ulric herself.

When I came into her dressing-room after the performance, she had slipped into a demure negligee, but still wore Rose Bocion's vivid makeup and impudent hair. "Ah," I thought, "she is primitive!" But in a moment the hair, rippling down in soft waves about her face, and the makeup rubbed off, changed her to a gentle, modest girl with the only touch of the "wilds" in her delightful lack of Broadway sophistication.

"How did I come to play these 'wild' parts?" she echoed my question, with just a suspicion of the clear-cut accent she used on the stage, "first of all because I'm dark, I think. Naturally people associated me with Spanish and Indian characters. And then, you see, there are so few small actresses who can play emotional parts. We usually associate big emotions with those great, magnificent women like Margaret Anglin, Julia Arthur or Helen Ware."



BUT the public likes the unknown—either in types or atmosphere. That is why, being an ingénue in size, and yet being able to play these elemental characters, it has found a place for me. We love what we don't know and live every day. That is why people flock to Mr. Belasco's plays which take them to out-of-the-way places, because, through him, they see the very soul of things that otherwise would be just vague to them.

"In a play like 'Tiger Rose,' with such big struggles, you must live the part every time. But it is easy, because the settings are so real, that the moment you step on the stage, you slip almost unconsciously into the part, just as the audience is swept into the story."

"At rehearsals I always go 'in front,' into the empty house, and just let the atmosphere of the scene on the stage seep into me, until I feel that that room is my home, or else that the woods are as real to me as they are to the girl in the play herself."

It is easy to see that Miss Ulric is the sort of actress to do fine things. She is so sympathetic, so eager, and so patient in perfecting details.

"How do you work out a part?"

"First, I develop my own conception—good or bad. And then, when I feel I have done all I could, Mr. Belasco 'edits' it, he polishes the good points, shows me where I am wrong, and then develops the material that we select as worth while. He has the most graphic way of explaining, it would be almost impossible to misunderstand him. His descriptions are like an open picture-book."

"I must always have what I call my 'mechanics'—the words and action—perfected until I do them unconsciously. Then I can begin to feel. That seems to me the only way to act."

Now that Mr. Belasco has Miss Claire and Miss Ulric safely launched on what bids fair to be famous careers, he will soon look for other worlds to conquer with other little girls—Jeanne Eagles has already made her début under his banner.



Photos Underwood and Underwood

Mrs. Gould, Lieutenant Murray and staff on the stage of the Ellis Island Theatre



"All sorts and conditions"—a typical audience at Ellis Island

**M**RS. GEORGE J. GOULD, as Chairman of the Entertainment Committee of the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense, has built and equipped a theatre. It is situated in a hall at the Ellis Island Naval Receiving Station. Mrs. Gould donated the stage, velvet curtains, three sets of scenery, lights, properties, etc., and here professional performances are given for the U. S. sailors. A vaudeville program is arranged, many of the most famous stars in the theatrical world volunteering their services. "Sometimes," says the *N. Y. Times*, "a sombre note is injected. The program is stopped, a bugler sounds attention, the name of a ship is read by the officer and the number of men called—75, 100, 150—whatever the number may be—rise from the audience and march out, to go under sealed orders they know not whither. As they fall in formation to march to get their kits the men in the audience all break out in a lusty shout of song, 'Where do we go from here, boys, where do we go from here?'"



"The Entertainment Bulletin" announces the "prescription of happiness" for each night. Lieutenant Murray, Commandant of the Naval Receiving Station at Ellis Island and Mrs. George Jay Gould

sarcastically informed us, that

*"Sweet Kate Pennoyer,  
Lives three doors below 'yer."*

"That's all right gran-pop, but if you will come with me and see 'The Follies'"—

"'The Follies,' why that is only a modern 'Black Crook.' Ah, there was a piece that showed true to form—I mean the human form. Talk about 'show girls'—that is all they can do. Here is one who could both show and do. Anna Kemp, the original Stalacta in 'The Crook,' was a member of the leading opera company of those days, and an excellent actress as well. I grant you the costume is not so taking as some of those Ziegfeldian ones of the present time and it does make her look a bit queer, but styles in clothes change, and it was her voice that counted. Good singers were more successful in attracting attention in those days than good lookers.

"Now, here is Millie Cook, whom we called a good looker and a fair actress. She was clever though, and followed Kemp as Stalacta in 'The Black Crook.'

"Here are some of the charming women who came over here with Lydia Thompson. This one is a picture of Eliza Weathersby, one of the great favorites of the time. Clever as a dancer, actress and singer. She was Nat Goodwin's wife number one.

"When this young woman first arrived here she created a havoc in the bosoms of the young men of the day, almost creating a social disaster in some families. In the heyday of her youth she was dubbed the 'legitimate' successor to that well-known lady of Milo. Your 'Follies' can show none superior to Pauline Markham. And who can you match against this once bewitching creature, Lydia Thompson, with her wealth of golden hair—dyed I grant you—which set a style

that made brunettes seem out of date. She was blessed with the gift of perpetual youth, which, added to her talent, made her one of the most charming and versatile actresses our stage has ever seen.

"Some day while walking down the avenue you may chance to meet a tall gracious appearing lady with a pair of dark, piercing, yet gentle looking eyes, gracefully carrying the added years which have come to her since I first saw her disport on the stage of the old Olympic in 'Humpty Dumpty.' Emily Rigl was one of two sisters who captivated the town when ballet dancing was the rage, and afterwards became a prominent member of Augustin Daly's company."

"That's all right, gran-pop, lock up your pictures and store them away with your other memories, and then some night come down on Forty-second Street, I will take you to a theatre where you will see—some real live ones."

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## FEMALE IMPERSONATION

By HAROLD SETON



SINCE the outbreak of the Great War, the newspapers have on various occasions contained accounts of plays produced by soldiers at cantonments, sailors at training-stations, and prisoners of war who have been interned. Furthermore, figures have been published showing these men arrayed in all manner of fanciful attire, the group generally including at least one fellow in woman's clothes.

In a Sunday supplement a photograph was reproduced of a young sailor at the Great Lakes Training Station in a startlingly realistic impersonation of a stage beauty. In a tour of the neighboring towns a vaudeville troupe from the 306th Infantry started out from Camp Upton, Long Island, and presented individual specialties, including a female impersonation.

Pictures have come from Germany showing British war prisoners arrayed for a theatrical performance, some disguised as women, and pictures have also come from England showing German war prisoners in similar attire. Motion pictures of life behind the firing lines have shown soldiers amusing their comrades as female impersonators. These instances only go to prove that the love of masquerade, especially the love of masquerade in the garments of the opposite sex, is to-day, as in the days of old, an instinct in human nature for the provocation of mystery or mirth.

Away from the firing lines, away from the training camps, do not the residents of American cities and towns flock to the movies when Julian Eltinge's appearance is announced, to marvel at this actor's "ambisextrous" ability? Similarly, does not London still laugh, as it has laughed for the past twenty years, at the spectacle of Malcolm Scott, one of the bright lights of the music halls, whose specialty has always been the female impersonation of a grotesque type?

Who that has visited the vaudeville shows of Paris, Rome, Berlin and Vienna has not seen men in women's clothes? Who that has traveled in the Orient has not seen female impersonators in Constantinople, Bagdad, Peking and Yokohama? It was only a couple of generations ago that women were first introduced upon the stage of Japan, and the most popular performer in China is still the female impersonator. China and Japan are full of them.

Female impersonation began when dramatic art began. Theatrical presentations originated when the ancient Greeks performed their religious rites before the Temple of Dionysius. The chorus danced around the altar while the solitary actor declaimed in honor of the deity. In the course of time this procedure became elaborated, and eventually the production of tragedy became a State institution in Athens. Suitable places were provided for the performance, one being the Orchestra, near the Agora, where a circular dancing-place was surrounded by raised seats for the spectators. In Rome, at a later period, plays were presented at the public games, and at shows provided on special occasions by private individuals.

In Greece and in Rome all rôles in these religious rites and dramatic performances were taken by men, some attired as men and some as women. Masks were worn, of masculine or feminine type, and the female impersonators had garments differing from the men's, and trailing on the ground.

During the Middle Ages theatrical performances continued in the form of dialogues delivered in the church, during the services at Christmas and Easter, the priests serving as actors. These dialogues were enlarged upon, until, during the twelfth century, plays were presented in the vernacular, the various episodes in the Scriptural story being depicted from the Creation to the Last Judgment. These Miracle Plays were acted either in the church itself or on a scaffold by the church walls. Priests, acolytes and choir boys were the sole participants. Records have been preserved of such performances, with descriptions of the parts played by men in impersonating the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, the two sisters of Lazarus, and other women of the Bible.

By the fifteenth century allegorical dramas portraying the conflict between the personified powers of good and evil for the possession of the soul of man were fully developed. These Morality Plays afforded increased opportunities for acting. Then, too, gorgeous spectacles were provided in the form of pageants, various events being illustrated on different floats, which passed in review before the throng of spectators. But, for the benefit of smaller towns and private houses, bands of strolling

players were organized and wandered about the country. In England such players formed a guild as early as 1469.

These actors performed in the courtyards of inns or in the banquet halls of nobles. No women were included in the company, all female characters being interpreted by men or boys, many of whom were adept in such presentations. When a boy's voice changed he was transferred to male rôles, and another boy was substituted for female parts.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth these companies increased in prestige, until it became a great distinction for a nobleman to have players under his protection. The most celebrated company of all was that formed by the Earl of Leicester, with James Burbage as leader, because Shakespeare subsequently joined it, wrote all of his plays for it, and produced them all with it. Men and boys created the rôles of Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona, Rosalind and Lady Macbeth.

It was James Burbage who built the first public theatre in England, which he established just outside of London in 1576. Later other theatres were built, but all of them were closed during the civil wars and under Cromwell's protectorate. But at the time of the Restoration, in 1660, theatres were opened and plays were produced with great success. At this period women first appeared upon the stage, which fact is duly noted by Samuel Pepys in his famous diary.

Since that time innumerable dramatists have employed the device of having women disguise themselves as men, frequently under tragic circumstances, and innumerable dramatists have employed the device of having men disguise themselves as women, though for farcical effect. And so to-day American audiences laugh at George Munroe, masquerading as a fat old woman, or at Fred Stone masquerading as a female circus-rider or a female skater on ice. Similarly, American and foreign soldiers and sailors laugh at their comrades or shipmates tricked out in frills and furbelows.

Yet the Bible distinctly says: "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman's garment, for all that do so are abomination unto the Lord thy God."



### DOLLY SISTERS

The dainty, piquant, adorable Dollies who have just signed a three-year contract with Comstock and Gest. With Harry Fox they are taking "Oh, Look" to Chicago for a summer run, after which they will probably open the Princess Theatre with a new piece



*From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg*

# IN THE SPOTLIGHT



© Ira L. Hill

## FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

**A** SOUTHERNER, shorn of her accent, is Miss Florence O'Denishawn, of "Hitchy-Koo, 1918," About the Globe Theatre and along the Rialto they designate her as "The girl who stopped the show on Hitchcock's opening night." She did, indeed, interrupt the action of the revue, dammed the stream of gay nonsense. How? By her youth—she is not yet twenty—by her beauty, and by the classic grace of her dancing. Florence, though born Andrews, had a romantic start. She was born amid magnolia blooms. In a far Louisiana city they allude to her as "One of Shreveport's fairest daughters, suh." After attending a finishing school she enrolled as a pupil at Denishawn, the school of grace, directed by Ted Shawn and his wife, Ruth St. Denis, and adopted as her stage name, the name of the school, Denishawn. She joined Miss St. Denis on a concert tour. Subsequently she appeared for eighteen months in a vaudeville circuit. In "Hitchy-Koo" she made her debut in a Broadway production. It was her Egyptian dance at the end of the second act that "stopped the show"



## BERNARD MOWEN

**H**AVING played Hamlet with an amateur company at the age of fourteen, Bernard McOwen, who plays Michael Devlin in "Tiger Rose," made his first professional appearance in a melodrama, "Marked for Life." Thereafter he was a popular stock actor in Chicago, St. Louis and other cities of the Middle West. He was a pillar of the temple of "The Nigger," of "A Thousand Years Ago" and "The Climax." For five years he was of the Comstock and Gest forces. To Cleveland went George Middleton and Guy Bolton with their play, "Polly With a Past." Belasco saw him and engaged him



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## CLARE EAMES

**E**MMMA EAMES scolds her niece after a performance and the next performance records a one hundred per cent. improvement. Clare Eames is the daughter of the grand opera singer's brother, a business man of Cleveland. Representatives of the Greenwich Village Theatre saw her in a performance and engaged her. She conquered critics and audience in Schnitzler's play, "The Big Scene"

# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



Laurette Taylor  
in "Happiness"

**N**EVER before within the memory of man have we enjoyed a season quite so pithecoid and so momentary. It has been a period replete with meteoric rises and falls. The significance of it all is quite beyond human ken.

Naturally enough, the martial influence has prevailed throughout. Last year about this time we were all inquiring as to what effect the war would have on the theatre. Now we know.

I believe the first engagement (in the military sense) of the season was the Brady-Brenon skirmish, though strictly speaking, that was more to the credit of the screen than of the stage. Just what it was all about, deponent sayeth not; but 'twas a famous victory, and one of the antagonists, perhaps fascinated by this taste of war, has since gone to Europe to get more of the real article.

A regrettable feature of this phase of the season's activity is that to the time of volplaning to press, there have been almost no casualties among either critics or managers. Samuel Shipman's long-cherished ambition to slay a producer has not been realized, although plenty of people would be glad to pick the producer. No critic, so far as I know, has been mauled by a manager in any club or café—all good and sufficient provocation notwithstanding. Indeed, no reviewers of note have even so much as been barred from any theatre—and surely this is a record.

Apparently the only serious adventures in this line have befallen Heywood Brown. He, no doubt, has had more than his share. Not content with having been deleted by the censor in France and stood up before a "moral firing squad" by Mr. Creel, this sprightly (if not spritely) critic-



Mrs. Fiske  
in "Service"

whose abilities were formerly so highly appreciated by Miss Barrymore—has succeeded in drawing the fire of the redoubtable Miss Eva Tanguay, the "parsnip of performers."

There have been other minor engagements. For instance, it required two complete knockouts to make Sidney Rosenfeld realize that he had been licked. And Arnold Daly has shown a similarly grim determination.

The murder under most harrowing circumstances of William Shakespeare by Laurette Taylor, O. P. Heggie, *et al.* is still fresh in our throbbing memories, as is Walter Hampden's prompt First Aid administered to the dying man.

Another item that by all traditions of stage humor should fall under the caption "War" concerns the following query which has been much on our well-known billboards of late:

"WHY MARRY?"

NAT GOODWIN

For the life of me I can't think of a satisfactory answer. By some strange association of ideas, I am reminded only of the fact that Douglas Fairbanks gave largely of his gold dust to Uncle Sam for war uses, and that Mary Pickford, to say nothing of Charles Chaplin, Enrico Caruso, John McCormack, and others, immediately thereafter did likewise. This is probably matter for psycho-analysis.

Of course, the real Battle of Picardy, so far as the theatre is concerned, was, and is still being fought by the armies of Generals Klaw and Erlanger on the one side and the cohorts of Admirals Jake and Lee on the other. Will this war last long? So far, it looks like a draw. It is true that the Shuberts have captured the Woods after a sanguinary struggle, but the other side has a firm grip on a considerable extent of territory. One shudders to think of the war debts that are bound to accumulate. And one marvels at the weird alliances induced by such a conflict.

Taking a sort of Toxen Worm's-eye view of the entire season, one promptly notes that speed has been its most outstanding characteristic. Plays have come and gone with a rapidity that has fairly made one giddy. "Friend Martha" set the

fashion and the pace. Close on her flying heels came Allen Doone, "The Lasso," "The Deluge," "Good Night, Paul," Henry Miller, Eugene Walter, Marie Doro, William Hurlbut, John Cort, Clare Kummer, Frank Craven, two Eves

(one by Grace George and the other by Laurette Taylor), "Romance and Arabella," "Art and Opportunity," "Furs and Frills," "Daybreak," "Sweet Kitty," "Three Bears," "Words and Music," "Broken Threads," "Rosamund,"—the list stretches out to infinity, the imagination sickens, and the censor reels.

It got so for a while that starting out from 201st Street to see "Here Comes the Bride," you were lucky if you got in time to catch a glimpse of "The Grass Widow." Even the most utter disregard of the speed laws would get you nothing closer to your original aim than "The Naughty Wife."

And then there was that terrible period of depression right in the middle of things when a Liberty Loan was piled like Pelion on top of a mayoralty campaign and the Ossa of a ten per cent. war tax was added unto the aforesaid Pelion. No wonder managers and playwrights turned gray over night! The Spectre of Poverty stared them in the face at every turn. For a while it began to look as if only a million dollars was going to be the maximum of profit to be expected from any one show of the season.

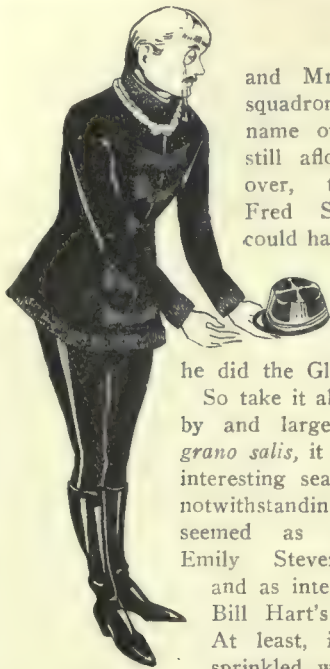
But the long road had its turning, and many a producer was at the eleventh hour saved from the poorhouse. When the reconstruction period was under way, we looked about us and saw that "A Tailor-Made Man" and "Eyes of Youth" and "Business Before Pleasure" and "Chu Chin Chow"



Raymond Hitchcock  
in "Hitchy Koo"



Mme. Nazimova  
in "The Wild Duck"



Leo Ditrichstein  
in "The King"

and Mr. Belasco's squadron, not to name others, were still afloat. Moreover, there was Fred Stone, who could have filled the Hippodrome quite as easily as he did the Globe.

So take it all in and by and large and *cum grano salis*, it was a very interesting season indeed, notwithstanding that it seemed as jumpy as Emily Stevens' acting and as interminable as Bill Hart's upper lip. At least, it was besprinkled with a variety of amusing little trifles. For instance, an entire act from "Her Market Value," turned up in "Eyes of Youth" without making the least fuss in the world about it, and Marjorie Rambeau thus went right on playing Willard Mack.

Very little prominence, moreover, was given to the fact that the soldier skit acted by Jack Norworth and accomplices in "Odds and Ends" was from the "Rosy Rapture," which Sir James M. Barrie wrote for that celebrated throne—emptier, Gaby Deslys. Moreover, nearly all the unclaimed slang phrases were made into more or less successful musical-comedies by Messrs. Wodehouse, Bolton, and Kern in some combination or other. Any argot they slighted was promptly taken care of by others of our latter-day Gilberts and Sullivans.

The actors naturally got in to the game early and often. Lester Lonergan further illuminated New York's streak of incandescence (Thursdays and Sundays excepted) with "The Torches." But they soon flickered, and nobody—not Channing Pollock nor yet Walter Prichard Eaton—could tell exactly why. That is, nobody but John Corbin, a critic so erudite that he calls the classic authors by their first names. I am not sure, but I think the reason was that he didn't make the translation.

Norman Trevor excited a bit of comment as time went on and he began to be seen every day or so in some new production. I can't begin to name the others who deserve honorable mentions or iron crosses.

Let it suffice so say that we missed Lyn Harding, but the race was very spirited, and that along toward the end, Lionel Barrymore dusted in to the stretch with his mane in a braid and carried off the blue ribbon.

I mean, of course, the Gentleman's Prize. As for the ladies,—ah, no; I haven't forgotten what happened to a party from Troy, name of Paris. Nevertheless, I shall breathe the name of Nazimova—thereby risking much critical opprobrium. I am thankful for her Ibsen. Great is Allah! But I feel that the movies are her principal profit.

And there are other little matters. With what delight we hailed the heralding of Galli-Curci by means of all the old temperament stuff warmed over from the days of Patti or Calvé or Tetrizzini. That is, all of us but Mr. Caruso. But I forgot; that's grand opera stuff.

Let's see. Oh, yes; romantic clap-trap is as valuable as ever. Watch Mr. Belasco's bank-roll grow. But goo is going down: I refer to "The Three Bears" and "The Pipes of Pan." As for the *risqué*—oh, well, "Lombardi" and "Flo-Flo" got along; and Mr. Woods did very nicely, thank you, with—was it "Parlor, Bathroom, and Bed?" As for the Greenwich Village folks, they put on a regular flabbergaster: I think the name was "Carrion" or something.

I really had hoped to remind you of several other important matters. There was Louis Sherwin's self-amazing discovery that "The Wild Duck" is quite funny in spots. And



Gregory Kelly and Ruth Gordon in "Seventeen"

Clayton Hamilton's further addition to the gayety of nations—about "Tanqueray" being the greatest English play since Sheridan, and all that. And Arnold Daly's charming little comedy about the Kaiser. And—

But space fails me, and I must reluctantly ring down the curtain on a dramatic season which we all sincerely hope may have neither epilogue nor sequel.



Nat Goodwin  
in "Why Marry?"

FULTON. ACTORS' AND AUTHORS' THEATRE. "The Good Men Do," by Hubert Osborne, with the following cast:

|                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| Nurse            | Grace Griswold      |
| Jenkyns          | H. Asheton Tonge    |
| Judith           | Victoria Montgomery |
| Suzanna          | Hilda Spang         |
| Mistress Whately | Grace Fisher        |
| Anne Hathaway    | Mrs. Thomas A. Wise |
| Dr. John Hall    | Albert Gran         |
| The Vicar        | Maxwell Ryder       |

"HER HONOR, THE MAYOR," a comedy by Arline Van Ness Hines. Produced on May 23rd with this cast:

|                      |                     |
|----------------------|---------------------|
| Miss Midge Windsor   | Olive May           |
| Mrs. Stimson Barr    | Arthur Cornell      |
| Mrs. Emmy Wilkins    | Amelia Summerville  |
| Minnie Scott         | Ada Gilman          |
| Julia Kennedy,       | Mary Blair          |
| Laura Nelson Hall    |                     |
| Mrs. Emmett Potts,   | Florence Pendleton  |
| Miss Lucretia Dobbs, | Julia Rheinhardt    |
| Henrietta Holt       | Marion Kerby        |
| Rev. Tanner          | Etienne Girardot    |
| Buddy Martin,        | Charles H. Meredith |
| Jerry McGrath,       | J. Irving Southard  |
| Miss Miller          | Auriol Lee          |
| Elsie Harris         | Margalo Gilmore     |
| John Martin          | Brandon Hurst       |
| Frank Stanton,       | Edward Fielding     |
| Sofie Wojeska        | Zola Talma          |

THERE would seem to be a distinct place in New York stage life for the Actors' and Authors' Theatre, Inc. Its purpose is to present simply but appropriately new untried plays by such actors and actresses as may at the time be wanting in permanent engagements. Excellent casts are thereby assured. But like all new ventures, time is

needed to get such an organization into smooth running order.

Its initial programme was hardly up to standard. The players were entirely adequate and worked harmoniously and effectively together. It was the playwrights who fell down. The curtain raiser, "The Good Men Do," by Hubert Osborne, a scene at the bier of Shakespeare, had genuine atmosphere and a literary flavor of distinct merit, but its story was tenuous and its finale lacking in necessary conviction. Mrs. Thomas A. Wise distinguished herself as the shrewish, selfish relict of the immortal poet.

"Her Honor, the Mayor," a comedy in three acts, by Arline Van Ness Hines, was a machine-made product, lifeless as far as character was concerned and fairly reeking with a succession of scenes, that had all done service before. The idea was one that in the hands of an expert might have amounted to something. As developed by Miss or Mrs. Hines, it was nothing but prosaic artificiality. The title rôle was acted with much spontaneous glibness and nice naturalness by Laura Nelson Hall. Ada Gilman, J. Irving Southard and Zola Talma shone conspicuously in the production.

**ASTOR. "ROCK-A-BYE BABY."** Musical-comedy in three acts. Book by Edgar Allan Woolf and Margaret Mayo; music by Jerome Kern; lyrics by Herbert Reynolds. Produced on May 22nd with this cast:

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Archie Drummond   | Carl Hyson        |
| Monte Laidlow     | Alan Hale         |
| George Westbury   | Eddy Meyers       |
| Madame Tentelucci | Edna Munsey       |
| Bell Boy          | S. Sydney Chon    |
| Alfred Hardy      | Frank Morgan      |
| Zoie Hardy        | Edna Hibbard      |
| Jimmy Jinks       | Walter Jones      |
| Chauffeur         | Frank Derr        |
| Aggie Jinks       | Louise Dresser    |
| Dorothy Manners   | Dorothy Dickson   |
| Maid              | Claire Nagle      |
| Weenie            | Mae Carmen        |
| Pinnegan          | Gus Bacì          |
| Weenie's Father   | H. Nelson Dickson |
| Pasquale          | Arthur Lipson     |

IT has become the fashion of late to make musical pieces out of straight farces. The latest attempt in this direction is a musicalized version of Margaret Mayo's amusing farce, "Baby Mine." Edgar Allan Woolf undertook to make the book, Herbert Reynolds wrote the lyrics, while Jerome Kern furnished the music. The result of this formidable collaboration was recently presented at the Astor under the title "Rock-a-bye Baby."

It is only a summer show, but the music proved to be one of the best scores Broadway has heard in many

a day, while thanks to Miss Mayo's farcical situations, the librettist finds no difficulty in keeping his auditors amused. There are several capital songs, one of which is "There's no Better Use for Time Than Kissing," which the heroine sings while sitting up in bed. Others that caught the public's fancy are "According to Dr.



Ethel Barrymore in "The Lady with the Camellias"

Holt," and "My Own Light Infantry," the latter a pretty nursing melody.

Edna Hibbard, an attractive ingénue, plays the rôle of Zole originated by Marguerite Clark. She gave an agreeable though somewhat colorless performance. Dorothy Dickson made a hit in her small part, and Louise Dresser was applauded in several numbers.

The piece is attractively staged.

**GLOBE. "HITCHY-KOO, 1918."** Revue in two acts by Glen MacDonough and Raymond Hubbell. Produced on June 6th with this cast:

|                      |                   |
|----------------------|-------------------|
| Yogi                 | Ivan Arbuckle     |
| Yogi's Assistant     | Geo. Spelvin      |
| Plain Clothes Man    | Warren Jackson    |
| Officer              | R. E. Addis       |
| Lem Balliss          | Felix Rush        |
| Stenographer         | Ruth Mitchell     |
| Martha Pringle       | Helen Weer        |
| The Modern Siren     | Iren Bordoni      |
| A Manager            | Raymond Hitchcock |
| A Backer             | Leon Errol        |
| Brass Knuckle Bessie | George Moore      |
| Muck-a-Weena         | Eleanor Sinclair  |
| Agony Al             | Charles Cartmell  |
| Big Bill             | James Miller      |

|              |                 |
|--------------|-----------------|
| Small Change | Roy Cummings    |
| Loose Cash   | Frank Bessinger |
| Mag          | Joan Roberts    |
| Mary         | Gertrude Reed   |
| Tilly        | Emma Haag       |
| Kate         | Ray Dooley      |
| Carmen       | Sara Brown      |
| Jacinta      | Nellie Kossow   |

LIKE the summer attraction because after the hard work of the winter months, none of the warm weather shows ever tax the critic's brain.

"Hitchy-Koo," 1918 vintage, is somewhat more pretentious than its 1917 predecessor. If my memory serves me right, Mr. Hitchcock made a point of Hooverizing on scenery and costumes in his first production. Not so this time. Both the scenery and costumes are clever and attractive.

As to the show itself, what more can one expect than to be entertained and amused? You get both in a good measure in "Hitchy-Koo." Mr. Hitchcock is the Hitchcock of old, although his voice seems to have improved. I wonder if, notwithstanding the numerous charities and other noble work he claims to have done, he has found time to take a few singing lessons!

Leon Errol is always a scream. His work in the "Dinner Is Served" scene, where he takes the part of a chef, is alone worth the price of admission. That clever actress, Ray Dooley, who appears successively as a grown-up baby in the first act and a kitchen maid in the second, is well worth watching. I also enjoyed the antics of Roy Cummings, a graduate from vaudeville. The dancing of Florence O'Denishawn deserves special mention. Nor must I forget the chorus which has a full share of beauties.

As a whole, as summer entertainment goes, this is one of the best seen in New York in many a day, but, as I stated before, it will hardly tax anyone's brain.

**CENTURY. "BIFF-BANG."** A song and dance revue, by and with the sailors from Pelham Naval Training Camp. Music by William Schroeder; lyrics by William Isreal, Robert D. Cohen, Frank Mills and Joseph Fields. Book by Philip Dunning. Dances by Dinnie MacDonald. Produced on May 30th with the following cast:

|                          |                                 |
|--------------------------|---------------------------------|
| The Sailor               | George Robinson                 |
| The Girl                 | Alonzo King                     |
| The Mother               | George Wulfig                   |
| The Chicago Millionaire, | John J. Byrnes                  |
| Gypsies,                 | Arthur Leydecker,               |
|                          | Willis Claire, Harry Davies     |
| The Cabaret Queen        | Hugh Dillman                    |
| The Two Detectives,      | William Isreal, Robert D. Cohen |
| The Kid Brother          | Jimmie Fox                      |

If the sailor boys from Pelham called their revue "Biff-Bang" with the idea of scoring sure-fire musical hits and strike-the-bull's eye comedy scenes they must be credited with a mighty accurate aim.

Whether the show was originally well-written or the result of expert cutting I cannot say, but the audience was hardly subjected to a dull moment throughout the performance, and the contrast in scenes and melodies would be a good example for the Broadway revue-ists to follow.

Philip Dunning, whose book was unobtrusively adequate, wisely kept away from all talk of the war. Not a gun or a battleship was in evidence, and the chorus, whose beauty was its own reward, was wisely put to the fore. William Schroeder, whose songs heretofore have been too complicated to be widely popular, wrote a consistently tuneful and stick-to-you score, with a waltz called "Love" that will be this year's successor to the "Sweetheart" number in "Maytime."

The ensembles, under the able direction of one Dinnie MacDonald, were both lively and original, and the pony ballet had mastered the difficult steps to such a degree that it could dance with true professional indifference.

But the real hit of the show was scored by a ravishing row of "show girls," so magnificently gowned as to bring tears of envy to Ziegfeld's eyes. One blonde beauty on the end could work more havoc in Berlin in his "Biff-Bang" makeup than he ever could in his Navy uniform.

Lest too much beauty should corrupt New York, there was a full quota of comedy scenes including "Things We Pay to See," that was a series of pertinent burlesque on the movies, the circus—and other things, and a hilarious dance grotesque by Wulfing and Fox, that was wildly acclaimed as an imitation of the Dooleys.

The principals, including Alonzo King as a piquant bride, and Edward Costello in a charming 1830 dance, were good, but not startling enough to impede the straight-to-Berlin action of the show.

"Biff-Bang" even succeeded in crowding the Century, which is one more point for the Navy.

FULTON. ACTORS' AND AUTHORS' THEATRE. FOUR one-act plays. "MUGGINS," a comedy by Frank J. Gregory, with the following cast:

|              |                     |
|--------------|---------------------|
| Mrs. Hodge   | Mrs. Thomas A. Wise |
| Maggie Hodge | Elizabeth Risdon    |
| Muggins      | Whitford Kane       |

"ART'S REJUVENATION," an operetta by Kenneth and Roy Webb, with this cast:

|           |                    |
|-----------|--------------------|
| Art       | Harrison Brockbank |
| Antique   | Harold Fowler      |
| Cynicus   | Hamilton Earle     |
| Wisdom    | Hal Forde          |
| Sculpture | Gertrude Dallas    |
| Painting  | Rene Detling       |
| Poetry    | Betty Daintry      |
| Music     | Jean Webb          |

"NOCTURNE," a drama by A. P. Wharton, with this cast:

|                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Martha Blackburne | Minnie Dupree    |
| Cecilia Hope      | Auriol Lee       |
| Mrs. Gaul         | Marion Kerby     |
| James Trantbridge | Dudley E. Oatman |
| The Man in Grey   | Courtenay Foote  |

"THE BEST SELLERS," a musical fantasy by Kenneth and Roy Webb, with this cast:

|                   |                    |
|-------------------|--------------------|
| Queen Wilhemina   | Edith Taliaferro   |
| George Washington | van Rensalaer,     |
|                   | Charles Meredith   |
| Lady Claire       | Edith Taliaferro   |
| John Smith        | Regan Hughston     |
| Faro Kate         | Edith Taliaferro   |
| Capt. Blake       | Regan Hughston     |
| Black Ben         | J. Irving Southard |
| The Buyer         | Dudley E. Oatman   |
| The Seller        | Agnes Patterson    |

**E**ITHER there is a paucity of really good material or the play committee of the Actors' and Authors' Theatre, Inc., is lacking in discrimination, for its second bill now on view at the Fulton, consisting of four one-act pieces, is far from satisfactory.

Its final item, an hilarious sublimated vaudeville sketch by the Webb brothers, Kenneth and Roy, called "The Best Sellers," is a very amusing skit on the exaggerated vagaries by some of our popular authors. It is admirably acted in the true vein of burlesque by Edith Taliaferro, Chas. Meredith, Regan Hughston and J. Irving Southard. Mr. Hughston is a veritable artist. A couple of the sketches were of English origin. If there are not two of American composition equal to these in either theme or treatment then the native drama is in a parlous state.

In "Muggins," the opening number by Frank J. Gregory, Whitford Kane gives his familiar impersonation of an abashed Lancashire suitor. This time failing to win the daughter, he follows on and woos and takes to wife the mother. It is all very ingenious and palpable. Mrs. Wise and Elizabeth Risdon help out. "Nocturne," by A. P. Wharton, is the dream romance of a poor, overworked, disillusioned spinster. It took an unconscionable time to plant its premises. Whether they were worth the time and effort may

be open to debate. I vote no. Minnie Dupree was a gentle, pathetic figure and her shadowy Lancelot was poetically presented by Courtney Foote. An operetta by the Webb brothers, called Art's Rejuvenation, completed the bill. Symbolically fantastic it contains a mild appeal. Harrison Brockbank, Hamilton Earle and Hal Forde did full justice to its score. To add further to the spice of variety, M. and Mme. Edouard de Kurylo gave a so-called dance of the American Indian.

VARIOUS WAR BENEFITS. Music even hath charms to win the wary dollar after we've "given until it hurts," as the President advised, and the Red Cross, the Thrift Stamp Campaign, and many war charities have been aided by monster concerts within the past month.

Although these events are of musical, rather than dramatic, importance, the theatrical profession has helped the song-birds and instrumentalists by working hand in hand.

The greatest undertaking was the Thrift Stamp Festival, when Mendelssohn's "Elijah" was given at the Polo Grounds on Sunday afternoon, June second, with a chorus of ten thousand voices under the baton of Lieutenant John Philip Sousa, who had his great marine band, and Sophie Braslau, Marie Sundelius, Oscar Seagle, and Charles Harrison among the soloists.

Like all those mammoth affairs, the anticipation was far better than the realization. The two men singers had fine diction, but the chorus, which took half an hour to march on the field and find their places, was less impressive than a single soloist. The thousands of voices seemed to lose themselves in some air vacuum and merge into insignificance. The Polo Grounds will never have a successful open air choral until it bows to the inevitable, and erects a temporary sounding-board behind the singers.

Of course, they were exposed to a broiling sun, and every few minutes some unfortunate chorister would keel over, to be revived by hard-working sailors with buckets of water. "Elijah" was pretty near being in the wilderness, as far as discomfort was concerned.

The one enthusiastic bit of the afternoon was when Leon Rothier sang the "Marseillaise" with superb fervor and the vast audience rose to acclaim him. Aside from that, the only thrill of the occasion was the combination of an oratorio and an ice cream cone at the same time.

(Concluded on page 52)

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*Photos Alfred Cheney Johnston*

LILLIAN LORRAINE

*The beauty of a lovely woman is like music—ELIOT*



MARGARET CLAYTON

*There is no beauty on earth which exceeds the natural loveliness of woman—J. PETIT-SENN*





DOLORES

*She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen!—HOMER*



RUTH TAYLOR

*Beautiful as sweet! and young as beautiful!—YOUNG*



LEONORA MASSO

*Eyes darker than darkest pansies—TENNYSON*

# MAKING A MYSTERY OF ACTING

*How many of our so-called critics recognize good acting when they see it? An inquiry*

By WALTER PRITCHARD EATON



LOUIS CALVERT, skilled and experienced actor, has just published a book about his art—"Problems Of The Actor," to which Clayton Hamilton has contributed a preface. It is not my purpose to say anything about Mr. Calvert's book, which is full of sound sense, excellent advice to the young actor, the reflections drawn from ripe experience; it adds one more to the too small number of volumes about acting written by actors. If it were less excellent than it is, it would still be a blessed improvement on the traditional Sunday "interview," which is the usual way in which actors cast a fog about their art. But what I should like to do is to enter a protest against certain statements in Mr. Hamilton's introduction, because they represent a point of view toward acting which is, unfortunately, quite too common, to the very great detriment of the art.

Mr. Hamilton says, with that categorical finality of statement characteristic of Morningside Heights: "It is not unfair to state that no 'dramatic critic' of the present time (and the writer of this sentence is one among the many) knows anything at all about the craftsmanship of acting. 'Dramatic critics' are often able to elucidate the problems of the playwright. Whether or not they happen to have written plays, they are, at least, accustomed to the processes of authorship; they can tell a good play from a bad play, and can explain to the public the reason why one play is worthy of consideration and another worthy only of contempt. But when it comes to 'criticising' actors, they can merely state that they liked one performer and did not like another, and cannot—in either case—explain the reason why."



IN my entire association with the theatre—which stretches back over a period of fifteen years—I have never met a man, however cultured, whose opinions on the art of acting were of any value, unless he was himself an actor, a stage-director, or a playwright; and, from conversations with my elders, I have gathered evidence of only two laymen in the English-speaking world whose appreciation of this art could be regarded as authoritative. One of these was George Henry Lewes, whose treatise, *On Actors and the Art of Acting*—originally published in the early eighteen-seventies—is still accepted as a standard work, because no subsequent 'dramatic critic' has been able to transcend and supersede it. The other was Professor Fleeming Jenkin,—the friend and teacher of Robert Louis Stevenson at the University of Edinburgh; but Jenkin was noted as an amateur actor, and perhaps, on this account, cannot rightly be regarded as a non-practitioner."

He further says that the laws of musical composition, architecture, painting, sculpture, playwriting, poetry have been expounded by the layman, but the laws of acting, never. Only an actor, he says, can expound them. And from this he seems to draw the inference that only an actor has any right to express an opinion about the practice of the art of acting.

There is just enough truth in all this to make it sound plausible, and the more people who find it plausible, the more people will give up the

effort to understand the art of acting, and the lower the art will sink.

In the first place, Mr. Hamilton falls into the common confusion of lumping the art of acting with the other arts of painting, writing and so on. The art of acting, in common with the art of musical reproduction (though to a greater extent), does not depend on any fixed "laws" for its effect; it depends almost exclusively on the human personality of the actor, on the mood of the moment. Once painted, the picture is done; once written, the poem is frozen; once erected in stone or steel, the architect's building is forever a monument (or an accusation). But no actor lives who can give exactly the same performance two nights running, and no two actors live who can give the same performance of the same part. Moreover, you cannot take their art home and study it, you cannot visit it at all hours of the day to study it. You have got to see it, as they to practice it, at a certain hour, in a certain place, with all the proper accessories.



AN architect gets an effect of soaring height by accentuating the vertical and eliminating the horizontal lines, as Cass Gilbert did in the Woolworth Building, and you and I and Mr. Hamilton can tell how he did it, by standing in City Hall Park and gazing upward. But when Renaud, as Don Giovanni, sent a shiver down three thousand backbones, and keyed the opera up to the pitch of tragedy, merely by standing below the Commander's statue and throwing open his redlined cloak, who can say how he did it? I once asked him, and he couldn't. He admitted that his eyes probably had something to do with it, and the color of his cloak lining. Beyond that, he said it was instinct, practice in feeling out the moods of an audience, emotional intensity in his own mood reacting on the crowd—he knew not quite what. Thus Renaud, one of the greatest lyric actors in the world, and one of the most intelligent. Similarly, I once asked George Arliss how he secured the sinister effect of his entrance into the ballroom scene in "Becky Sharp" (he played Lord Steyne to Mrs. Fiske's Becky), without speaking a word. He, too, replied that his eyes had something to do with it, and, still more, he thought, the fact that before he came on, he put himself rigorously into the proper mood, which, he felt, communicated itself. There, again, we are getting, from one of the most intelligent of actors, an explanation of an effect which has little to do with "laws," with technique in the academic sense, which is the sheer metaphysics of mood and sympathy. If the actors can't do any better than this (and not even Mr. Calvert really does), why expect the poor dramatic critics to put into "laws" what they cannot?



THIS doesn't mean that acting has no technique, or that such effects can be achieved by mere "inspiration." The mere fact that each actor spoke of the use of his eyes is against any such rash statement. However, a tolerably competent observer who had made some effort to study acting from "out front" would be aware that each man used his eyes effectively, Renaud

with an electric, defiant, and yet curiously terrified flash, Arliss with a droop-lidded, sinister leeriness. Now, when Strauss in "Salome" rasps the auditors' nerves by making the bass fiddles yank heavily rosined bows over the G string (or whatever string it is), while all the other instruments are silent, naturally any "critic" can explain to a waiting world all the "laws" involved in the process. It is mechanics, like Gilbert's uprights in the Woolworth Building. But quite naturally no critic can tell anybody how another man uses his eyes—he can only analyze the effect produced. When you come to read Mr. Calvert's book, you find that he cannot tell, either. He can advise the young actor to learn how to use his eyes—but he can't tell him how to do it, for the simple reason that every man's eyes are his own, and nobody else's. I have no doubt Cleopatra used her eyes, but she would have had a rather difficult time explaining the process to Queen Victoria.

It is perfectly natural, then, that in an art which so entirely depends on the personal element there is a far less body of traditional rules to guide the beginner, he has to learn far more for himself by actual practice, and, further, that what body of rules or suggestions there is has almost entirely been written by the actors themselves, who have actually practiced this art of harnessing the personality. As a matter of fact, even in architecture, painting, sculpture, it is not to the books of the critics that the students go, but to the practical practitioners. Nobody ever learned to paint by reading Ruskin—who, by the way, himself could handle a brush. Keats has made more poets than all his critics, merely by the results of his practice. But all this doesn't prove that nobody but an actor has any right to talk about acting, or can appreciate technical proficiency, or can understand the causes of difference between a good performance and a bad.



WHEN Mr. Hamilton says that no present day dramatic critic knows anything about acting, and only two in the past, he is emitting nonsense. In all conscience, America is flooded with incompetent critics, for the newspapers, as a rule, make no effort to pick men properly equipped for the delicate task of critical analysis, and do not keep them long enough on the job to acquire experience. It takes a critic some years to pick up the intricacies, just as it takes an actor some years. But there are critics who know good acting when they see it, and who can tell you why it is good. If there weren't, it would be a sad commentary on human intelligence. There have been many more in the past. Some of whom wrote more interestingly than George Henry Lewes, whose dry book Mr. Hamilton so overrates. There is a critic on a New York daily at present, a man of ripe years and long observation, who knows very well the possible effects an actor could achieve in a given rôle, knows when he falls short and why he falls short. The technical fundamentals Mr. Calvert, the actor, mentions in his book are understood by this critic perfectly from long observation of players in action. They were understood by William Winter, too, who, in spite of his distaste for everything modern in playwriting, never



Photos White

Carnival scene in Mildred Cram's play, "The Door"

AN AMATEUR COMEDY CLUB PRODUCTION AT THE GARDEN THEATRE RECENTLY



Edna Hibbard

Louise Dresser

Frank Morgan

"ROCK-A-BYE BABY," A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE ASTOR

SOME LATE SEASON PRODUCTIONS

failed to appreciate fine acting, and could explain in the utmost detail not only the effects, but the evident means used to achieve them.

Does it take a towering genius to determine whether an actor's voice has a varied range, whether it is pitched right, whether his tones are colored to the emotion or key of the scene? It is not the critic's place to tell the actor how to train his voice, or how to color it. But, unless he is a fool, he knows whether it has been trained or colored, and he knows that certain emotional effects are gained or enhanced by a proper use of it. It is no more his business to tell the actor how to use his eyes, but he knows when the eyes have been used and when they have not been used. More than one critic knew what a splendid actor Frank Worthing was, and knows what a brilliant comedienne Laura Hope Crews is (neither of them "stars"), and just why each excelled or excels. If it were not for the prevalence of this Hamiltonian attitude, this belief that nobody but an actor can possibly tell whether acting is good or bad, or why it is good or bad, more people would listen to criticism, and there would be a keener appreciation of such players as these two.

At the production of Jesse Lynch Williams's comedy, "Why Marry?" I heard a layman (not

even a critic), express a capital appreciation of Nat Goodwin's acting. "The old boy was always on hand with the oil can," he said. Now, Mr. Calvert, in his book, has a whole chapter about the duty of the actor to help the play, to contribute his share no less while the other characters are speaking than while he is speaking. Here was Mr. Goodwin bustling about, playing a delightful character, and keeping every scene when he was on the stage right up to the mark. And here was a layman in the audience grasping the fact and taking pleasure in it.

Mr. Calvert speaks of the art of listening as an important part of the actor's equipment. He tells the young player how to listen, how long to "wait on a laugh," what to do with his eyes, etc. But, bless your heart, long ago the New York critics used to write columns telling what a good listener Joe Weber was at the old Music Hall, analyzing the upturned, expectant tilt of his head, describing his complete absorption in the conversation, his utter failure to show any appreciation of his own comedy, and so on. As we look back on the old Music Hall, it is Joe Weber's listening, perhaps, that we think of with the keenest pleasure. We knew—all of us—what he was about.

Mr. Hamilton says all any critic can do is to

say he didn't like one actor and did like another, and cannot tell the reason why. If that is all Mr. Hamilton can do, he's missed his vocation. (Of course, it isn't.) I didn't like Maude Adams in act one of "The Legend of Leonora," and I can tell you exactly why. She was supposed to be half a dozen kinds of a woman, and she can be only one kind—the Maude Adams kind—which is a very nice kind, to be sure. I didn't like Nazimova as Hedda Gabler, and I can tell you exactly why, only it would take too long. So can Mr. Hamilton. I liked John Barrymore in "Justice," and I can tell you exactly why, again. I could still, after two decades, analyze Mrs. Fiske's performance either as Tess or Becky Sharp, and describe a score of effects she gained by this or that vocal one, by a peculiar emphasis, by a look, a gesture, a cry; though by what inner process of the emotions and imagination she first conceived these effects I cannot tell you and probably she cannot either, any more than Mozart could tell you how the melody of the "Don Giovanni" minuet came into his brain. What she might tell you, if you were an actor, is how, when you have found your effect, to school yourself to reproduce it again, night after night, at will. And therein lies the great value of the actor's words on acting, which no mere observer can supply.

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## CARRIE IS A CHORUS GIRL

By LEWIS ALLEN



SUMMER GARDEN THEATRE,  
New York City.

DEAR SIS:

Just got your frantic letter saying that if I brought the great, shining, glorious and bucolic name of "Wiggins" to an ignominious (I guess that's the word you meant to write, but it looked more like "indigestible," to me), shame by going on the stage, you would never mention my name again.

You don't have to mention it, because I've changed it to "Sari St. John." They told me that "Carrie Wiggins" was too euphonious—I looked the word up and it's no insult, otherwise I'd have slapped that guy's face—and that I'd better pick out something else. "Who ever heard of a chorus girl with a natural sounding name?" the director asked me.

When I wrote you that I was so dead tired of yelling "Two on th' beef, meed-e-yum," in a beanery, that I was desperate enough to marry a lame widower, I was telling the truth. Then I saw that "ad" about chorus girls wanted and decided to try.

Of course you hate to believe that your homely sister Carrie, with the upshoot nose and large freckles, ever managed to get a job at \$30 per to start in a chorus, and you are wondering about the chorus part because you know that whenever I tried to sing back home the livestock would stampede and run for the woods.

A chorus girl has about as much to do with singing as a butterfly has to do with the week's churning.

I've been on the stage a whole month now and still retain my girlish laughter and all of my freckles. Your letter, sent to the beanery, was a long time being forwarded.

I suppose you want to know all about the "examination" that you mention in your letter. Well, Sis, it fooled me a little. I always believed that a girl had to demonstrate to the boss, when she tried for a chorus girl job, whether she was

built like a lead pencil or a sofa cushion. And so I dolled up underneath in my classiest intimate garments and gritted my teeth and decided that as long as other girls had lived through it I guessed I could.

"Examination?" Say, it was a scream. Some examination. He—the man who hired me—examined my hands, my feet, and took a hasty look at my face. Recovering from the latter, he asked me to walk across the room. I heard him mutter to another man beside him, "She's the first girl in two days that didn't trip over her own feet and we can camouflage them freckles," and the other man nodded his head, and they told me to come next day at ten for rehearsals.

Why, Sis, it was the most depressingly correct and highly moral proceeding I ever dreamed of. That time I applied to old Deacon Smithers down to the village in Homeberg for a job in his grocery store as cashier he held my hand and chucked me under the chin and—but you remember that, and how I walloped him in the nose and walked out. Nothing like it here. I was the most surprised girl you ever saw. I thought I'd got to show—but you will recall what I wrote. Nothing to it.

There's a bunch of girls, mostly frights, who are in the back rows and who can sing to beat our church choir. They are hired to sing. Their faces are pretty well plastered up, but they have to keep in the back rows because—well, what good is paint and powder as a fairy-aid to knobby, emaciated and wabbly extremities, I ask you?

When they get the rouge on me and the white and the eyebrow stuff and lip-stick paint and the messy stuff on my eyelashes to make 'em look long, you wouldn't know me, and I've learned a lot about dancing. I knew a whole lot before; I never practiced dancing out in our barn for years for nothing.

I am sending you a programme. See my

name on it? I'm one of the Arctic girls in one scene and one of the Grecian goddesses in another, and in the third I'm one of the Apple Blossom girls. Perhaps some day I'll send you my picture in the apple blossom suit. Just now I don't dare to, as I'm afraid you couldn't stand all of this excitement at once and the apple-blossom suit is Hooverized to a fare-ye-well consisting mostly of a couple of pink petals. But you'll like me in the Greek goddess costume. I'm enclosing the picture. I'm the second from the left—your right. I'm getting so stogy now that I talk like a stage diagram, "R. U. E.," and "L-3," which is all a blank to you, I know.

I suppose you think that after being one of those terrible wild chorus girls for a month I ought to have a house on the drive and a limousine and two pounds of diamonds. You've got another think coming. I've only seen two chaps I thought were Willie Boys hanging around the stage door, and it seems they were waiting for their mothers who were in the chorus and had been for twenty-four years.

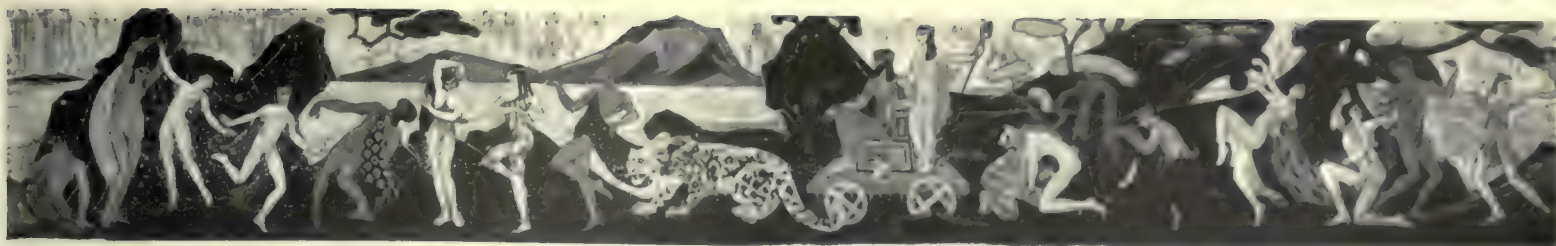
There's no brain work in this, all you have to remember to do is to keep grinning, keep in step, and pretend to sing. And the dancing and marching exercise is mild and healthful. I used to get more exercise in one hour at the beanery than I get in a week here.

I wish you could come and see some of the clothes we have to wear. No almost-silk, but the real goods, and shoes that would set you back about sixteen bucks. You and Billy may be tucking something away in a sock every year and you may be pillars of the church and all that, but you don't know you're living.

You know me, Sis. I'll fall some day, sure as preaching, but when I do it will be for a gink who hands me a plain gold ring and can stand right up in front of the parson and say "I do" without keeping his fingers crossed.

Your loving sister,

CARRIE.



© Edith Emerson

Mural decoration for the Little Theatre, Philadelphia, by Edith Emerson, representing "The Marriage of Dionysos and Ariadne"



Charles Rann Kennedy, the author, and his actress wife, Edith Wynne Matthison

Nazimova—a bust by the dancer sculptor Paul Swan



DONALD MACONALD

After a successful appearance in "Toot Toot" this season, this popular player is now in the U. S. Marine Corps



Arnold Genthe

RIHANI

An agile, fantastic and engaging dancer seen with the Other Players. Her static dancing is extraordinarily interesting

SEEN IN THE GLARE OF THE SPOTLIGHT

# WHAT IS AN IMMORAL PLAY?

*Distinctions to be drawn between the piece that conveys a lesson and one that is merely suggestive*

By ADA PATTERSON



EVERY season there are hand raisings and eye rollings and elevation of eyebrows at that portion of the collective amusement offerings which the public regards as immoral.

Sometimes the plays come to a speedy end, though in many instances, it must be granted, not because they are immoral, but because they are dull. The public has a tolerant soul. It classifies naughty plays with naughty persons. If they are sufficiently amusing their naughtiness is condoned. But the union of Miss Naughtiness with Mr. Dullness is a *mésalliance* which Parent Public never forgives. The salacious play is on a plane with its cousin, the wicked story. Wit covers a multitude of evils. Likewise is there resemblance between the play that is deemed vicious and an audacious woman. For their brilliancy both are pardoned.

"It is a bad play, but not in the sense you mean," exclaimed an impatient home-goer who had issued five minutes before from a Broadway playhouse. "A bad play is one that bores you."

An example of public tolerance is found without exception at a musical play. Given pretty faces and shapely legs and smart costumes, a fair book and music acceleration,—it must be *accelerando*—and audacities of speech and meretriciousness of plot are veiled by the enveloping mantle of charity.

An instance is "The Girl from Rector's," on which good playgoers turned the cold shoulder a brief span of years ago, yet coming back garmented in music as "See You Later," I prophecy that it will have a warm welcome. Always with the provision that the faces are sufficiently pretty, the legs shapely enough and the music *accelerando*. Always *accelerando*.



FOUR plays, and a feeble fifth, have pained New York's nice sensibilities in the closing season. Of these, three are brain children of the prolific putters forth, known as the Hattons. Not a vaudeville team, but a brace of Chicago playwrights, married and indefatigable writers. Fanny Hatton is the daughter of a clergyman, Frederick Hatton, an ex-critic. Wherefore their courage to write of things as they see them. Admirers of the fecund pair have compared them with Balzac, the comparison being provoked by their power to expand a small segment of life into an evening's entertainment. Those who hold for them a smaller measure of admiration accuse them of frivolity and of a daring beyond the boundaries of good taste.

But what of the public that is as far mightier than the official critic as the ocean is greater than the raindrop? The public laughed joyously for a season at "Lombardi Ltd.," which included a mannikin who artlessly offered her person to a male dressmaker because she believed such course is customary, and is the price of advancement. Heavily played this scene would have been nauseous. But deftly done and incidental to the good character work of a gifted actor, and a continual shower of witticisms, the most powerful of all censors, public opinion, winked at it. The second Hatton child, the "Squab Farm," was received with less warmth. A candid exposé of the harem-like conditions that are believed to prevail in a particular cinema studio, a comedy

with notes of pathos, was shorter lived. Well staged and admirably acted, there was a more or less obvious recoil from it. In part because of the unpleasantness of the theme. In greater part because it was less plentifully begemmed with wit. The third of their trio of comedies, "The Indestructible Wife," tarried briefly on the boards. Mr. and Mrs. Hatton built the play upon a phrase. Mrs. Hatton, because of her abounding energy, has won from her intimates the nickname "Tireless One" and "The Indestructible Wife." Applying the last to an athletic bride who wearies of her lymphatic husband and seeks one of greater vitality, the Hattons labored, but I am convinced, not with their usual assiduity, to develop the theme. They wrote the play as though they were tired and anxious to finish a stunt. Audiences displayed the same spirit.



CAME then Alan Dale bearing in his hands "The Madonna of the Future." Not as the wise men journeyed to the bedside of the Madonna in the manger, led by a star. Or if he was, it was an ill star. For after the critic playwright had taken the hurdle of an opening in New York and his brother analysts had in the mass said little of him worse than that he had written the kind of play he had for a quarter of a century scolded other authors for writing, the police paid the play a visit. Mr. Dale called his play a satire, a way of saying that though you say something you don't mean it. But the men in blue with the portentous shields on their breasts indulged in no subtleties. They said the title was offensive to persons of an old and fine faith. They declared that the text and situations of the "satirical comedy" offended the proprieties. They could find nothing funny, satirical or not, in a young woman's determination to become a mother without marriage. There were summonses, and appearances in the police court, for the author, the producer, and the two chief players, Emily Stevens and Jerome Patrick. The magistrate before whom the culprits stood awaiting judgment said his reading of the play convinced him that "it should have been played in a stable." There was a promise to rewrite the play, eliminating the objectionable portions. But the proposition of the play could not be expunged without an elimination of the play. The attempt to revise it was abandoned and the play withdrawn.



REFERRED, you remember, to a "feeble fifth" in the group of the season's offenders. Its feebleness was due merely to its distance from Broadway. Butler Davenport's "The Call to Women" was presented at his tiny neighborhood theatre, The Bramhall Playhouse. Only an occasional gasp from a startled spectator echoed to distant Broadway. The Bramhall Playhouse, rechristened by Mrs. Phil Lydig, The House of Truth, plays up to its alternative title. "Never Mince," is its motto. "A Call to Women" is a revelation of the lives of scarlet women in the tent near the encampments in the zone of war. To one of these came the printed plea of an organization of good women, to help them

in keeping the lives of their husbands, lovers and sons, clean. The plea wrought a change of mind and soul in one of the tent women.

I followed a man and a woman out of the wee playhouse on the first night of the performance of "A Call to Women."

"It was horrible," said the man, as he helped her into their limousine. "No. Because it had a great purpose," was the answer.

So have we the second reason for pardon for the presentation of ugly facts of life upon the stage: If it serves a great purpose it has an excuse for being. Virginia Harned, whose sob-rent *Iris* was one of the great characterizations of the American stage, said in defense of *Iris* and *Anna Karenina* and the sisterhood of erring, expiating women: "The play is moral that shows the suffering that follows sin." Which places "Camille" high in the category of moral plays.

Out of the chaos of much play-seeing emerges a standard. My measuring rod for a play's dramatic merit is that it contain truth, humanity and a surprise, in generous measure. My standard of the morale of a play is that it does not incline the character of one who views it toward evil. That play which flashes upon the screen of the mind the dangers that beset the ignorant, and the penalties of error, is to my mind a moral play. That which jests at wrongdoing and renders vice attractive is immoral.



RECURS to my memory "The Lure." George Scarborough, a former secret service agent wrote the play out of a vast experience in the methods of the sinister in decoying innocent girls into the paths of shame. I was one of the women who, at a special performance of the play, voted for its continuance. I voted thus because I knew that the reaction of the play on the minds of girls was good. I knew a trim little clerk who had said to me: "Before I saw 'The Lure' I used to think it was fine if men spoke to me on the street. I thought they spoke to me because they admired me. Since I saw 'The Lure' I know what these street acquaintances lead to. I turn my back on the man and hurry away for a policeman." The didactic phase of the drama exemplified!

That is a bad play which reveals filth for filth's sake. That is a bad play that emphasizes the more private phases of life for the mere titivation of the audience. To this class belongs "The Clemenceau Case," an importation that disclosed a nude woman in the bath and "Orange Blossoms" closed after its first presentation because it revealed a bride disrobing.

Stalk through memory's halls ghosts of other plays that served no great purpose, that were but slightly amusing. The reaction upon the mind and characters of those who saw was bad. But we may leave to the public the final censorship. By this generation of playgoers it has been demonstrated that the nasty play as such is unwelcome and soon dies from chill.

As a guide for personal criticism may I offer two questions to ask concerning a play about whose morale we are dubious? Is it necessary? Does it follow the advice which Ellen Terry gave to her niece, Phyllis. "Put something of beauty into everything you do."





COLUMBIA GUARDS  
HER FIGHTING MEN

Photos Charlotte Fairchild



STRICKEN BELGIUM



THE SPIRIT OF THE RED CROSS

"MIDNIGHT FROLIC" TABLEAUX—POSED BY BEN ALI HAGGIN

# LIGHTING IN YE EARLY PLAYHOUSES

*Candles, oil and gas the forerunners of  
our present most luxurious electric system*

By F. CHOUTEAU BROWN



**T**HE lighting appliances available in the early American theatres were, of course, very crude. It was first generally the custom to use candles for the footlights, which made it necessary to occasionally trim the wicks in order to keep the light burning at its highest amount of illumination—and while an attempt may generally have been made to trim the wicks between the scenes, probably it, occasioned no comment if the diminution of the lighting made it necessary for the light man to make his round of the footlights during the progress of the action upon the stage.

Occasionally candles were carried on the stage and placed upon the furniture, as occasion demanded, and as this most easily came into the action of the piece in connection with night scenes or evening interiors, it therefore quite naturally resulted that the illumination upon the stage was generally better in the scenes located in the evening than those supposed to be given during full daylight! In addition, in the more important scenes, candelabra were occasionally suspended from above, and both candelabra and sperm oil lights were used for this purpose, both upon the stage and in the auditorium, although generally the hanging auditorium lights were of the sperm oil variety, on account of the difficulty of getting at them to trim the candle wicks during the performance.

Sconces with candles were used along the walls, or projecting from balconies or boxes, as these could easily be trimmed, when necessity required, by an usher or any individual seated nearby, who felt so disposed!

A LITTLE later the footlights were arranged on a separate wooden strip, or on a long platform, which could be lowered into or below the front edge of the stage, thus reducing the illumination on the scene (and also giving a chance to trim the wicks, when that was necessary). This same crude method of controlling the footlights was continued for a number of years and used with both the sperm and oil lighting, and from this came the origin of the word "float," as applied to the footlights. In some cases the lights were separate wicks, arranged in one long oil reservoir, at which time it was also the custom to hang over the apron of the stage, in front of the curtain line, or pro-

ject from the side boxes one or two or three clusters of oil lights, to help illumine actors and scene.

At this period it was also, of course, impossible to have the lines of border lights hanging over the stage, as was later done with gas, and consequently the upper portion of the stage was lighted by groups of lamps hung from above, or placed at the tops of tall ladders set in the wings, a system which was continued through the early years of gas-lighting up to the middle of the 19th century. It is supposed that the first experiments in hanging strips of gaslights overhead (which suggested the present arrangement of the borders) did not become a general custom until about this time, as the overhead use of these strips did not occur until after their use on the stage behind set pieces of profile scenery had become quite common. Gas was also used, as candles had been employed in early times, grouped in reflectors off the stage entrances as "bunch lights" and also in short lengths or "strips," the latter of which could be laid upon the stage back of the scene "rows" (the trough here being of considerable length) and attached at the end by flexible hose to outlets provided in the stage floor or in the wall of the theatre, with cocks to turn the illuminating current on and off.



**W**HEN theatre lighting began to change to gas—which was sometimes manufactured upon the premises or in the theatre and, while providing more illumination than candles, it was at first nearly as crude in its handling and methods of control. While, according to some records, it would seem that attempts at introducing gas had begun as early as 1820 or thereabouts, it hardly seems to have come into general use until between 1850 and 1860. Previous to this time, however, the old-fashioned candle and sperm oil lamp has been supplanted by better systems of oil illumination, including some rather ingenious adaptations of oil for footlight purposes—which appear, however, to have been the result of individual experiments rather than become general customs.

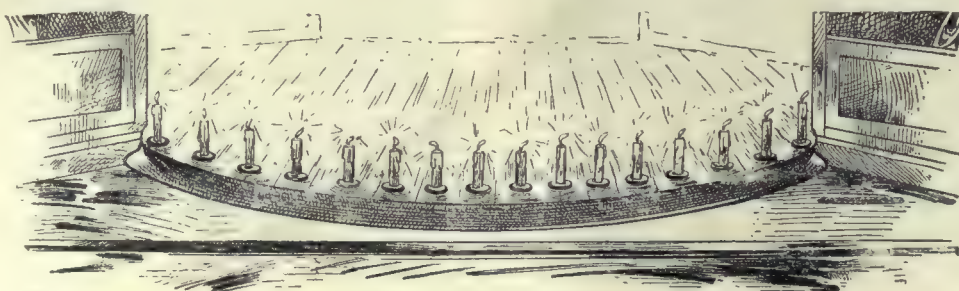
Not only were various kinds of control of gas-lighting systems tried, which would not only bring up the lights on the stage, but could also partially control the lights in the house, but there were also mechanical methods of lighting the gas once it had been turned on—and it was always easy to partially or wholly shut off the

current when it was desired to turn the lights out. It was generally customary, in the auditorium itself during the performance, to turn the gaslights very low—not to turn them out—as the lighting systems were generally so imperfect that, in lighting up again, a considerable amount of gas was allowed to escape before all the jets would take fire, with the result of considerably contaminating the atmosphere, and this was therefore rarely done while the audience was in the theatre, although such changes were occasionally necessary, on the stage, during the progress of the play. Of course, the gas burning continually through the evening made the auditorium very hot and also de-vitalized the air, as can easily be recalled by many patrons of the Boston Museum, where gas was burned up to within several years of the time it was torn down in 1903.

Gas-lighting was continued in many theatres up to a comparatively recent date; even in houses where electric systems were complete, it was for years the custom after rehearsals to light the stage by a single gaslight on a standard set in the centre near the footlights, or by a "bunch" of two or four gaslights set at about the same position. Of course, illuminating gas was supplanted on the stage by cylinder gas for "bunch," "spot" and "flood" lights, and here again a custom was formed which continued long after the use of electricity—Sir Henry Irving claiming that these side entrance calcium lights were far more effective and soft for lighting from the wings than the electric lights then customarily being employed. In fact, he insisted upon retaining them for use in his productions up to the last one or two tours he made in this country.



**C**ALCIUM or "lime" light, as it is called in England, came into general use for stage illumination just previous to the Civil War, about 1860 or thereabouts. Although it had been in use for several years before that in England, it yet spread very slowly in American theatres and for a number of years was confined to the principal Eastern cities, particularly as it was not the custom at that time for the traveling stars to take any "production" with them, but to depend upon the local scenery "and effects" as well as the local company for minor characters required to support them in their famous parts. Later, when special scenes began to be painted and carried about, the calcium light equipment spread more rapidly, until it came to be in use in all the theatres of this country. It is difficult to realize that it was in the eighties before it was possible to control the lights in the auditorium or on the stage with any degree of certainty or satisfaction. Up to that time the auditorium of the theatre was seldom darkened sufficiently to make the stage-picture very effective. The Bijou Theatre in Boston, was one of the first theatres lighted with electric lights.



NEW YORK'S FIRST FOOTLIGHTS

In this theatre built by Douglass on Cruger's Wharf in 1758, candles were used for illumination purposes



*From a camera study by Maurice Goldberg*

S U M M E R

*Posed by the Marion Morgan dancers*

# THE KING OF BULL-FIGHTERS

By SHERRIL SCHELL



TO arrive at any understanding of the adoration lavished upon a great bull-fighter one must visit some Spanish town when a *corrida* is in progress. Failing that, one must think of the enthusiasm in this country over a John McCormick in the concert world or a "Doug" Fairbanks in the vaster domain of Moviedom. Add to this the remembrance, say, of the frenzied excitement that Richmond Peary Hobson called forth in patriotic breasts during his triumphal tour across the country during the Spanish-American War, and you will have some faint idea of the spell that a dashing matador is able to invoke among the people of his own land.

Fêted, fawned upon, adored, they are the darlings of the people. Their photographs appear in all the shops and are produced not only in the more important magazines and newspapers, but in periodicals devoted exclusively to the national sport. Books are written about their technique in tauronomy, their tastes and fads, and even their conquests over the fair sex. Fond of display, with the means to gratify their weakness (some matadors make as much as seventy-five thousand dollars a year), their appearance in the street on foot or in automobile is greeted with an acclaim that even the popular King Alfonso must envy.

"The greatest man in the world! I except no one!" is an expression that frequently strikes the ear in Spanish cafés. The uninitiated might be deluded into the idea that some king, general or statesman is being discussed, but the subject in a Spanish café is always bull-fighters and bull-fighting. And after several glasses of the golden *montilla* have been passed around: "If there is anyone in this place who says he is not the greatest, well, I'm here ready for him!" "The greatest man in the world!" is sometimes Vasquez, Cellita, Gallo, or often Belmonte; but nearly always he is Joselito, or, to give him

his full name José Miguel del Sagrado Corazon de Jesus Gomez y Ortega, or again, as the *aficionados* vary it in their delirium of adulation, "Maravilla," "Emperador," "Magno," or "Papa

Rey," the latter a nickname usually conferred on the King himself. In truth, Alfonso may well envy this particular "Papa Rey," as his sway is only a limited one, while Joselito's is absolute. It may be said in passing that the Spanish King, never an ardent lover of the national sport, going to the Plaza de Toros because policy requires it, very poorly conceals his boredom while sitting in the royal box, except on those occasions when Joselito holds the sword. Then he is all attention, frequently cheering the *espada* for some brilliant feat.

Joselito was born in Triana, that part of Seville that lies on the opposite bank of the Guadalquivir to the Giralda—Trajan's town! But the people of Triana are more exultant over the fact that they have produced a great *torero* for the "bloody arenas" of Spain than in the remembrance that they gave an Emperor to Rome.

Triana was ever a fecund breathing place for those lithe, intrepid youths who dedicate themselves ere the first dawn has appeared on their lip to the "glorious" art of tauronomy, and Joselito is a living, wondrous proof that the fighting strain pulses as strong and red as in the old days. There have been many picadors and matadors in the Gomez family throughout several generations; indeed, Joselito's father was a noted *espada* of a generation ago, even now occasionally appearing at some benefit, while his elder brother, Gallo, is one of the most skillful of bull-fighters in the Land of Joy.

Brother Rafael, aside from his prowess in the bull ring, is no less famous as the triumphant suitor of that tantalizing gypsy, Pastora Imperio, the Spanish Yvette Guilbert, whose songs of Espana have thrilled so many and whose twinkling heels have danced on such countless hearts. The marriage took on the dignity of a national fiesta, and the presents sent from far and wide to the dancer would have turned the head of an Infanta.



JOSELITO

King of bull-fighters and, in the opinion of the Spanish man in the street, the greatest personage in the world

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## DO YOU KNOW—

That when "Kindling" was written from a news item, the reporter who wrote the item sued for a share in the royalties?

That Kitty Gordon, who is now being featured in "vampire" rôles in the moving pictures, was formerly starred in musical comedies, notably "The Temptress," and before that was a singer in the London music halls?

That in the fourth century actors were excluded from the benefit of Christian sacraments and that Sunday playgoers were liable to excommunication?

That Maude Adams has always insisted that her private life remain private, never granting interviews, never employing a press-agent and always shunning notoriety? Of her intimate circle of friends few are connected with the stage.

That the earliest Italian tragedy was Galeotto's "Sofonisba," written in 1502 and comprising twenty acts?

That Peg Woffington was stricken with paralysis while playing Rosalind in "As You Like It"?

That Edmund Kean's last words on the stage were, "Othello's occupation's gone"?

That May Irwin used to be a member of Daly's Stock Company, along with Ada Rehan, John Drew and Mrs. Gilbert? Before that she and her sister Flo Irwin did an act at Tony Pastor's, in which they sang, danced and played the cornet.

That Paul Armstrong wrote "Alias Jimmy Valentine" in five days?

That E. H. Sothern is now associated with the Y. M. C. A. "somewhere in France," in the production of plays for the entertainment of American soldiers?

That theatrical censorship started in London in 1737 as a result of the audacity of Fielding, who satirized Sir Robert Walpole in a play?

That Lillian Russell was one of four daughters, and that of her three sisters, Mrs. Schultz, Mrs. Ross, and Mrs. Westford, the last-named, as Susanne Leonard, was the only one to ever appear upon the stage?

That Joseph Jefferson once ran a saloon? It was in 1846, when he was in Mexico. He opened a cake and coffee stand for the gamblers at Matamoras, and, up to the bar counter—consisting of a large dry goods box on which two boards were placed—"the bleary-eyed gamblers with shaky hands and gloomy looks called for their morning cocktail."

That Frances Alda, Annette Kellermann and Haddon Chambers are Australians?

That theatrical benefits originated in the fact that the early managers underpaid their actors, and sometimes did not pay them at all? All the old-time contracts between manager and player carried the stipulation that the actor was to receive so much a week (sometimes as low as \$4) and one or more benefits during the season.

That the name Lothario, usually applied to a man of many amours, was the name of the principal character in Rowe's old play entitled "The Fair Penitent," one of the popular pieces of the eighteenth-century?



Photos Press Ill

Hazel Dawn, mother, and sister, Eleanor



© Press Ill  
Louise and Mrs. Dresser



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Claudia Muzio, the opera star, with her mother



With mother and daughter  
—Kitty Gordon



© Press Ill.  
In the sunken tea room at Philipse Manor, N. Y.—Elsie Janis and mater

M Y M O T H E R A N D I

# HOW GEORGE COHAN PICKS WINNERS

*He says he doesn't, but he's responsible for half a dozen of the season's successes*

By HELEN TEN BROECK



THE income tax contributed this year, by George M. Cohan to the willing coffers of Uncle Sam, must be of staggering, not to say appalling, proportions. Fame and its ever-welcome but not always visible perquisite, the merry little dollar, have presented themselves anew at the door of Mr. Cohan's private office, and garlanded him with gold and glory each time he has launched a new piece this season. And that—alas!—has not been the experience of all producing managers in our midst, for the dramatic year of 1917-18, has been far from financially brilliant, and far from artistically satisfying to many of Mr. Cohan's confrères who have watched the author of "Over There" with an embittered eye and witnessed an unbroken series of successes as they were produced one after another until six big hits ranged themselves gaily under the banner of Cohan and Harris.

With "A Tailor-Made Man," and Grant Mitchell appearing throughout the season at the Cohan and Harris theatre, to a business whose capacity is limited only by the size of the treasurer's box, with "The King" in which Leo Ditrichstein duplicated the artistic and financial success of his "Great Lover," with Frank Craven introducing aviation as a popular indoor sport at the Liberty theatre to enormous audiences in "Going Up," and with "The Cohan Revue" sprinkled full of Cohan songs and Cohan laughs turning people away from almost every performance for several months at the New Amsterdam one might well think that George Michael Cohan had exhausted the utmost possible capacity of any manager as a producer of successes in a single season; but no. Just as the dramatic year begins to wane, along comes this incredible young man with Mary Ryan in "The Little Teacher," which bids fair to run all summer at the Playhouse, and Chauncey Olcott, younger and fresher of voice than ever, in "Once Upon A Time," which promptly established itself as one of the season's most profitable offerings. And it must not be forgotten that besides producing this round half-dozen of winning plays, Mr. Cohan has also found time to compose the most popular war song thus far contributed by America to the music of to-day in "Over There."



IN these days when our splendid boys are winning crosses and decorations for valor and bravery at the front, Mr. Cohan has quit producing plays long enough to work like a nailer in the interests of the Government, and allow his favorite club, The Friars, to decorate him with the bright badge of honor of their guild, and bestow upon him the formal degree of P. P. W.—Pre-eminent Picker of Winners. "It seems as if George can't help producing successes; go and ask him how he does it," said the editor.

It was a very willing compliance with this mandate that I Broadwayed and Forty-second Streeted, and Cohan-and-Harris-Theatre'd myself into the blue-eyed presence of America's own and only playwright, songsmith, actor-manager and theatre-owner, G. M. Cohan, P. P. W.

Seated in the throne chair in his own private office in his own public theatre, Mr. Cohan gave me what I can only describe as a cold and scruti-

nizing once-over when I asked the editorial question. He shifted uneasily in his seat and turned his gaze away to the distant skyline of roofs and theatre-chimneys visible through the open window. His air I grieve to say was that of a man grappling with a great wonder as to why a wise Providence permits feminine interviewers to pester innocent celebrities. Evidently his thoughts were far away. Like a grim Fate, fixing her victim at the point of her scissors, I waved an insistent pencil toward the P. P. W., and repeated the question. "How is it that you side-step all the dead ones and manage to pick nothing but winners?" I demanded. Mr. Cohan brought his gaze back from the distant skyscape with a jump.



DO I?" he asked, as if the idea had never occurred to him before. It was a trying moment. An interviewer hates being questioned at the very outset of a chat. It rather takes the wind out of one's sails and reverses the normal and accepted attitude of the occasion. "Of course you do," I rejoined, tartly. "You always have picked 'em. Wasn't it discreet of you to select everybody's loved and lamented Jerry Cohan for your father? And to choose his gifted wife, Helen Cohan for a mother? And wasn't it abnormally and patriotically clever of you to pick the Fourth of July as a birthday? Wasn't it? And haven't you gone on picking winners ever since?"

Mr. Cohan shook his head as one who modestly disclaims all praise for his performances.

"Maybe," he admitted, falteringly, "Maybe I am entitled to pat myself on the back for picking one best bet in my career. That was when I choose Sam Harris as a business partner and a pal. He's some partner, Sam Harris, and some friend, but aside from that"—an airy wave of the hand pantomime that Mr. Cohan filed a demurrer against the title of P. P. W. with which not only the Friars club, but all New York has invested in.

"Life is just one accident after another," he continued, musingly.

"Do you mean that your selection of a long and unbroken string of winners this season is an accident?"

"May I smoke?" asked Mr. Cohan, his fingers closing caressingly around a titian blonde cigar of slender build.

"Please do," I assented.

Again the author of "Over There" fixed his merry blue gaze upon the facade of a theatre across the street.



AS a matter of fact," he said, "I don't think a manager is ever entitled to say he has picked a winner, or can pick one. He's got his nerve with him, if he makes that claim. It's the public that picks 'em; the audience that says in the last analysis whether a play is a success or not. If a manager gets a lucky decision, he likes to call himself a great fellow, but he knows, in the bottom of his little heart the strange sensation in his knees on the first night, was not caused by the caving in of the floor under him, but by craven fear that he wasn't going to put

it over with the new play. It wasn't indigestion as he tried to persuade himself, that gave him that sinking feeling at the heart, but a deadly distrust of his own judgment in selecting the play, and the cast, in choosing the music and scenery and inventing the stage business—why, girl alive, until the public gives him a verdict the manager doesn't know whether he has picked a winner or not. He can't know it; any time; ever."

Pale blue rings of fragrant smoke wafted upward, and Mr. Cohan's eyes followed them for a moment of silence. "The quality to which the successful play must speak," he resumed, "is an intangible, impalpable, vague something in the mass-mind to which certain fundamental ideas, certain situations, certain sentiments always appeal. An audience is a being with a thousand minds, but there are some good old master-emotions that stir people all the time. The dramatist who captures their elusive, appealing quality and gets it into a play, holds the key to success. He may not be able to define this baffling, radiant thing that sweeps his audience into a new mood; some dramatists name it 'punch'; some of them call it 'pep'; high-brow critics allude to it vaguely as 'vision';—but whatever it is, if it's in a play—that play's a winner. If it isn't there,—bla-a-a."

"Shakespeare,"—I began—

With a wave of his cigar Mr. Cohan signalled for silence.

"Shakespeare," he cried with enthusiasm. "Shakespeare has the tang of it in every one of his plays."



BUT Shakespeare spells 'failure,' according to a dramatic axiom," I hazarded. "That's because actors are so afraid of being called modern that they daren't sweep aside tradition, and play Shakespeare like Broadway or the High Street of Stratford-on-Avon in 1918. Shakespeare wrote for all time; didn't he? Then what's the use of playing him as if he wrote only for the Elizabethan intelligence? I'm willing to bet you that if some regular guy with what Shakespeare critics call 'vision' were to do 'Hamlet,' for example with a loud pedal on the comedy effect it would be a walkover. I think 'Hamlet' played according to tradition is the funniest play ever."

"Perhaps, you might be induced to play the Melancholy Dane from a modern slant yourself?" I suggested.

Mr. Cohan looked pained.

"I don't expect to meddle with Shakespeare," he said, "any more than I expect to write the Great American Play."

"Do you think the present war will bring forth that dramatic masterpiece?" I asked.

"Possibly, but not in my day or yours. This world struggle must have a distant, a clarifying perspective before it can be summed up and reduced to the diminished terms of the stage. It's too big and too reeking with titanic drama, to be crowded onto a stage. No doubt hundreds of plays will be based upon the present war before some writer stands on a mountain peak of understanding and, looking back over the agony and crash and ruin, fuses them into a play.

Mark (Morgan Farley)—Where is he?  
Fiula (Margaret Mower)—In a green world.  
And all the drowned in the sea are rising  
to meet him bringing garlands and singing  
songs.

ALICE BROWN'S POETIC WAR PLAY  
"THE HERO," A SUCCESSFUL FEAT-  
URE OF STUART WALKER'S REP-  
ERTOIRE IN INDIANAPOLIS



Western Photo

Genevieve Hamper as Cordelia

Robert Mantell as Lear

SHAKESPEARE'S "KING LEAR" GIVEN AT THE GREEK THEATRE, BERKELEY, CAL.

A PREMIERE AND A REVIVAL—TWO INTERESTING PRODUCTIONS

# TYPES

## MISS GERALDINE FARRAR— COSMOPOLITAN

By ANNE ARCHBALD



WHEN we started out to "type" Miss Farrar it seemed a comparatively simple matter. "American Girl, par excellence" we gaily threw off. But no... not so fast. That doesn't cover it. Miss Farrar has too much vivacity, too much Latin expressiveness of eyes, of mobile smile, of hands, to be representative of the typical American girl. "American Beauty" then? Oh—yes—true, but commonplace, much too commonplace. "Irish Beauty?" Because of her black-haired, blue-eyed, red-rose-cheeked Irish coloring? Yes, part of the picture, but still pallid, inadequate. And then the *mot juste*—the only one comprehensive enough—came to us. *Cosmopolitan!* Which suggests, as nearly as any *one* mere word can, the brilliant, the complex, the many-faceted personality that is Miss Geraldine Farrar.



Photos White

"Each of my evening gowns has its own wrap to go with it," says Miss Farrar. "This—which shelters a gown of white, embroidered with silver threads—has designs in old gold and silver on a white watered panne velvet background. A mass of poppies in burnt orange, in midnight blue, and yellow touched with soft brown, trail down the side, the lining of the wrap being of chiffon in a similar brown shade

The short-sleeved, Florentine-necked day frock that Paris sponsors this season meets with Miss Farrar's approval. Here the simple but piquant cut and the material, a strikingly patterned blue and white foulard, start the costume, whose ultimate finesse is achieved by a cream charmeuse sash and brilliant red velvet poppy a beaded bag in red and white stripes to go with poppy and sash and a blue chip tricorne tipped with blue ostrich





One of the many aspects of Miss Farrar's cosmopolitanism, it need hardly be mentioned, is her Parisian chic which appears particularly appealing in this picture. The frock is of burnt orange color pailleted, its attendant wrap of chaudron-colored satin that tones in with the frock and is embroidered in silver. The black lace hat has for panaches burnt orange paradise the stones in the ear-rings are on the same tone and, as Miss Farrar said, "even the 'peke' is tawny"



Photo Townsend Savoy



Photos White

The white and silver frock of the opposite page, seen without its wrap! The wide band around the top of the bodice is of cloth of silver and at the waist line there is a buckle empicement worked in pearls and brilliants. Note the charming mode of Miss Farrar's wearing of pearl-strung bracelets also the superstitionless addition of her peacock feather fan in whose fronds nestles a small mirror

To every true artist in dress her own favorite and individual assembling of colors! Isn't this a delectable and mouth-watering combination? On an all-over lace afternoon frock—the bodice cut very low in back, as is "being done" by the best afternoon frocks this year—a wide, wide sash of Scotch plaid in orange, green, purple and black, and a hat to wear with it of cream straw trimmed with ostrich tips in the same four tones



## A BEACH PARTY FOR TWO

By ANGELINA



EDWIN telephoned me from Long Island last week and suggested that we have a beach party on Sunday. "Just the two of us!" And I was nothing loth.

So Sunday morning bright and early he turned up in his yellow roadster and shortly after we had joined the long *queue* that winds its way across Long Island on that day. The weather was just right, "cool and yet warm," as O. Henry might have said, and Edwin looked so smart in his khaki, and the yellow roadster looked so smart, and I looked so smart too, in a new brown Wooltex motor coat that had been given me as a present—never mind why—and with a brown hat and yellow chiffon veil. All our browns and yellows and khakis blended into each other so well that we must have appeared most effective and posterish. I know I caught several admiring glances out of the tail of my eye. The brown charmeuse lining of my coat has a novel trick, a yellow strip twelve inches wide running around at about knee depth. And taking a tip from a well-known stocking advertisement I amused myself and gave a final touch to our brown and yellow picture by pretending to let the wind flap my coat open so that the strip might show.

\* \* \*

WE were very merry. Edwin was so appreciative of everything, especially of me in my new coat. I told him the secret of how I came to have it—How? I said it was a secret—and of how Miss Hazel Dawn has one too, I mean a Wooltex, in Evora cloth of a soft wood brown—"I know how important all these little details are in your young life," I interpolated teasingly—with an aviation collar to snuggle up close all around the neck, and of how...

"Your's should have had the aviation collar out of respect for me," Edwin cut in.

"Yes, I suppose it should," I answered. "But it hasn't. It has a rabbit's ear collar instead. Anyway you interrupted. I was going to tell you that I knew as well that Miss Alice Joyce

was wearing a Wooltex in green, and that Madame Lina Cavaleri had one too, and that if that doesn't prove the superior brand of coat it is then there's no proving."

\* \* \*

AFTER we had reached the beach and parked the car we wandered onto the boardwalk and hung over the rail watching the crowd on the sands. It was still sufficiently early in the morning so that we had the benefit of seeing the smartest people going in for their dip.

Is there anything more glorious than a summer beach? Its life, its gayety, its color? And such colors as fashion has added to Nature's this season! Not only were the bathing suits brighter, more dashing, but there were the further complications of the bathing capes—such as I mentioned last month—of parasol and beach bag sets, of stockings and shoes.

And as for the bathing *caps*—now more like small hats—they are a whole new department in themselves. If any woman who has even half a face, a few pennies, and a little taste doesn't look attractive on the summer sands it's her own fault. I'll even omit the necessity for her having

taste of her own, for the shops have taken care of that for her. You can hardly go wrong in any cap you choose: it would be simply a question of whether you expected to laze about on the shore a good deal and wanted a brim for the sun, or whether you were a person accustomed to go quickly from the bathhouse and to spend most of your time in the water.

You realize I'm jumping ahead of my story—about the shops? At the time of hanging over the rail with Edwin I couldn't know all that, of course. But I made mental notes furiously of the caps I liked best and the minute Monday morning came I rushed off to verify where they could be found. And if you will look at the heading of the next page you may know too.

For beach wear, though it's made to go in the water too, there was the most fascinating little hat—it's the first in the sketch—of rubberized black satin, with a shirred tan crown and shirred brim. I saw several of those and it was my pet, I think. Now I possess one of my own and I shall be tempted to pop it on for motoring, especially if it threatens rain. They do make these rubberized satins so beautifully that you can hardly tell them from the real thing. Next in my favor came a sassy and amusing cap in soft rose rubberized silk, its three floppy peaks piped in old blue. (See the middle one in the sketch.) And, after that, a tight-fitting cap called a "super-diver," for the swimming-only fiends, its white rubber stamped with a blue border, appealed to me as combining adornment and practicality. There were the old bandana handkerchiefs in new forms of plaids and stripes and plain squares in all colors: there were.....

\* \* \*



EDWIN brought me to by entreating that we get started, so we went back to the car and fetched the provender and the rug and made off up the beach far away from the crowd, a subsidized small boy trailing our heels with a beach umbrella.

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Reading from left to right: the new black and white satine bathing ties: a black rubberized satin bathing hat: one in rubberized rose silk, piped with old blue: a "super-diver" in white rubber, stamped with blue: and a pair of surf cloth bathing shoes. From McCreery

EDWIN is a treasure on such occasions! He thinks of everything. I furnished the sandwiches and a thermos of coffee, but he had thoughtfully added a thermos of claret lemonade from the club, and he had bought all my favorite papers and plenty of Milo cigarettes, our favorite. Edwin and I will never have any "Lord-and-Lady-Algy" differences in the family over that. We are perfectly agreed..... Edwin likes Milos best, and so do I. And one "reason why" is because of the scented cigarettes that are made in the Milo brand for women. Edwin always brings along a box of those with the others, in case I may happen to be partly swearing off cigarettes that week and don't want a real man's size smoke, or in case we're with some conservative people who haven't yet reached the broad-minded stage of being able to see with equanimity a woman sit up and smoke a cigarette in public.

\* \* \*

IT makes a difference, we've found, if it is explained that the cigarette they see is simply a scented feminine one, that they musn't shudder away in horror, for the lion isn't a real lion, so-to-speak. "Then know, that I, one Snug the joiner, am no lion fell," quotes Edwin.

It's curious how many of these conversations still remain in spite of the fact that there are only two or three places in New York City where you aren't permitted to smoke. I said to Edwin, after we were comfortably settled under our umbrella and were having a companionable puff together, that the Milo scented cigarettes would be a very good starting point for anyone who was "thinking of taking up smoking seriously," as Hermione might say. "Yes," assented Edwin, "they might never need to get past the starting point. But it's awfully jolly for a chap to have a girl join him in a pally cigarette. If only for selfish reasons I can't understand these men who object to sharing that pleasure."

Edwin really is a dear!



This is the Wooltex motor coat of brown broadcloth that Angelina boasted about. The name Wooltex doesn't refer to the fabric, as you might suppose, but means style and finish. It is a guarantee of perfection of tailoring, of delightful details such as the rabbit's ear collar the adornment of the back, the yellow strip running across its brown silk lining

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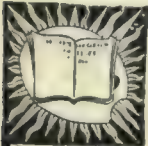
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Ave., New York, where duplicates  
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may be purchased.

HAIR is our subject this month. And we immediately thought of Miss Mary Nash as the person to talk to us about it. She should speak with authority, we said, because she is the possessor of a wonderful head of thick, dark hair, hair that is a veritable gift of the gods, but that like other gifts has had to be tended and indulged and made the most of.

On the stage Miss Nash's hair looks the blackest thing in the world, a raven's wing . . . jet . . . the dead of night. Off, there are dark reddish brown lights through it, one notes, the red black that belongs to the Irish hair, as against the blue black of the Latin. And if you have ever seen Miss Nash in "The New York Idea," or the more recent "Man Who Came Back," you will not soon forget the glorious contrast its masses make against the pallor of her skin and the red of her mouth.

YOUR hair is one of the most important—if not the most important—"properties" of your appearance, Miss Nash will tell you.

"I can change my appearance on the stage by its arrangement" she said "more than by anything else, and in assuming a rôle it is always my hair problem that I tackle first. It stands to reason, therefore, that it must have the same importance off the stage.

"The hair should be a frame for the face, and to the end of making it the most beautiful frame possible, exquisite cleanliness is its first requisite.

"When I am playing, I wash my hair once a week, there is so much dust and lint flying around back of the scenes, and any woman who is much in a dusty atmosphere should do the same. It is a mistake to imagine that these washings dry the natural oil in the scalp and make the hair fall out. On the contrary how can the hairs grow through if the pores of the scalp are all clogged up. Of course if one is in fairly clean surroundings the washings are not necessary so often.

(Concluded on page 50)

# BEAUTY

## THE WATCH-WORD

**Who goes there?  
A woman.**

**What do you want?  
To be happy, to be liked, to be attractive.**

**What is the watch-word?  
"Beauty."**

The woman without it is stopped by every sentinel. The woman who exhibits it is welcome everywhere.

You may learn the watch-word, you may acquire it. MME. RUBINSTEIN has demonstrated that no woman need remain other than beautiful. She has demonstrated it in Paris, London, Moscow, Sydney, New York and all over the world. She has demonstrated it with thousands, she has demonstrated it with women of the keenest intellect, of the most conservative ideas.

MME. RUBINSTEIN'S Retinue of followers is international.

To resist the ravages of Summer, let Madame Helena Rubinstein arm you with these weapons of defence:

**VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD** expels all impurities of the skin, clears the pores, imparts beauty and softness; wards off wrinkles and crow's-feet. Valaze repairs the daily beauty wastage, removing freckles and tan and dispels the tanning and staining effects of sunburn. Valaze restores and preserves the natural beauty of the skin. Price \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$6.00.

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**VALAZE LIQUIDINE**—Quite mystifying in its action of overcoming oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and undue flushing of nose and face. Also reduces enlarged pores and blackheads. Price \$1.65, \$3.00 and \$6.00.

**VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE**—Refines coarse skin texture, removes blackheads and reduces enlarged pores. Is used in place of soap. Price \$1.10, \$2.10 and \$5.50.

**VALAZE BEAUTY FOUNDATION CREME** for a greasy skin. Conceals tan, freckles and other skin blemishes. Whitens and bleaches the skin instantly. Excellent foundation for powder. Price \$1, \$2, \$3 and upwards.

**VALAZE OUTDOOR BALM ROSE** protects a dry skin from freckles, sunburn and tanning. Unequaled as an anti-wrinkle preparation and exquisite foundation for powder. Price \$1.65, \$3.30 and upwards.

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**VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER**, for greasy or normal skin. \$1, \$3 and \$5.

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New Orleans: Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zimble St.

### VICTOR RECORDS

Light, airy, gay, are the vacation-time dance numbers newly recorded to furnish the requisite for dancing wherever you go. "The Rainbow Girl" and "Oh Lady! Lady!" are two medley foxtrots played by the Victor Military Band on one Victor Record. "The Rainbow Girl" has been having a big success at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York, and some of its most attractive numbers make up this medley fox-trot, which include: "I'll Think Of You"; "My Rainbow Girl"; "Alimony Blues"; and "Mister Drummer."

The gems from the musical-comedy "Oh Lady! Lady!" are culled for the fox-trot of that name. They are "You Found Me and I Found You"; "When All the Little Ships Come Sailing Home"; and "Not Yet."

On another Victor Record, Pietro, that wonderful accordionist, presents a fox-trot and a one-step. These two medley dance numbers include some of the most popular songs of the day. In the "War Ballad Medley" there are "Just a Baby's Prayer at Twilight"; and "Joan of Arc."

A tender tribute is paid to the women who are to-day crooning their little ones to sleep while their thoughts are with the men who have left them that they may defend them. It is expressed in a touching little song by Geraldine Farrar on a new Victrola Record. "The War Baby's Lullaby." Adv.

### COLUMBIA RECORDS

An event of no inconsiderable importance to phonograph owners is the announcement by Columbia of the first Columbia Record from the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. This historic organization now plays exclusively for Columbia, and offers in the July group of records the glorious Ballet Music from "Faust." Lovers of music will hail this superb record with joy, and watch eagerly for others from the same source.

Musical critics are paying tribute with increasing frequency, these days, to the radiantly lovely voice which the beautiful Amparito Farrar has brought with her into fame. The brilliant young soprano makes her Columbia debut in a record that includes "Sweet and Low" and "Mighty Lak' a Rose."

Recently the New York Philharmonic Orchestra made a tour of the National Army Cantonments, giving concerts to the soldiers. This tour lends especial interest to the newest Columbia Record of the Philharmonic, Victor Herbert's "American Fantasie" and on the reverse the "Estudiantina" waltz.

Among the other splendid records in this July group from Columbia are Stracciari singing Massenet's "Elegie," with violin obligato by Lascha Jacobsen; Josef Hofmann playing Chopin's "Valse Brillante." Adv.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

INTERPRETERS AND INTERPRETATIONS. By Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THE INSURGENT THEATRE. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

SACRIFICE AND OTHER PLAYS. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

MORE SHORT PLAYS. By Mary Macmillan. Cincinnati: Stewart and Mudd Company.

FIFTY-ONE TALES. By Lord Dunsany. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE SORCERESS. By Victorien Sardou. Translation by Charles A. Weissert. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

AMATEUR AND EDUCATIONAL DRAMATICS. By Evelyne Hilliard, Theodora McCormick, Kate Oglebay. Illustrated. New York: Macmillan Company.

PROBLEMS OF THE PLAYWRIGHT. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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## THE VANITY BOX

(Continued from page 48)



"IF I find my scalp becoming dandruffy or dry I rub in a little good hair cream, or a bit of hot oil. And another bit of hygiene that I consider important is that of keeping my hair cut off to about waist length, though if I let it grow it would come down to my knees. I believe that it grows better when it is shorter, has more vitality, and can be put up more gracefully."

It is another of Miss Nash's beliefs that black hair should be sleek and smooth and polished, "like jet," as she expressed it, "and not like velvet." Fluffiness in hair is for blondes only. A deep wide marcel is allowable, but frizzy dark hair is not attractive.



MISS NASH in everyday life wears her hair parted in the middle, waved in this deep marcel and then drawn into a large compact knot at the back of her head. And it is comforting to have her tell us that she does not think that the hot iron in the hands of a professional is injurious to the hair. (One should choose a good and conscientious

hairdresser and go to that same one each time that he or she may take pride in keeping the hair in fine condition.) But she is not very much for the amateur waving of it oneself at home.

And every so often, too, one should snatch a few days off to give the hair a rest, and during the summer as long as possible.

It was in one of those "days off" that I happened to see Miss Nash. So her hair was unwaved, parted slightly on the side, instead of the middle, and drawn sleekly back under a net. And she made a remark about her manner of adjusting it that was particularly interesting to me. It was to the effect that it was a great mistake to pin the front of one's net down, that that made a hard line across the head.

And that was interesting because that very morning I had been visiting the establishment of the Bonnie-B hair net people, the oldest human hair net firm in New York, who handle nothing but "imports," and I had been given a demonstration of the Bonnie-B hair net which fitted in exactly with what Miss Nash said. The Bonnie-B, in the first place, is *not* a cap net. The cap net is now *vieux jeux*. In the second place, it has no cord across the front, only on the sides. The part that goes over the head in front ends simply in loops of the mesh which melt in with the hair and must not be fastened down. This gives a perfectly natural look to the hair and makes the Bonnie-B the most invisible hair net that one can wear.



WE recommend to you the new Russian Shampoo powder that has just been put out by the importers of Djer-Kiss. The formula for it was brought from Russia—one asks for Smirnoff's Russian Shampoo Powder—is now manufactured in America, and is one of the most delightful, fragrant and easily used aids for keeping that hair frame of yours up to its requisite standard of exquisite cleanliness and beauty.



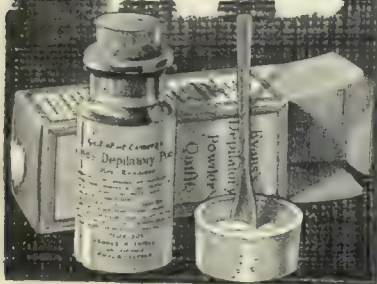
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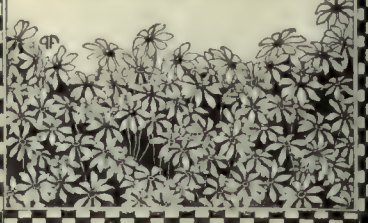
Pétrole Hahn delicately perfumes the hair, and without making it oily renders it lustrous, brilliant and wavy.

#### This Hair Beautifier

applied regularly keeps the scalp clean and stimulates growth.

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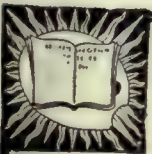
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By ALICE DUER MILLER

**I**N this new novel the author of "Come Out of the Kitchen!" strikes a graver note than in her previous work, without losing any of her brilliance and gaiety. A romance set in New York's fashionable world — — and the author is on the side of the lovers.

The *New York Times* says: "A brilliant story of New York 'society', delightfully written . . . Its cleverness is not mere surface brilliance; it is keen satire as well. The story is worked out delightfully, as a story; and through it is the sharp interest of the contrasting types of women, the way they meet each other, the way they meet men, the way they meet life . . . But whatever one seeks in the novel—so long as it is something clean and bright—and from whatever standpoint one approaches 'The Happiest Time of Their Lives,' it is a book that will be thoroughly enjoyed."

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GOOD FRIENDS

GOOD CIGARS

GOOD STORIES

AND

**OLYSMIC**

OF COURSE

KING OF TABLE WATERS

(Continued from page 24)

The Metropolitan Opera House has done its bit since the season closed in helping the war charities. Geraldine Farrar's benefit last month was a great success, and the Italy-America concert, at which Caruso was one of the stars, netted a splendid sum.

And now Frances Alda, not to be outdone by Miss Farrar, gave a festival on June tenth, with the superlative hit of press-work—"the five greatest tenors in the world." The purpose was to raise money to buy music and musical instruments for the Navy, and Caruso and Martinelli for Italy, McCormack for Ireland, Muratore for France, Lazaro for Spain, and Althouse for America, helped the cause.

Besides these, Elman and Harold Bauer played, Ethel Barrymore recited the "Battle Hymn of the Re-

public"—which seems the only rival of the "Marseillaise" in inspiring enthusiasm, when done by Miss Barrymore, Julia Marlowe, or Julia Arthur—and Sousa conducted.

Sousa has been more than generous in appearing in as many places as he can, and his new "Riveters" march, dedicated to the shipbuilders, and incorporating some remarkable orchestral effects, is one of the most original and distinctive compositions to come out of the war.

The Government, in recognition of his untiring work, has offered him twelve weeks' leave of absence, but like the ticket-man who had been at the theatre day in and day out for years, and who, at last given a holiday, hung disconsolately around the lobby all evening, Lieutenant Sousa will use the time in taking his band on a tour of the United States.

SOME NEW BOOKS

"REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN PLAYS." Edited by ARTHUR HOBSON QUINN. 968 pp. New York: The Century Co.

This interesting collection of plays illustrating the development of our native drama from its beginning to the present day is invaluable to the dramatic student. No theatrical library can be considered complete without it. All the plays in the collection are the work of significant American playwrights, and all have had actual stage presentation by a professional company. Of the twenty-five plays chosen, the scenes of sixteen are laid in this country, while so far as possible all the principal types characteristic of our drama are represented. A brief introduction to each play explains its significance and gives a biographical sketch of the author, with a selected bibliography. The stage directions are represented in the earlier days as originally given.

Opening with "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, the first American play, the collection includes examples of the work of such early playwrights as William Dunlap, John Howard Payne, Nathaniel Parker Willis, George Henry Boker, and Julia Ward Howe. "Rip Van Winkle," as played by Joseph Jefferson, is included, as is also another old favorite, "Shenandoah," by Bronson Howard. Of living writers and the younger generation the following names appear: Clyde Fitch, Langdon Mitchell, Percy MacKaye, Augustus Thomas, William Vaughn Moody, Edward Sheldon, and Rachel Crothers.

"MEN IN WAR." By ANDREAS LATZKO. New York: Boni and Live-right.

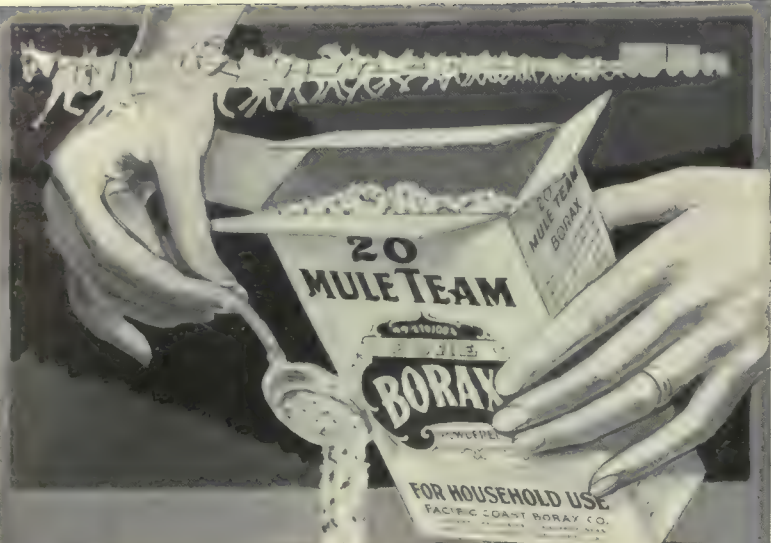
Hundreds of books have been written about the war, but only two stand out as masterpieces. One is "Under Fire," by the French soldier Barbusse, the other is "Men in War," by the Austrian officer, Andreas Latzko.

The latter surpasses its predecessor in the terrifying realism of its pic-

tures of human agony. If it is intended as anti-militarist propaganda it certainly accomplishes its purpose, for it even goes one better than Sherman, showing that war is worse than hell. The book's one weakness is that it fails to discriminate between the criminal war of aggression, such as that now being ruthlessly waged by the Central Powers, and the holy war of self-defense, which the Allies are fighting. The author, blinded by his furious hatred of all war, sees no distinction between the burglar and the policeman. The man who defends his home and family is, to his thinking, as much an enemy of mankind as the housebreaker. Such reasoning as this may infuse joy into the shrivelled hearts of pacifists, slackers and other moral degenerates, but it does not appeal with any force to the sane and normal mind. Apart, however, from the fallacy of its premises, the book should be read as a remarkable piece of literature, that only a world convulsion could produce.

"KEEPING OUR FIGHTERS FIT—FOR WAR AND AFTER," by Edward Frank Allen, written in co-operation with Raymond B. Fosdick, Chairman of the War Department and Navy Department Commissions on Training Camp Activities; with a special statement written for the book by President Wilson. New York: The Century Co.

This book deals with the soldier and sailor in training camp and community. It tells what the Government is doing, and doing for the first time in its history, to add to the comfort, happiness, safety, and efficiency of the million or so men called to the colors. It is a book of information and reassurance that should be welcomed by relatives and friends of the men in the camps. Knowing what the Government is doing, moreover, will enable friends and relatives to co-operate more intelligently with it for the benefit of the American men preparing to fight.



For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But



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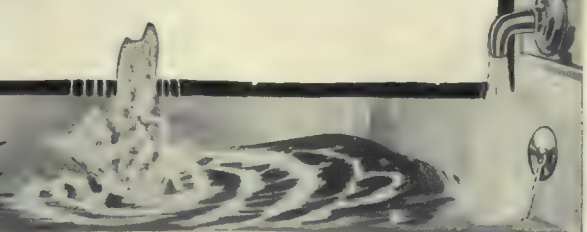
is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

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For the Bath



# Theatre Magazine

35 Cents

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AUGUST, 1918

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VOL. XXVIII. NO. 210



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*Manager*



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## SPECIAL NOTICE

---

We take pleasure in announcing that beginning with the September issue, the THEATRE MAGAZINE will have on its cover a decorative portrait of a prominent actress by the well known American artist Mr. Hamilton King.

Mr. King's work is too well known to need any introduction here. A specializer in beautiful femininity, his women are Creations of the delicate Dresden china type and whether he paints a French peasant, an actress or a society debutante, the spirit as well as the flesh of his model is there.

As heretofore, the policy of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is to reproduce on its covers only the portraits of women of the stage whose talent and standing have won them that distinction. It is not enough to be merely pretty. The actress to be so honored must have won a distinct place for herself in the affections of our theatregoers.

Mr. King's work will add still another beautiful feature to the artistry for which the THEATRE MAGAZINE is justly famed throughout the two hemispheres.

THE PUBLISHERS.

## To Theatre Magazine Subscribers

The Government is sending broadcast—not an S. O. S. signal, but a request for conservation in all sorts of business and in all walks of life. The cost of paper is going up—and the supply going down.

The new postal rates for magazines which went into effect July 1st, means an increased expense for postage to all publishers, of from 50% to 300%!!

We have been carrying our share of the extra cost of production, paper, and what-not, right along, but now, in common with all publishers, we will be compelled to increase the subscription price of the Theatre Magazine.

Before the increase goes into effect, we send you this special invitation—

Send us the renewal of your subscription—whether it expires now, or a year from now—at the present rate of \$3.50, and it will be accepted providing it reaches us not later than September 1st.

After that date, subscriptions will only be accepted at the increased rate. You must act NOW if you want to take advantage of the present rate.

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1918



THE September THEATRE MAGAZINE will help usher in the new theatrical season—a cracker-jack number, full of surprises.

Full of "ginger," "pep," and "punch" will be the articles, and the pictures—exquisite half-tones of the leading lights of the stage.

Are you going to continue being a theatrical back number? Will you sit dumb when the conversation turns to the latest play and the newly risen star?

You don't have to attend all the new openings. Just read the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and get all the brightest theatrical news in a nutshell.



WHAT new plays are the managers going to give us?

All the stages and all the stars are busy rehearsing new rôles. You'll want to know what they are, won't you?

Then read the forecast of the new season in the September issue.



THE war has made a great deal of difference in the attitude of the public towards plays.

There is no more room for trifles of life in drama. To hold attention nowadays, the play must deal with some big, vital theme.

Then, too, there is no more room for scoffing at home ties and domestic relations which used to be an ever-fertile field for the dramatist. The war has knit families closer.

Charlotte Wells, who has her finger on the trend of Broadway, writes about this subject interestingly in the next number.



SEPTEMBER marks the hundredth anniversary of the first ap-

pearance in America of the elder Wallack, destined to be the foremost figure of his time in the history of the New York stage.

Our next issue will contain a reminiscent article about this distinguished actor. It is replete with anecdotes, and is written

by an old favorite with THEATRE MAGAZINE readers—Charles Burnham.



DAVID BELASCO loves Nature. He has seen some of her sunrises and sunsets that are almost as good as his own."

Read this and other witticisms in Harold Seton's amusing contribution to the September issue—"Theatre Thoughts."



EVERY actress you meet talks about "Temperament." The man who beats his wife uses the same word.

Temperament is one of the most misused words in the lexicon of the theatre. It is responsible for late rehearsals, changing of whole scenes to meet stars' requirements, playwrights' gray hair, etc.

Mildred Cram analyses this subtle thing in her usual brilliant way in the coming issue.



THE Jew on the Stage!

Rachel, one of the world's greatest actresses, was a Jewess. So is Bernhardt.

Our local stage includes many favorites—from Bobby North to David Warfield. And then the producers—from Belasco to Ziegfeld.

Ada Patterson has written an interesting article on the Jew on the Stage in the next issue.



REMEMBER, September starts renewed theatrical activity.

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THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 89TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, Add \$1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, Add 85c.

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 210

AUGUST, 1918



*From a portrait by Sarony*

## ALMA TELL

A rising young actress, who is being featured in the leading rôle in "Eyes of Youth" at the Maxine Elliott Theatre

# THE POOR OLD SHOW BUSINESS



**I**N order to insure so far as possible the bodily welfare of the public, the State only licenses its would-be physicians after they have had a fairly thorough general and special training and after they have passed a more or less rigorous examination.

A man cannot practise dentistry until he has given similar guarantees of his qualification: the general teeth are far too precious to be needlessly risked.

That the people may have some sort of decent representation in our courts of law, we do not admit to the bar without preparation and formalities every unpledged newcomer.

In order to make certain that our young folk shall not be subjected to the baneful influences of inefficient or perverted instruction, we carefully train, examine, license and supervise the teachers in our public schools. Vigilant university trustees always have an eye to their faculties.

The church takes infinite precautions to see that the many flocks are wholesomely fed and not swollen with rank mists.

We do not even allow a man to become a veterinarian without due instruction, for we are very considerate of our horses, cattle, sheep, and swine—not to mention our Pomeranians, our Persians, and our Pekingese.



**B**UT the stage—

Ah, the stage—that's something else again. You cannot become a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, or a professor by merely hanging out your shingle; but all on earth you need is a little cash or credit and an abundance of nerve, and you may produce plays, write them, act them, or criticize them for the public prints.

What, after all, is the show business that we should classify it as a profession or even as a trade?

It is neither; it is what we call it—a business! (Of this we are frequently reminded by the gentry who have been financially successful in it.) Productions, plays, acting, criticism even, are merely a certain commodity of amusement which is bought and sold, and which is profitable when it is popular.

Does the theatre also preach, teach, instruct, educate, establish standards of taste, crystallize a public sentiment of morals, fix national ideals?

Possibly so; but that is only its by-product. (Thus we are informed.) And the by-product must take care of itself.

We have so much entertainment for sale.

Some of it is Grade A; most of it is Grade X.

How much will you give for it? How much more like it shall we manufacture? What chance have we of making some of our inferior, slow-selling stuff stylish and thus disposing of it without loss at least? How can we manage to get our new fall line of fabrics in the show-rooms a few weeks ahead of rival dealers? And so on.



**T**HE show business is a business.

Hands off! No government interference. Do what you please with the doctors and the lawyers, but leave us managers in peace. Don't we pay our war-tax—and a big one at that? Don't we turn off our electric signs—with the critics' names and all—every Thursday and Sunday night?

That ends our responsibility.

Find out what the public wants and give it to 'em. We mean, in the line of entertainment.

Educational influences? They mean nothing in our young lives.

Look at Skinnem. Once he was an usher. Now he's a millionaire. Never been to school a day in his life—but he gets the money. He's produced everything—high-brow stuff, too—though he usually lost on that.

Take a slant at Purling. College graduate. Born rich. In the theatre game fifteen years and hasn't piled one copper on another! That shows you what counts.

Business! Business!

"Some guys—" (I might as well let Mr. Mazuma, the celebrated manager, tell it in his own way)—"some guys are natural-born pickers. You may be one and not know it. If you ain't, it's easy to find out.

"Lessee how much you got? Eh? All right, I can get you a house. That J. and B. show at the Chappington 'll fliv inside of six weeks. I give it four, I'll say. I had that show on my desk three months. The minute I picked it up I knew it was a lemon. All I looked at was the cast—not a character under thirty! But Robinstein couldn't keep off it. Take it from me, that poor fish don't know a play when he sees it!



**T**HAT'S the difference. If you're a good picker you win. It's just like the ponies. Take a chance. There ain't no sure thing. Be certain you've got a love story and a wallop in your script; and if you can afford it, hire actors with

names. Names is what counts. I got a hundred plays there on them shelves I'd produce tomorrow if I could get actors for 'em with names."

So it goes. A man enters the show business because as a youth he got a job as a stage-hand, because he is a natural-born gambler and he enjoys the theatrical risks, because he is tired of the wholesale clothing business, because he believes it will give him the *grande entrée* to the human poultry yard—and for kindred high artistic and altruistic motives. And it is most true that all he needs to be is "a good picker."

Of course, there are exceptions—shining ones; but most of them sooner or later give up in disgust.

The case of the actor is too often similar.

Probably he is often the victim of circumstances. The standards are low, the status is indeterminate, the requirements are rarely anything beyond a certain mimetic gift. Why bother to add thereto education, culture, refinement, taste? It would be sheer vulgarity to make one's self thus conspicuous!



**A**S for the critic—what is he?

Usually a cub reporter with a flair for the playhouse who is eager to help out with the reviewing for the sake of occasional passes. In time he is graduated into the department dramatic editor's chair. Or perhaps he has won his M. A. at one of our leading universities with a thesis on "Shakespeare as a Psychiatrist." Or maybe he was an apprentice press agent. Often he is all three!

To this gentleman, to whom it is given to mould the opinions of thousands with regard to the drama; to point out the good and the bad, the artistic and the inept, the elevating and the degrading; to guide with his knowledge, wisdom, and taste the course of the theatre and thus to antidote in no inconsiderable degree the evils attendant on the circumstances of the show business and its haphazard management—to this gentleman of such momentous responsibilities what reward is given?

Dear reader, if you don't know what your favorite dramatic critic receives for his labors, we cannot be so cruel as to shock you with the truth. If you knew, you would better understand how his importance is rated. And you would not wonder at his customary inefficiency.

For the most part, he takes his reward chiefly in reverse-English, self-hatred and such food for it of notoriety as he can trump up.



Photos White W. H. Whitecar Mrs. Drew Sidney Drew

Act I. The sight of the real estate agent annoys Henry, who has an overdue payment on his house which he is unable to meet



John Dilson Mrs. Drew Sidney Drew

Act II. Polly—"I hope I shan't have to report you to my husband—your employer." And poor Henry looks wonderingly on from his cashier's cage



Mrs. Drew Sidney Drew

Act III. Henry—"You're going to have a mansion on the terrace. The consolidation has gone through, I'm in the directorate and my salary has been tripled"

**R**ICHARD WALTON TULLY'S latest production, "Keep Her Smiling," scheduled for presentation in New York in August, will mark the return to the speaking stage of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who have won an enviable renown by their wholesome, merry screen presentations. "Keep Her Smiling" is just such a piquant domestic comedy as the Drews have long been identified with, and breathes the unusual message that a wife's extrav-



Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew

Henry—"Polly, when you smile at me like that, we can afford anything"

agance, instead of embroiling her husband in ruin, may just as well spur him on to permanent and undreamed of success. The play was written by John Hunter Booth, author of "The Masquerader," and besides the Drews, enlists the services of more than twenty actors

Just why the Socialists have never made more of the downtrodden critic whom unjust economic conditions force into a life of shame, is beyond our comprehension. And as for our up-to-date nose-for-news playwrights, surely in the critics' status lies material for another "Within the Law."

There is no systematic regulation of the theatre.

It is an incalculably potent factor for good or ill, and yet it is most often left without intelligent direction.

Its possibilities for propaganda are unlimited; yet the police commissioner—once or twice a season—is its only censor, and he merely acts to curb it—usually in a single respect.

It furnishes amusement, of course; and people—sometimes—pay for that commodity.

But its inestimable by-product of mental and moral influence is the concern of nobody—of importance. What doctrines it spreads, what poisons it instills, what stupidity it inculcates, what good or evil it does to popular discrimination, tastes, ideals—all this is rarely if ever officially considered. Yet more people go to sleep daily in schools, college classrooms, courts of law, and churches than in even the dullest of our playhouses.

Our bitter experience of the past has taught us something of the power of modern applied psychology—to realize that when it is employed for purposes of evil, it is as effective as high-explosives or poison gas.

Does not the state of the theatre indicate the necessity for some degree of public self-protection?

There are no bombproofs or gas masks in the majority of our playhouses. We must take what comes our way—often from a pestilent source.

Why not correct the evil by elevating the theatre to the rank of a profession?

We see no reason why a man who purposes to produce plays, act in them, or criticise them should not be a trained expert with a broad background—as well as your doctor or your teacher. The need for safeguards is at least equally great.

When they have been established wisely and well, we are sure that each theatrical season that passes will not seem—as now—more provocative of pessimism than even its immediate predecessor.

Who knows—possibly the drama may blossom forth into a real art and desert forever its present condition of tawdy *camouflage*.

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## DO YOU KNOW—

That Maude Adams made her first appearance on the stage at the age of nine months in a piece called "The Lost Child," and later, as a little girl, made a hit in a play called "Fritz," with the late J. K. Emmett?

That Charles B. Dillingham, the theatrical manager, was formerly dramatic editor of the *New York Evening Sun*?

That Leo Ditrichstein is a grandson of Joseph Von Etooes, a famous Austrian novelist, and that his first appearance on the stage was in Berlin?

That Virginia Harned was born in Boston in 1872, and her husband, William Courtenay, was also born in Massachusetts, in Worcester, in 1875?

That Henry E. Dixey created leading rôles in the American productions of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas "Pinafore" and "Iolanthe," beginning his memorable engagement in "Adonis" in 1884?

That William Courtleigh was originally intended for the law, and for some time studied in preparation for that profession, making his stage début in 1889, in a play called "Brother and Sister."

That May Robson was born in Australia, the daughter of a British naval officer, making her first appearance on the stage in Brooklyn, in 1884, in "The Hoop of Gold"?

That Florence Roberts is a cousin of Theodore Roberts, and for many years played leading parts in the San Francisco Stock Company of her late husband, Lewis Morrison?

That Kathryn Kidder was born in Newark, New Jersey, and is a daughter of the late Colonel H. M. Kidder, making her stage début in 1885, in Chicago, in "The Streets of London," with the late Frank Mayo, with whom she remained for many years?

That James K. Hackett studied for the bar in the New York Law School, after graduating from the College of the City of New York, making his first appearance on the stage in 1892, in New York, in "A Stag at Bay"?

That Elsie de Wolfe, after being well-known in fashionable New York society, as an amateur, having appeared with Cora Urquhart Potter and Elita Proctor Otis, made her professional début in 1891, in "Thermidor"?

That H. Cooper Cliffe, who appeared last season in the heavy part of the General in the British melodrama, "Seven Days Leave," began his stage career in 1879, touring the English provinces in D'Oyly Carte's company, the repertoire including "Pinafore" and other comic operas?

That William A. Brady, the theatrical manager, was formerly an actor, first appearing on the stage in 1882, in "The White Slave," subsequently touring in "After Dark," "The Cotton King," "Humanity" and "Old Glory"?

That Katharine Kaelred's early successes were in Australia, where she went from England and, co-starring with Julius Knight, under the management of J. C. Williamson, remaining in the Antipodes from 1906 till 1903, coming to America to appear in "The Devil"?

That Adele Ritchie was the daughter of J. B. Pultz, of Philadelphia, and first attracted the attention of theatregoers in 1873, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in "The Isle of Champagne"?

That Bertha Kalich was born in Lemberg, Galicia, and in 1890, made her début in a comic opera company, gaining popularity by her singing at the Bucharest National Theatre in 1891?

That Blanche Ring appeared during her early days on the stage in support of James A. Herne, Nat C. Goodwin, and Chauncey Olcott, making her first big hit in 1902, in "The Defender"?

That Mrs. Thomas Whiffin was born in London, in 1845, the daughter of Mary Galton, a singing teacher, and made her stage début in 1865, at the Royalty Theatre, later appearing with her aunt, Louisa Pyne, of the famous Pyne-Harrison company?

That Charles Richman, now in the movies, first trod the boards at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in 1894, in support of Mrs. James A. Herne, in a piece called "Margaret Fleming"?

That Henry Miller was born in London, in 1860, and started his theatrical career in Toronto, in "Amy Robsart," later acting in New York, in 1880, with Adelaide Neilson, in "Cymbeline"?

That May Irwin was born at Whitby, Ontario, in 1862, first singing in public in 1875, at Rochester, New York, later appearing at Tony Pastor's Theatre, New York City, in 1877, remaining under that management until 1883?

That Grace George's first parts were in farce-comedies, such as "Charley's Aunt," "The Turtle" and "Mollie Fifi," her first success in a more serious rôle being in 1900, in "Her Majesty"?

That Henry Arthur Jones, the famous English playwright, was for some years a commercial traveler, commencing writing plays in 1878, at the age of twenty-seven, one of his earliest successes being a piece called "Hearts of Oak"?

That the late Joseph Jefferson made his first appearance on the stage as a darkey? This was in Washington in 1832 when he danced "Jim Crow" together with that celebrated knight of the cork, J. D. Rice.

That Alice Kauser, the now successful play broker, began her theatrical career as stenographer to Elizabeth Marbury?

That Daniel Frohman, the well-known manager, began life as Horace Greeley's office boy in the old days of the *New York Tribune*?

That Chicago's first theatre was opened in the year 1837? The banquet hall of the historic Sauganash Hotel—a rough tavern which stood at some distance out on the prairie, solitary and alone, had been fitted up with stage and seats and there the Isherwood and McKenzie company acted with Lake Michigan roaring on one side and the ferocious prairie wolves on the other?

That Martha Morton, the well-known American playwright, has been virtually a prisoner in Europe for four years? Caught in Switzerland at the outbreak of the war, she tried to get home but too late.

That Kotzebue, the German dramatist, wrote over two hundred plays, many of which were great favorites with American theatregoers a hundred years ago?



Photos © Hixon-Connelly

At Denishawn, their dance villa in California, Ruth St. Denis, Ted Shawn and their pupils pay homage to Terpsichore. A university of the dance and its related arts, the school includes every phase of dancing—the aesthetic, Egyptian, Greek and rhythmic. The pictures show some of the pupils in two entirely different kinds of dances

T H E D E N I S H A W N D A N C E R S



#### CLIFTON WEBB

Whose name on a theatre programme always indicates that there is some lively dancing in store for the audience. And those out front are particularly appreciative of Mr. Webb's nimble steps and pleasing personality, for he is one of Broadway's most popular young actors. His dancing is one of the pleasant memories of "Love o' Mike"



JEAN ROBERTSON

A successful young Australian actress. She came to New York last year, but received no encouragement from Broadway managers, until Morris Gest recognized her ability. He engaged her to become understudy for the leading rôle in "The Wanderer." Now she is playing the seductive Tisha with such success on tour that in all probability Broadway will soon be able to judge her merits



From a portrait © by Hixon-Connelly

# THE CLEVEREST MAN ON BROADWAY

*Leon Errol, the red nose comic, a classic of inebriety*

By ADA PATTERSON



**H**E calls himself "The Red Nose Comic." Discriminating others entitle him "The Cleverest Man on Broadway."

He is unique among actors. Who that reads this, or refrains therefrom, knows a mime who does not beg for a good speech as a dog for a bone? Some thespians, stellar in their positions in the high theatrical heavens, have bodily torn a rich and telling line from its owner. Ensued blows, oral and corporeal "two week notices", cries of "You're fired," resignations on paper bespattered with indignant ink. But if Leon Errol's star says urgently "Gimme that line, Leon. Come on" the subject of this sketch makes answer unprecedented on the stage.

"All right" he answers and fearing redundancy, because the request is so often made during rehearsals and in the first weeks of the play, likewise because his desire is not to seem curt, he varies it with "Certainly". In this Mr. Errol is generous, but not as generous as he seems. For a "line" to him is merely a few words about which he cares nothing. "All I want is business, a chance to do something" is his playing creed. Wherefore, he permits himself freely to be plucked featherless of speeches. Sincerity rings in his voice and flashes from his eye while he delivers his own impromptu line that no one else wants: "I wouldn't care if I never had another speech to speak on the stage."

Given a face of mirror-like reflections, a body of rubber-like suppleness, and legs that writhe and curve and execute spirals, and the figure eight and the number ten, of what need is speech?



**W**HEN his age was measured by two years the pliant Mr. Errol was flung by his father into an overflowing bath tub and commanded to swim. At fifteen he thought a part in Paul Martinetti's company and learned from the great pantomimist the art of silent speech. These facts are closely related. They constitute the foundation of the career of the producer of "Hitchy Koo, 1918" and one of the chief illuminants of the "Ziegfeld Follies" for five years, the man who, as aforesaid, has been dubbed "The Cleverest Man on Broadway."

Yet if he were to pause mid-career, he is thirty-seven and if you view him from the northwest you will descry a line of thinning hair, he would be remembered farthest and longest for his scenes of intoxication. Stage scenes, I am in haste to amend. It was after several seasons of them that he catalogued himself as "The Red Nose Comic." Season after season a Folly was not a Folly without one of the Errol headaching sprees.

"I did not expect it would ever be a pleasure to meet a notorious drunkard," I said in tone of reproof. The little man small as a jockey, turned brown eyes with will-o'-the-wisp lights in them, upon me.

"You have the same tastes as mine," he countered. "I never see a drunken man without wanting to follow him."

"You do follow him?"

"For blocks. I'm always learning something new about intoxication. Do you know there are almost as many kinds of drunkards as there are

drinks? There's the laughing drunkard and the crying one, the argumentative one, the fighting one, the mean one."

"Excuse me, Mr. Errol, it's fifteen minutes." A head was thrust in at the door of the little back stage office and withdrawn.

Leon Errol nodded and twisted his rubber legs in a curious knot about the corner of the desk on which he had perched for our chat-a-wing. He had hurled adjectives at the head of the



LEON ERROL  
As the chef in "Hitchy-Koo"

absent minion who had forgotten to tell him the time of our back stage meeting.

"I see that you are intoxicated every night."

"And two matinees," he cheerfully amended.

"You are showing us why some dishes come upstairs fearfully and wonderfully miscooked."

"Yes, you are taken behind the scenes of the kitchen. The skeleton of your feast is shaken. But haven't I proven what I said, that there are different kinds of drunkards? The cook in 'Hitchy Koo' is different than the gentlemanly jag in the 'Follies of 1913' and both differ from the inebriate in the cab in the 'Follies of 1914.'"



**T**HAT spree in which the society girls mistook you for a tango teacher and imitated you was a classic of inebriety. Theatregoers will talk of it as long as they have talked of Maude Adams' tipsy scene in 'A Masked Ball.'"

"A great deal of the fun of that scene was in the strained, anxious faces of the pupils. They knew that they had to do everything I did, stagger when I staggered, roll on the floor when I rolled, sit down when I sat down and flop when

I flopped. I had rehearsed each girl separately, for hours. They were letter perfect, foot perfect. But after they had thoroughly learned the dance and I had numbered the changes in the steps, I warned them that I wouldn't follow that order. Every night I would vary the dance. No. 9 might come on Thursday night where No. 7 had been on Tuesday. That is the reason they were so painfully intent on every step I took."

"How do you get your stage effects?"

The producer, inventor of dances, playwright, composer, comedian, what not, made answer in one sentence: "By seeing it first in my mind, in color, then visualizing my plan to the last detail." He might have gone a bit further but I doubt it. It is strangely difficult for great folk to tell how they do their work. But an insistent head again appeared at the door. Anxious eyes besought him. The call boy's voice pleaded "Overture, Mr. Errol."

With seeming reluctance the rubber legs in the creased gray trousers untwisted themselves from the desk corner.

"I've always been glad Dad made me learn to swim. It gives one grit. When I was three and a half I won a prize in a swimming contest with men as old as I am now. That gave me confidence. And—yes, I'm coming—I've often been glad that I was with Martinetti long enough to learn pantomime. If you can swim and if you know pantomime you can make a dash at almost anything on the stage. At a pinch I played the nurse of a repertoire Juliet."

He was gone in answer to frenzied cries of "Errol, 'Where's Errol?'"



**T**HERE had not been time for Mr. Errol to tell me the "That's cute for me" story. It's an oft-told tale on the Bias Street. Diagonal Highway recalls the comedian's successive steps and falls. A step was into the circus. A fall was from the back of a beribboned, careening horse, which nearly ended Master Errol's career as a clown and nearly closing his engagement in the serio-comedy, *Life*. A step was his joining the Sydney Stock Company, which George Ringold came from England to direct at Her Majesty's Theatre. Followed Shakespearean repertoire and "The Black Crook," "Ali Baba," "Lights of London," "The Geisha," "East Lynn," "Jack the Giant Killer" and "Confusion." A fall his friends deemed it when he left his native and appreciative Australia for San Francisco. The City of the Golden Gate laughed at his eccentric dances, admired his eloquent legs, but frowned at his unintelligible cockney accent.

Then Chicago. Unrest. Ambition that would not sleep, pointing to the Metropolis.

Chance came to write some dialogue in a one-act farce. Greater chance came to sell two musical farces, and produce them. He was proud to receive \$1,500 for the work. While he was rehearsing these, A. L. Erlanger wandered into the dim theatre and disposed himself in the dusk of a rear chair. When the rehearsal was over he asked: "What contract have you with that man?" The terms did not dismay the magnate.

"I'll give you \$15,000 for the contract," he said. Thus the debut with the Follies.



© Hixon-Connelly

**ROBERT EDESON**

A new picture of this forceful actor who was one of the speakers for the recent Liberty Loan Drive



**IRENE BLACKWELL**

During the Red Cross Drive, Miss Blackwell was one of the stage women who donated her services, dressed in the special costume designed for the occasion



© American Press Assn.

Margaret Crawford and her company of dancers who were a feature of the fête for the Red Cross held at the estate of Mr. and Mrs. George Arents, Jr., at Rye, N. Y.

**STAGE PEOPLE WHO HAVE DONE THEIR BIT**

# THE COWBOY THAT CONQUERED NEW YORK

*Will Rogers, the man who lassoed  
the hearts of Broadway audiences*

By WILLIAM P. ADAMS



"Me and the Missus and the kids"

**W**ILL ROGERS is the man who lassoed and hobbled Broadway. A tanned cowboy from Oklahoma has done what thousands of pale students, and bright-eyed beauties have failed to do. He has captured the most captious street in the world. He has conquered Broadway.

Souls have been lost while their owners tried to attain what the cowboy has done with a quip, a grin and the twist of a deft wrist: New York is the Mecca of the actor. He turns the face of his ambition toward it as the Mahometan lifts his visage toward the site of the sacred city. A New York success is the height of thespian achievement.

Once he panted for London's past approval, as a dessert of the banquet of a "New York hit." But that time is no more. The war has lessened opportunities and desire for appearances on the London stage. Moreover, figures impress. New York has become the largest city in the world. Wherefore, the conquest of its street of amusement is the pinnacle of the professional entertainer's achievements.

Is the lean, brown-faced man with the shrewd glance and the nimble tongue grateful to the thespian gods for his victory? Not particularly. Is he awed by the heights he has attained? No. Are his prairie-filled eyes dazzled by the white lights? They can see as far and as clearly as when they stared across the plains seeking a nomad yearling. Do the gauds and the glitter of the shining street claim him? You wouldn't think so if you saw him after the curtain falls on the Ziegfeld Follies, "streaking" for the Long Island station to catch the train for his home at Amityville.

You are surprised? So was I. The Great White Way has dazzled multimillionaires and turned the heads of grave United States senators

on their pivots. Why has this simple man of the plains contrived to keep his head on straight and retain his clarity of vision?

Two reasons rival each other. One-eighth of Mr. Rogers is Indian. A Cherokee Indian chief was his grandfather. Indians are stoics. None of their race has been bewitched by the siren of streets. Another reason, not necessarily of heredity, is that Will Rogers has the rare gift of enormous common sense. That quality which is simply the power of seeing things in proportion has been his since birth. He sees far and clear. He perceives that the number of essentials is small and the number of non-essentials great. He cancels the non-essentials.

For these, and a third, perhaps greatest reason, the man from Tulsa, Oklahoma, who has never worn evening clothes in his life and never will, except on the stage, keeps his pulses even and his head cool on the world's most hectic highway, for he is the head of a fast growing family in a small Long Island town. The family is four, the girl who "came visiting from Arkansas" to Tulsa, Oklahoma, ten years ago and inspired the cowboy with an instant wish to lasso her for life, and their three babes. By the time this reaches your eye the number may be five. He told me so with pride and joy in the eyes that laugh at and with New York audiences.

"You have seen great contrasts in life," I said to him who has ranged four continents, who knows Buenos Ayres and the pampas, Africa and the Transvaal, Tulsa and London and New York. "Will you tell me of the two extremes?"

"The roughest life I have seen was in Argentina," he answered with the tongue that never trips. "I wanted to wander and I sailed for Buenos Ayres. I hired out for ranch work. The agent for the ranch owners sent me into the middle of the big country. I herded with gauchos who couldn't speak a word of English. We were even for I couldn't speak a word of Spanish. Ever see a gaucho? He's the roughest looking customer in the world. He carries his knife down the back of his shirt. He's very impulsive about using it. The gauchos didn't take

to me none at first. They're mighty suspicious and awful exclusive. They're great lariat throwers. When one threw a lariat across my horse's back and landed a steer on the other side I got down and took off my hat and hung my head. After that we were friends—kinda."

"And the other extreme?" I pressed. It would be the diamond studded, velvet clad, millionaire-possessed horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House on a Friday night. Of course! Assuredly! Had not a young officer, homing from the Philippines gone straight to it the evening of his arrival, and said sighingly, "Here one sniffs the orchid of life, the finest flower of civilization?" I told the cowboy the story. He sniffed. Not the orchid, but contempt.

"Diamonds and the big wads that buy them don't mean much to me. I'll give you a picture of the highest civilization I have ever seen or want to see. There ain't any higher. That was when the Friars went to Baltimore. They took the Academy of Music there. President Wilson came over. It is no great shakes for the President to go to the theatre in Washington. He's expected to go and he does. But no President had gone to Baltimore to the theatre for fifty years. All of the finest people of Baltimore and the country around came. The Southern women,—you know how beautiful they are,—were there in their best. In the box was the greatest man on earth. He's the greatest of Nature's princes. And he's got a great sense of humor. The audience didn't look at any of us when we were on the stage. They all looked at him. When I came on and had been working for five minutes and hadn't got an eye I said: 'Why don't you look at me some?' That made the President laugh. He got all the points quicker than anybody else in the house did. I sprang the speech, 'It's easier to tell how to run the government than to run it.' He raised his hands and clapped and clapped and laughed and laughed. That hit him where he lives. Yes, when I go back to the old ranch at Tulsa and tell the Indians and half-breeds and whites about my doings out in the world I'll tell 'em that was the finest night of



Will Rogers doing a lariat stunt—his three kiddies in the rope



From a portrait by Koehne

### SYLVIA DE TELL

A Chicago girl of French-Swiss parentage, who, it is predicted, will rival Pavlowa. Probably the youngest première danseuse in opera, she is not yet sixteen years old. The Illinois law prevents her dancing in public until November eighteenth of this year. That also happens to be the opening date of the season of the Chicago Opera Company at the Chicago Auditorium, where she will have a début and a birthday at the same time

my life, among the finest people in the world."

His undisputed reign of the troubled Broadway realm has given rise to no need to deflate Will Rogers' cranium. He tells no glowing stories of the day he was "discovered." "It came as most things do, by accident," he declares with conviction. "I was doing a lariat stunt in a vaudeville house. It was getting past. But no more. The manager said, 'The trouble is they don't understand a lariat. You go out front and explain it to them. That will make the act go better.' I went limping along the footlights and told them a few things about how the rope is thrown and what happens to the steer it throws. Then I loped off. The audience howled. I got sore. I was goin' to stop the act. The manager said: 'Whatever it is they are laughing at they like it. You go on.' After that I made a little speech about rope throwin'. Bye and bye I tumbled to it that they liked the speech as well as the lassoing. The managers told me to spin it out. It didn't take long to tell how to throw a rope, so I began readin' the newspapers close to get stuff to talk about. That's all."

No one doubts the conversational powers of dollars. Surely their voice was loud in Will Rogers' ears. I would test him.

"Of course," most casually, "one of the greatest contrasts between the free life of the plains and the imprisoned life of Broadway is one of money."

Will Rogers' gray optics twinkled at me. "Not

at all," he answered. "Not on your life. If I had stayed on the ranch in Oklahoma I'd have been richer than I am to-day."

Echoes of Will Rogers' huge honorarium nearly deafened me. Feebly I dissented. "That's a Will Rogers' joke."

"No it ain't. Dad is comfortably off anywhere, wealthy in that section. If I'd staid at home and helped him take care of the place and managed the herd I'd have had a bigger bank balance than I have. Honest!"

Not only a free, but an untutored man of the plains, is the cowboy conqueror of Broadway. "People think I'm an educated man that is simply actin' like a broncho buster," he laughs. "Why I was in the fifth reader for three years. Never got out of it. When I got to compound fractions I quit school. Them's what druv me to South America. I was afeared of the gauchos but I wasn't afeared of 'em as I was of them mixed up fractions."

He is going back. Not this season, nor next, nor perhaps the season after. But he's going back to Tulsa to stay. He will take the girl that "came visiting from Arkansas" and the four, or more, babies. He will ride mustangs at a gallop across miles of rolling prairies, knee high in rich grass. He will rope cows and their natural companions with all the flourishes he now uses for entertainment.

"For," says the cowboy king of common sense, "I watch things and folks on this lane. I hear the boys spittin' cuss words when things

don't go right. They can't see that the folks out front are gettin' restless an' want a change. I'll know. The first year that things begin to break wrong I'll pull up Broadway stakes. Me and the Missus and the kids will go back to Tulsa. And Broadway will be a big yarn we'll spin to the neighbors that ride over thirty or forty miles for Sunday dinner with us.

"I'll never come back, except once in five years to show the town to my girl and the kids.

"Critics can be too smart," Will Rogers says with a grin. "For instance when this one of the 'Follies' opened they said that the scene that was Harry Fisher and me with a mule rigged up as an automobile was a substitute for Bert Williams. 'Twant nothing of the kind. Mr. Williams was in the show the opening night at Atlantic City and left it, because he didn't have enough material. I thought that act out a year ago and tried it on Fred Stone. Fred thought it was funny. But nobody except a critic with a headache ever thought I was there to take Bert Williams' place. It can't be done."

Crude ranchman though he be, Will Rogers' satire has been borrowed to adorn the editorial page of a New York newspaper. In bold faced type and duly accredited appeared his flash: "I think England ought to give Ireland home rule and reserve the motion picture rights."

Beside this belonged the other Rogerism: "I guess the Russians will be mixin' in the war again before long. They're doin' enough rehearsin' among theirselves."

## NEW MUSIC FOR OLD PLAYS

*An exposition of the latest fad*

By HAROLD SETON



SOME years ago it became the fashion to adapt dramatic productions for operatic performance. Thus Puccini and Giordano utilized Sardou's "La Tosca" and "Madame Sans-Gêne," and Puccini also utilized Belasco's "Madame Butterfly," and "Girl of the Golden West." Richard Strauss's musical setting of Oscar Wilde's "Salome" created a sensation.

So far so good. But this was not far enough for the American theatrical managers. America is the home of labor-saving devices, so a system was conceived and elaborated for the rapid production of musical comedies, simply by taking a play that had already succeeded, and setting it to music. Thus no time or energy need be wasted on devising new plots or situations, the only problem being the finding of more or less suitable melodies. If none that were appropriate could be obtained, any available ditty might be interpolated.

When the play "Over Night" became the musical comedy, "Very Good, Eddie," a precedent was established. A second, a third, and a fourth play was harmonized, and each and every one made a hit—for the second time. The season of 1916-1917 saw the experiment attempted and repeated, and the season of 1917-18 saw the astonishing results. One old play after another was dug up and dragged forth, and such forgotten favorites as "The College Widow," "The Aviator," and "Excuse Me" found new admirers, as well as old ones.

Nowadays Philip Bartholomae, Rupert Hughes and Margaret Mayo, and the Lord knows how many more, are performing the miracles of

raising the dead, for their old successes have been resurrected, and seem as lively as ever, if not more so.

This curious situation naturally causes one to speculate as to just what will be the final outcome. The possibilities are limitless. But musical comedy librettists will become extinct. When there is no demand, there is no supply. For my own part, I would like to offer some suggestions to theatrical managers and the stars whom they control.

For instance, that old stand-by, "The Two Orphans," could easily be adapted to the singing and dancing requirements of the Dolly Sisters, and the long-popular Frank Daniels would be provided with a suitable vehicle in harmonized "Rip Van Winkle." Lillian Russell would be a radiant Nora in a tuneful "Doll's House," and George M. Cohan would be a patriotic Yankee in a syncopated "Secret Service."

"Lady Windermere's Fan" would present a brilliant setting for Julia Sanderson, and two Pinero pieces, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," could be utilized by such comic-opera stars as Fritzi Scheff and Lina Abarbanell. Raymond Hitchcock would make a droll Svengali in a tinkling "Trilby," and DeWolf Hopper could interpolate "Casty at the Bat" in a jazz-band, "Shore Acres."

Richard Carle, as von Barwig, in "The Music Master," could have a topical song with the catch-word refrain, "If you don't want her, I want her!" Elsie Janis, in "Hedda Gabler," could give imitations of Mrs. Fiske and Nazi-

moza, and Frances White would be a delightful "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

"The Heart of Maryland," with its "curfew shall not ring to-night" episode, would provide a comic background for Marie Dressler, and Weber and Fields could display their talents in a German-dialect "Corsican Brothers." Mr. Julian Eltinge would have an excuse for female impersonation in "A Woman of No Importance."

Al Jolson, still in black-face make-up, would be a joy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with rag-time coon songs to his heart's content, and Nora Bayes in "East Lynne," could produce effective results. Jack Norworth could use "The Old Homestead," and Maurice and Florence Walton would be superb in "Man and Superman."

Harry Fox would have a golden opportunity in "The Silver King," and Anna Held could roll her eyes in "A Parisian Romance." Eva Tanguay would be a cyclonic "Zaza," even beating Mrs. Carter at her own game, and Paul Swan, "the most beautiful man in the world," would be well-suited in "Beau Brummel." Eddie Foy and the Seven Little Foys would attract attention in "The Importance of Being Earnest."

These observations are, of course, merely suggestions on my part. I am already engaged on musical comedy settings of "The Garden of Allah" for Gertrude Hoffman, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for Harry Houdini, and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" for Bert Williams. Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., wants me to make a version of "As You Like It," to be incorporated in his next edition of "The Follies."

# PLAYERS IN HOLIDAY LAND



**FRANCES STARR**

Resting at her camp at Lake George prior to the opening of her new play, "Over the Hills"



Gladys Hanson spends her summer on her father's estate at Atlanta, Ga., which is famous for its flowers



Here is Eugene Walter, the playwright, camping in Wisconsin, where no doubt he gets inspiration for his plays



White

Henry Miller, the actor-manager, at Sky Meadows Farm, his country place at Stamford, Conn.



White

#### CHANNING POLLOCK

"The Perfect Lady," Mr. Pollock's yacht, named after his successful play, illustrates the rewards of playwriting. It is fifty feet long, has two cabins, and sleeping accommodations for eight people



Far from Broadway—Charlotte Walker in the briny deep down in Galveston, Texas

#### GUY BATES POST

Out for an early morning row on the lake near his home summer home at Winsted, Conn.



AS MUCH AT HOME IN THE WATER AS ON THE STAGE





© Press Ill

**JOHN McCORMACK AND HIS FAMILY**  
Enjoying the beauties of Nature after a particularly busy season for the Irish tenor



Charlotte Fairchild

**LINA CAVALIERI AND LUCIEN MURATORE**

This is not an operatic scene, but Mme. Cavaliere and her husband, whose picturesque personalities give a classic touch to the bucolic background



© Hartsook

**THE LOU TELLEGENS**

Notwithstanding her operatic, movie and other activities, Geraldine Farrar still finds time for the joys of country life and finds a willing partner in Lou Tellegen

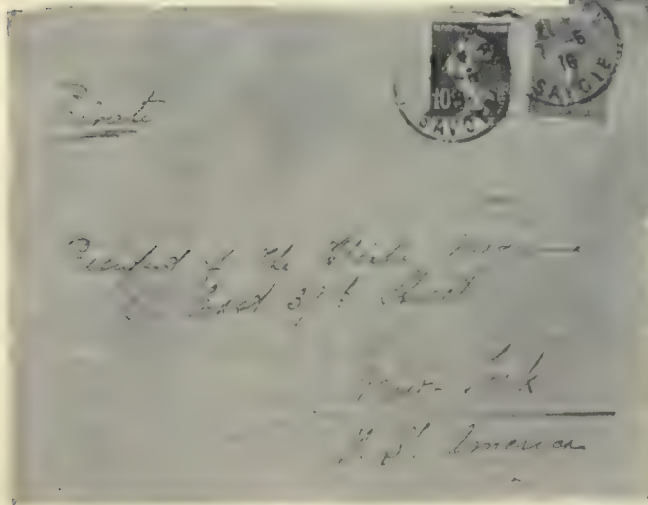
MUSIC HATH CHARMS — NATURE HAS TOO

# WHO'LL MOTHER THESE SOLDIER BOYS?

*After our soldiers have gone through the horrors of No Man's Land they naturally turn to the softer side of life for relaxation. What most of them miss is the feminine influence. This difficulty has been overcome in a measure by kind, sympathetic women taking the trouble to correspond with soldiers of every nationality all over the world. To some soldiers the actress represents an ideal—an ideal of beauty and charm. Is it surprising that, far away from theatrical life, his thoughts turn now and again to the beauties of the stage?*



**A** SOLDIER, lying wounded in a Belgian hospital, has written us asking that we use our influence to find him some good samaritan who will consent to serve him as foster mother. His letter reads as follows:



Hôpital Militaire Belge,  
Chambéry (Savoie), France.

Le 5 Mai, 1918.

Monsieur le Président:

Je prends l'audace de vous écrire ces quelques mots pour vous demander si vous ne pourrez pas intervenir auprès de Miss Kitty Gordon, une actrice, pour être ma marraine, vous verrez dans le folio 172 de Mars, 1918, du THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Je suis soldat Belge, en traitement dans un hôpital du Midi, pour une maladie de la colonne vertébrale, atteint par une balle Allemande, dont je vais un peu mieux, et si jamais cette personne n'accepterait pas, j'espère que vous pourriez m'en trouver une pour me faire oublier certaines souffrances de cette guerre, et vous me feriez grand plaisir en m'envoyant de tant à autre quelques magazines.

J'espère que vous prêterez une oreille attentive à ma demande, et dans l'attente de vous lire, recevez, Monsieur le Président, mes sentiments respectueux.

EDOUARD RENTIER.

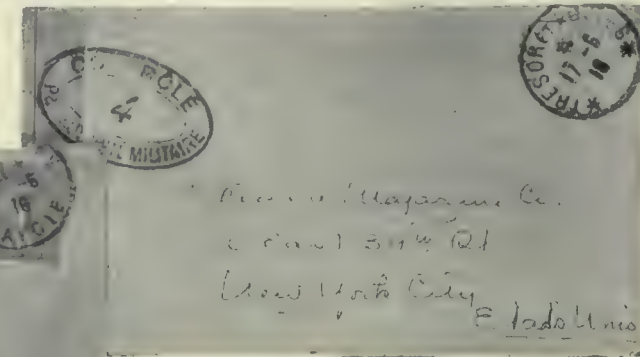
(Translation)

Belgian Military Hospital,  
Chambéry, France.

Mr. President:

I venture to write you a few lines to request you to kindly ask Miss Kitty Gordon, the actress, if she will be a foster mother to me. I saw a photograph of her on page 172 of the March, 1918, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

I am a Belgian soldier now under treatment, in a hospital in the South of France, for spinal trouble, due to a German bullet, and from which I am slowly recovering. If Miss Gordon is unable to grant my request, I trust you will be able to find me someone else, to enable me to forget the sufferings I have endured in this war, and you would also afford me great pleasure if from



time to time you could send me a few numbers of your magazine.

I hope that you will give this appeal your kind consideration and while waiting to hear from you, I beg you to accept my respectful regards.

EDOUARD RENTIER.

Another soldier, also engaged in fighting on the side of the Allies for the cause of Liberty—

one of our boys with the American Expeditionary Forces—finds all the recreation he needs when off duty in the beautiful and interesting pages of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. He writes:

At the Front in France,

May 14, 1918.

Editor of the THEATRE MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir,

I am aware that you are an extraordinarily busy man, and a letter from a stranger may seem waste of precious time. But, having had sincere emotions of gratitude many times (especially since leaving America, nearly a year ago) aroused by the THEATRE MAGAZINE, I feel I must tell you. I have read the THEATRE since I was a kid in grammar school, and I kept on through college, and the four years since. I have done the same with other magazines, one other theatrical periodical in particular. The point is, I enjoy each number of the THEATRE better than the last. It is not so with the other periodical. In fact, if I didn't want to learn what my friends were doing in the business, I wouldn't care if I ever saw it again. But a new life has been gradually growing in the THEATRE, till now it is a thing to be pointed to with pride: "Yes, that can come out of America!"

You've got ideals, and they're good ones. Art is not just a thing to be scorned as "high-brow"; the theatre is not merely a place where only the senses must be "amused"—oh, well, I can't get exclamatory and rhetorical, but, at any rate, it does one good to know that the theatre is cherished and loved by those who know a great deal more about it than I do. In other words, I'm sure your magazine is doing more for the good of the American stage than any one thing.

Life, life, life! If the managers think the returned soldiers aren't going to be a different audience than they were before being forced into realities, they're greatly mistaken. And I might

say, that I hope they'll be careful when they present men in agony of any sort; the soul has got to show, or the poor actor's done for.

I have been connected with the French army; and the entertainments that the regiments themselves get up are really marvellous. Technique is often woefully lacking, but the real stuff isn't. And you should hear a *poilu* audience laugh! I heard a theatre at the front deafened by the roar one evening, and three nights later that same bunch of men was stopping the perfect waves of

soldiers the Germans sent over. Do you think the laughter helped?

A peculiar personal letter to a busy man, but "personal" is one of the elements I like in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and I have been so impressed by the unusual spirit pervading it that I couldn't resist letting you know.

Hoping you will excuse my taking up your valuable time, I am,

Your admirer,

"AN EX-ACTOR."



Fairchild

KITTY GORDON

Selected by a wounded Belgium soldier as the ideal foster mother



From a portrait © Hixon-Connelly

RICHARD BENNETT

This popular actor who contributed a capital characterization to "The Very Idea" last season will be seen in a new play shortly

# FROM MME. X TO MUSICAL COMEDY

*Dorothy Donnelly, the former weeping heroine of drama now deals in nothing but smiles*

By EILEEN O'CONNOR



**E**IGHT years ago Dorothy Donnelly was weeping real tears and rending the hearts of audiences in the name rôle of Bisson's drama "Madame X." For two years she has been the co-parent of a farce and two musical comedies that have paid long visits to Broadway. The latest of her outputs is the vehicle for the funmakers, Clifton Crawford and Harry Conner. In a word, Dorothy Donnelly has repented. Her repentance for causing audiences to weep she is expressing by furnishing them with cause for laughter.

It's a long way from "Madame X" to "Fancy Free." Not downward, nor upward, but, to Miss Donnelly's mind, straight ahead. She summons in proof of this, her recollection of a letter which an old and distinguished actress wrote her while she was playing "Madame X." "You are magnificent, my dear. You wrung our hearts. But don't let her wretchedness possess you. Laugh, dear heart. Laugh."

"As though you ever did anything else," said Louise Closser Hale, author and Miss Donnelly's best friend.

The first year as Madame X she contrived to laugh a great deal. To subdue her ebullient spirits she locked her dressing room door at the New Amsterdam Theatre, muffled the dressing room telephone, and deliberately plunged into a very abyss of misery. This was necessary to banish the claim of her joyous youth and to imbue and enwrap herself with the atmosphere of Bisson's wretched heroine.



**B**UT the second year of her evocation of the spirit of the outcast the rôle reacted upon her. The battle against high spirits became a battle against low moods. The reaction was not "blues" but "blacks." To dissipate the cloud of dolor, she resumed her childhood diversion of writing.

There is a treasured possession of the Donnelly family that is occasionally shown to visitors who have no reverence but an active sense of humor. It is a ponderous pile of manuscript, carefully covered in close-written, childish hand with prim characters. It weighs a pound. Its age is nearly thirty years. A child, Dorothy Donnelly by name, wrote the "novel," copied and tied it with a red ribbon, to await the return from the road of her actor brother, Henry V. Donnelly. Characteristic is it of the kindly and tactful Donnelly family that no one ever laughed at this premature literary outpouring. Again and again the child crossed her feet, hunched her knees, and screwed her eyes to their task of following the characters. From her seat on a low stool she would read her novel to the family. Although her eyes are by habit keen she never detected a gleam of anything save encouragement in the eyes of her auditors.

The child grown up did not revert to the novel form in her megrim banishing. She wrote jingles and limericks. The verses she sent to friends sailing for Europe, to friends who were young enough to indulge in birthdays, to friends who were giving dinners and wanted something appropriate for place cards. These good-will

offerings carried her through the second year of Madame X, lifting the burden of another's fictitious woes that threatened to crush her into nervous prostration.

For Dorothy Donnelly, actress, is not of those whose creed is "Do not feel, but pretend you feel, the sorrows you depict. Three persons play every part, the one who feels it, the one who does it and the one who watches," she quotes when she tells of her evolution into a playwright. "But the one who felt was always dominant in me. And it tore and wore me. Duse answered when asked why she only played four times a week, 'But I must rest from my emotion.'"



**M**ORE jingles and limericks were needed to lighten the weight of Maria Rosa. You remember her portrayal of the Spanish widow, who, ignorant of his deed, weds the murderer of her husband? The verses with laughter in every line flowed faster while she was Anne Merckle of the "Song of Songs." You must remember the discarded favorite who was forced to teach her childlike successor the arts that amused their master? A. H. Woods telegraphed her, "It's eight minutes of acting but it's got to be acting. That's the reason I want you." The five months of eight-minute acting were profitable. A farm on Croton Lake is the monument to them.

Her first play met the fate of most first plays, oblivion. Managers complained of the dearth of plays furnishing a character strong enough for her robust talents. "I'll write one," she said, with blithe confidence. She and a distinguished litterateur collaborated and brought forth a melodrama. Each still possesses a copy of it. Each still believes it has worth. Both, knowing that Broadway conditions are as changeable as the sea, set about writing other plays. Both, though not together, have attained the happy state of production.

Still in search of a play for herself, Miss Donnelly, in collaboration with Miss Charlotte Wells, well known as author, adapter and critic of plays, wrote "The Riddle Woman." It rested awaiting the change of events, and the will of producers. But Miss Donnelly waited not, for another chance came in the need of the Americanization of "Flora Bella." Cosmo Hamilton had made an English version of it for the taste of London. To Miss Donnelly on the whirling wheel of opportunity came the task of adapting the feast to Broadway palates. So well did it succeed that "Flora Bella," interpreted by Miss Lina Abarbanell, was a tenant of the Casino for some time.



**E**NTER "Johnny Get Your Gun." The play that turned on the pivot of a Western character introduced into a London drawing room had been sketched by Lawrence Burke. Mr. Burke did not fill in his sketch because he engaged in the more important work of defying the Huns with bullets. Mr. Burke in the trenches, his crude play giving promise, Louis Bennison, born to play it, waiting to begin rehearsals of material not yet rehearsable, John

Cort sent an S. O. S. for Dorothy Donnelly. Yes, she thought she could cement it, polish it, make it workable. So in a few weeks of intensive effort she did. In company with "Johnny Get Your Gun" she made her second Broadway appearance as an author.

With "Fancy Free" she made her début as a collaborator—less playwright. She wrote its book, Augustus Barrett its lyrics and music, though she is capable of lyrics herself and has written them, as she will show you in the impending season.

In September, "The Riddle Woman" will be produced, but not with Dorothy Donnelly. Her new art has won her from the old. She will direct it. The musical version of "The Melting of Molly" is claiming her interest.

And beyond? Well, for us all there is a beyond, a striving point a farther on. Else life would stale. The little bits that make up humanity would slip back to their starting place.

Dorothy Donnelly's beyond is a comedy.

"Comedy is so wise," she says. "It has the essentials of drama in it for there must be tragedy to make one laugh."

Miss Donnelly regards herself as a beginner. "I've been writing only two years and am lucky," she insists. But heredity, environment, special training and equipment, she has brought to her task of entertaining Broadway in a new way.

Her uncle was the late Henry V. Donnelly, the actor-manager, long the manager of the Murray Hill Stock Company. Under him and her uncle, Fred Donnelly, of the Lyceum Theatre, she received her invaluable stage training. Fritz Williams, her cousin, has aided by suggestions. Henry Donnelly schooled her in modern comedies, Fred Donnelly in the classic and romantic rôles, including Juliet and Lady Macbeth. Her education included music and Bernhard, Bartet, Réjane and Hading in their greatest rôles.



**W**ILL there be more Madame X's?" I asked her at the conclusion of a morning chat in her artistic bachelor girl apartment in the quiet East Forties.

"I think not," was her answer. "I am rather a fatalist about playing. I will never play again unless it is inevitable. Either that I must play to earn my living or a part is offered me that is so compelling that it demands that I play it."

"I almost hope that I will never play again. If one is successful she must go with the character she has created in the play she has helped to make successful, on the road. The hardships and discomforts of the actor's life are depressing. Life is more livable for the playwright. She can keep her home and stay in it. She need not leave friends for a long time. She has hours of quiet when the grind of wheels ceases its torture.

"Acting is the greatest sport in the world," she summed up. "But writing is great fun, and added to it one has the delight of producing the play. That to one who loves the stage and lives in it is a delight. I've never gotten away from the stage? Writing and directing keep one in its atmosphere."

If, then, we must bid farewell to Madame X, we may expect to greet many "Fancy Frees."



*Campbell*  
SARA KOUNS

NELLIE KOUNS



*Lewis-Smith*  
ELEANOR SINCLAIR

a la Lenore Ulric  
in "Tiger Rose"



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

The popular mirth maker, who is presenting himself in "Hitchy-Koo, 1918" at the Globe Theatre



*Goldberg*

EMMA HAIG

A dancing recruit from vaudeville, and a former favorite in "The Follies", who has scored again in her dance features

# WE CAN'T BE AS BAD AS ALL THAT

*Without apologies to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play by the same title*

By LOUIS V. DE FOE



AT this particular dinner party there were eight around the table. The talk had drifted through various topics for a time, groping in the usual desultory way in search of a common denominator of interest. Then it turned naturally to the subject of the stage and, what was even more natural, the agreement was general that the theatre, with the most liberal allowances for the stagnating influences of a world at war, was in its usual chronic state of decline. No hope seemed possible for the two always ailing twins in art—playwriting and play acting.

The dinner party was representative of a sufficiently high average of taste to lend certain weight to its conclusions—conclusions in which almost any similar gathering is almost sure to concur. The house at which it was held stands in lower Fifth Avenue, not very distant from Washington Square, but into it, in spite of its proximity, had not intruded the artistic and philosophical views peculiar to the near-intellectuals of the contiguous Greenwich Village region. In other words, the people who were conducting the customary post-prandial mortuary services for the theatre were normal humans, quite content with existing conditions in general—except, of course, in the theatre—until by the will of a responsible majority of the social fabric a change is decreed.



THE host was a Yale graduate of the early eighties and a lawyer of standing who was a patron of the theatre and a fairly thoughtful observer of its shifting conditions within his time. One of his guests was a successful architect, a man of highly developed artistic instincts, who admitted, nevertheless, that the stage was important in his life chiefly for the relaxation and mental exhilaration it could supply. He was not, though, of the tired business man type; he could think logically in a medium other than figures. A second guest was a visitor from a distant but lively inland city. His interest in the theatre, he confessed, was only for the sake of the ephemeral diversion it offered. But his opinions were pertinent to the discussion, since he fairly represented the transient hotel population which makes fortunes for ticket speculators and provides about one-third of the audiences at every play in New York. A third guest was a dramatic critic who had devoted twenty years to close professional observation of the stage. I will leave the reader to speculate as to his identity, if such speculation be of interest. Then there were the four women. Two, at least, had undergone systematic college training. The other two were old enough to have earned bachelor degrees in the school of observation and experience. Their deprecatory views of the theatre they were quite ready to defend by lively argument not unmixed with reflections against the morals of its people. The party, in short, limited in numbers though it was, fairly well represented the playgoing public that perpetually sits in off-hand judgment upon the most universally patronized and democratic of the arts.

To the verdict that the theatre in which the English language is spoken is steadily moving on the downward path the dramatic critic de-

murred. But he was overruled, and there was no immediate court of appeal. The evidence he might have introduced in behalf of the case of the theatre was excluded, perhaps on the popular theory that the professional critic of any art must always be wrong unless he takes the most discouraging view of the art he criticizes.



HOWEVER, the discussion around the dinner table in Fifth Avenue settled nothing conclusively. Its importance is only that it was the usual thing in the usual place. The case of the offending theatre is always on the docket in the court of public opinion. It never is given a fair hearing and seldom is it even allowed the assistance of expert counsel. Meanwhile, it is taken for granted that the culprit is plunging to perdition along the downward path on which Colley Cibber, one of the first of the critics to put himself on record, discovered it—and it must be remembered that Cibber lived long enough to earn the distinction of having acted in Betterton's company. Shakespeare's death was then a fairly recent calamity. Why in these nearly two hundred intervening years has the theatre not reached the bottom in its descent and plunged into chaos?

It is the fashion in gauging the state of the theatre's art to regard as its golden age the years that have gone just before. The weakness of this accepted process lies in a failure to reflect that, during the seemingly golden age, a similar rosy view was held of the years that, in their turn, had vanished. By such a course of reasoning the drama must always be declining. The secret of this fallacy of the stage's retrogression—for the "decline of the drama," as the conventional phrase has it, is a fallacy—is that, critics and casual observers of the stage alike, we are too familiar with all the plays of the present and not familiar enough with all the plays of the past.

The Elizabethan age which gave the English theatre the poetic drama of Shakespeare has since been unapproached—there is no room for argument over this greatest phenomenon—or was it the greatest accident?—in the literature of all time. But when we proceed to glorify the brilliant period of what we call the eighteenth-century comedies of manners and romance we do not stop to consider the length of time that was needed for the accumulation of its very limited number of surviving plays. These works we designate as the "old comedies" or the "classics," not many of us knowing definitely what they are or what we really mean.



THE term, "classics," is vague and uncertain, considering that it is so often and so glibly employed. Applied to plays it roughly designates those works of the theatre which, because of literary perfection, truth to universal traits in human nature as well as to the customs and manners of their times, and vigor and vitality of characterization—a combination of some or all these qualities with the elusive attribute called popular appeal—have survived from the contemporaneous mass of less fortunately directed effort and energy and have been received into the fund of permanent literature of the

theatre. Their recognition is not easily won. The test of a century of opinion is needed to establish them in the honored company of the elect.

These elected plays which have borne successfully the acid test we customarily compare with the average product of our own contemporary stage to its inevitable disparagement. We do not take account of the thousands of other plays that helped to tarnish in their time the age which to us seems golden. Then we go to our chatty dinner parties and join in the complaint that the art which of all the arts gives greatest pleasure—and no little æsthetic satisfaction, besides—to the greatest number of people is staggering down the hill on tottering legs.

When the discouragingly industrious and almost exasperatingly accurate Rev. John Genest compiled his "Account of the English Stage from 1660 to 1830" in ten volumes, he made it possible for W. S. Gilbert, who himself was no mean example of painstaking industry, to explode the notion of the English-speaking theatre's decline. But the explosion took place so many years ago that it has failed to reach the ears of the stage's present mourners. Gilbert found from his exhaustive examination of Genest's minutely correct work that during the period between 1700 and 1830, from which we cull the conceded classic of English dramatic literature—all except the ante-dating dramas of Shakespeare—there were produced in England more than four thousand plays of all kinds.



BY a process of elimination he came to these conclusions which, I venture, are unknown to most people who presume to pass judgment on the theatre's present state:

"Three thousand, nine hundred and fifty are absolutely unknown, except by name, to any but professed students of English dramatic literature. Of the remaining fifty, only thirty-five are ever presented on the English boards at the present day; of these thirty-five, only seventeen are works of acknowledged literary merit; and of these seventeen, only eleven can claim to rank as standard works."

Prof. Brander Matthews once made use of Gilbert's computations and brought to the surface another surprising fact. He pointed out that "during the one hundred and thirty years, when the drama in England, if not at its best, was at least the centre of literary interest and more important and more profitable than any other department of literature, only once in more than ten years, on an average, was a play produced which by some union of popular attributes with literary quality, has managed to survive to the present day."

Can we, then, be as bad as all that? A wartime dramatic season has just ended in New York, during which something like eighty-nine hitherto unacted plays have been ground out in forty-seven theatres in frenzied competition. We look vainly through the mass hoping to find at least one of more than ephemeral interest—and we fail. But this, on second thought, is only a single season. On the basis of the W. S. Gilbert's deductions we have at least nine more years to equal the record of the golden age of English comedy.

**FRIENDLY ENEMIES,** by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman, is an American play in three acts. The central characters are two middle-aged and prosperous German-Americans who have spent the greater part of their lives in the United States. They are intimate friends but hold opposite views regarding the war. One, portrayed by Louis Mann, is intensely pro-German; the other, portrayed by Sam Bernard, is intensely American. Their divergent views are the cause of a good deal



America, and who is using it for purposes of destruction. Unknown to Mann, his only son has enlisted as an officer in the American Army, and comes home on the eve of departing for France to marry his fiancée—the daughter of Bernard. Of course Mann refuses to forgive his son and immediately after the marriage the latter sets sail for France. The boat is torpedoed and Mann, believing his son lost, gives himself up to despair and to fierce denunciation of the Hun. The son is really



Photos White

Sam Bernard

Louis Mann

Mathilde Cottrelly

Sam Bernard

Louis Mann

Regina Wallace

The friendly enemies enjoying the war news—each from his own point of view

(Inset) The pro-German's son listens dubiously to his father's praise of the Teutons

The pro-German learns that the ship on which his son is sailing has been sunk



Sam Bernard Louis Mann Felix Krembs

The friendly enemies have a little tête-a-tête with the German spy

of heated and amusing argument. The pro-German Mann has been contributing a good deal of money for what he thinks is propaganda that will set Germany right in the eyes of the world, and that will end the war. This money is turned over to a man who is really the head of the German spy system in



"Friendly enemies"

The son is saved and the former pro-German understands at last where his true interests lie

saved and returns to find a father to whom the true German character has been revealed.

"Friendly Enemies" has been playing for the past three months at the new Wood's Theatre, Chicago, with unusual success and will be presented at the Hudson Theatre, New York next month.

Our experimenting craftsmen in their relentless pursuit of royalties may never match Sheridan's brilliant achievements of "The School for Scandal," or "The Rivals," or "The Critic," or Goldsmith's lucky stroke of "She Stoops to Conquer." But in much less than one hundred and thirty years—even within the last quarter of a century—have not the dramatists who write in English equalled Mrs. Cowley's "The Belle's Stratagem" and Holcroft's "The Road to Ruin" and Colman's "The Heir-at-Law" and "The Poor Gentleman" and "John Bull"? Have they not improved upon what to us now is the soporific wit of Garrick's "High Life Below Stairs," or Foote's "The Liar," or O'Keefe's "Wild Oats"?

All these plays stand in the first division of the classic comedies with which we must reckon when we attempt to convict of futility the stage of the present day. Coming down to a somewhat later period, and considering more familiar plays which by critical consent have been conceded places among the standard works of the English stage, have we not in the same last quarter century produced favorable rivals in manner and quality to Sheridan Knowles' "The Hunchback" and "The Love Chase," Dion Boucicault's "London Assurance" and "Old Heads and Young Hearts," Bulwer Lytton's "Money," and Tom Taylor's "Masks and Faces" and "Still Waters Run Deep"?

Enshrined in their covers these victors in the struggle of the survival of the fittest compel our veneration—if we take care not to become too well acquainted with their contents. But every now and then, when the programme of a dramatic season in New York is complete, some manager is seized with an impulse to perform a service for art and brings one of these revered old works from its place of hiding. If it be "The School for Scandal," or "The Rivals," or "She Stoops to Conquer" our satisfaction is great. But do we take delight when the rest of these masterpieces are galvanized into new life?

The American branch of the English theatre will not be without its honorable representatives in any future list of standard plays. Clyde Fitch's deep divination of feminine character and the photographic accuracy of his stage pictures of social life must receive future recognition in the deftly drawn heroines of "The Truth" and "The Girl With the Green Eyes." As dramas of speculative interest and characteristic of the virile and red-blooded American life of their time Augustus Thomas's "The Witching Hour" and "As a Man Thinks" will have places on the stage of the future, and "Arizona" may also be revived with interest to its audiences. Though William Vaughn Moody died as his undoubted genius was just ripening, he lived to place "The Great Divide" among the most searching and powerful of our native plays. As a bril-

liant, artificial comedy of manners "The New York Idea," by Langdon Mitchell, rivals all but the very best of its predecessors written in English. Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way" undoubtedly bears the stamp of creative art and has the qualities of an enduring melodramatic play. Among the miscellaneous dramas and comedies that assert their claims as literature may be included "The Servant in the House" by Charles Rann Kennedy, and "The Scarecrow" by Percy MacKaye—plays of permanent interest in the library as well as on the stage. There remains the picturesque fancies of Benrimo and Hazelton's "The Yellow Jacket" which already has been adopted into the literature of four languages.

Other judgment may fasten upon other plays as evidence that the case of the theatre is not hopeless. But undoubtedly many of the works that I have named would be found in all the lists. As a people inordinately committed to the habit of playgoing we bear the burden of an over-supply of theatres out of proportion to the creative abilities of our authors. Consequent upon a condition brought about by commercial competition we endure, and must continue to endure, in these superfluous theatres an affliction of rubbish that all but obscures the occasional work of literary and dramatic genius which, if it keeps up with the schedule of a golden age that is gone, should make its appearance once in about every ten years.

## HE'S ONLY THE AUTHOR

By LESLIE ALLEN



HEY, Bill, who's that funny looking gink over there, hidin' in th' corner?" asks one of the stage hands at a dress rehearsal. "He looks durn suspicious. Shall I run him out?"

Bill gives the abject little man in the corner a sharp once-over.

"Him? Aw, let 'im stay, he's only th' author!"

The average author of a play—not the few big fellows who have put a dozen successes across, but the ordinary everyday sort of a dramatic author—is about as welcome at a rehearsal of his own play as a chaperone at a May picnic.

"*Persona non grata*" was invented solely to apply to authors in relation to the rehearsals of their brain children.

The producer, sitting back in the gloom of the unlighted "house" and watching proceedings, does not approve of the setting.

"Say," he yells to the stage manager, "that's no good."

"Don't I know it!" the stage manager comes back, without batting an eye, "but watcher goin' to do? This here author's script calls for it. It ain't my fault, it's his."

"But—er—but I didn't designate a couch for that corner," the author timidly observes.

"Well, what wouldjer have there?" he is asked.

"A bookcase might not be out of place, as I—that is—the scene is supposed to represent a library," suggests Mr. Author.

The producer is talking to a friend about the new hazard at the eleventh hole out at the club links. The leading lady, who is to have her strongest bit in this scene, is telling the reporter about movie offers she has turned down. The stage manager looks at the author in surprise.

"Bookcase? Say, who's doin' this?"

The author goes back to his corner, apologizing to one of the stage hands for walking in front of him.

Finally they are off. The rehearsal is under way.

"All through the long, long night I waited and watched for you," recites the leading lady.

"A-hem—er—pardon me," stammers the author, "but the action takes place in the day, you know—"

The leading lady pauses and stares stonily at him.

"Night is much better," she says, crisply, "it means dreary, dark hours and all that, you know. I shall say 'night'."

"But—but the entire action will have to be changed," pleads the author, "you see they don't get there until morning and she waits all day—"

"That's all right," shouts the producer, "gimme th' script. Here, Joe," to his publicity man, "just shift that scene around to night, Miss Killington wants a night scene here."

And so they shift it all over.

"The speeding years," recites the leading lady, "have left their tracery of sorrow upon your brow, John Golightly, even as they have marked my own sad countenance—say, that's rot, my countenance isn't marked, you know, and I won't—"

"All right, all right, cut out that sentence if you don't like it," says the director.

"Sure," remarks the producer.

"Really you know, that line is a plant; it leads up—"

"Never mind. Never mind. You're delayin' this rehearsal," scolds the director. The author sighs and crosses out on his much-fingered script his pet paragraph. And so it goes.

Finally the play is produced. The billing tells in large letters the name of the leading lady and in type almost as large the title of the play. In type but a bit smaller is the name of the producer and a whole lot more information, and then, tucked away in a corner, out of sight, is the line, in agate:

By  
John Jones

Perhaps the play fails. On the Rialto it is discussed like this:

"Heard your show flopped."

"Yep, didn't live through the first act. But what could you expect? We told the producer he was crazy to put on such a rotten play. Say, the best of us can't make a success out of a rotten play, you know. It was the author's fault, entirely."

Or perhaps the show makes a sensational hit. Then, on the Rialto, we hear this:

"Hear you are making a hit with your new show."

"Hit? We are a riot—*positively* a riot. Standing 'em up every performance. Biggest hit ever came to town, will run two years without a break—"

"Glad of it. You were lucky to have such a corking fine author."

"Author? Author? What th' blazes has he got to do with it? It was a punk script when we got it, but we worked it over ourselves and it wasn't what the author wrote that made the hit, you know, it was the way we put it over. It was our work. It doesn't make a bit of difference what the play is, you know, if you've got real people in it they'll make good. What d'ye mean 'author'? He don't deserve any credit, anyway. Who ever heard of him?"

Pity the poor author.





**HELEN SHIPMAN**

The road saw dainty Miss Shipman in the leading rôle in "Oh Boy" last season, and Broadway will see her shortly in a new musical comedy to be produced at the Broadhurst Theatre

(Oval)

*Johnston*

**RUBY DE REMER**

A former Ziegfeld beauty who will be seen in the new Weber and Field's piece, "Back Again," in an important rôle

*Lewis-Smith*

**JULIA SANDERSON**

Now under the management of Charles Dillingham, who, this coming season, will present her and the inimitable Joseph Cawthorn, in a new musical comedy



# THE HOME FOLLOWS THE STAGE

*Just as the stage introduces new styles in dress,  
so it introduces new fashions in home decoration*

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD



**W**HAT care we who writes the plays of a nation," say the dressmakers, "as long as we provide the costumes?"

"What care we who provides the plays and costumes of a nation," echo the interior decorators, "as long as we design the stage settings?"

For the stage to-day is the best publicity means of putting anything before the public and getting it over; especially a new note that can be visualized—such as fashions and interior decorations.

To use the stage as a go-between has long been the custom of fashion artists. Dressmakers use it to introduce a new style; do you recall the Sarah Bernhardt collar that scratched the lobes of the ear? Women on both sides of the Atlantic encased their throats in tight collars like barb-wire fences. Pajamas likewise were lifted out of the haberdashery into the ladies' *lingerie* when Miss Billie Burke proved their becomingness by wearing them publicly in "Jerry." To-day Ina Claire is held responsible for the present bustle epidemic by having introduced a revised edition of the 1880 fashion in "Polly With a Past," a successful play of the current season.

The stage, in this decade, sets the fashion for the home as well as for the mistress of it. Interior decoration of one's surroundings is as important a matter as the exterior decoration of one's person. Current drama is a valuable guide in the art of home-making.

All this has come to pass in the last ten years. Even five years ago the stage was merely a photograph of the home, attractive or otherwise. When the stage was set with a mass of cluttered detail, such as Belasco used in staging Du Barry, the average American home was the resting place of curio cabinets, souvenirs and photographs of the past, present and the hopes of the next generation. Belasco, in staging Du Barry, imported yards and yards of old Du Barry velvet, antique silks and furniture of the period. To carry out every detail he gathered together a menagerie of a monkey and three kinds of dogs, such as Du Barry had at her court. But they proved

to be such ungracious actors that even Belasco had to place safety before detail.

However, Du Barry marked the beginning of the end of the reign of realism. Decorators turned their backs on the home as a model. As artists, not as collectors of detail, they planned to use the stage as the fashion artists have always done. They made their models for stage settings, according to the spirit and mood of the play, kept in mind the value of line and color, and pulled back the curtain and said: "Look at us." "Here is the fashion—the model—of what is beautiful in decoration; we know how." Then began the new adaptation of the creed that the home follows the stage.

To picture the change that has taken place, compare the two presentations of the one play, "The Concert." The first was staged by Belasco, starring Leo Ditrichstein. The drawing-room of the musician's home was crowded with chairs, *bric-à-brac*, hassocks; not one foot of space was without its piece of furniture. The room was overcrowded, though nothing in it was out of keeping with the period in which the piece was laid. The stage setting might have been lifted out of eight-tenths of the homes in America of that day.

Now consider the recent presentation of "The Concert," by Stuart Walker; it reflects the new order. Instead of copying an inartistic home, he planned to set a model for a room, comfortable as well as attractive. Comfort need never be sacrificed to art. To draw on, he had an accumulated supply of furniture handed down in the property room of a stock company, no more than two chairs of the same period. But from this collection of odds and ends, Mr. Walker fitted out a room both homelike and artistic. Gray was the *motif* of the scene; the walls were gray, a rug of gray without design was on the floor. There was but one picture, for the value of empty spaces was taken into account. Lunettes over the windows and black panelling around the door gave a hint of loftiness. But the impression of height was kept in

check by a black border, a foot and a half from the top, which made the centre of the stage the centre of the picture. Five chairs were needed in the action of the play, and only five chairs were placed in the room. But far from being bare, the room had an atmosphere of homelike intimacy, for which due credit must be given the curtains of creamy unbleached muslin at the windows. On these were stencilled a simple design in bright colors which made the only vivid color-note of the restful interior. Instead of a photograph of a home, Mr. Walker presented an inspiration for a more beautiful home.

Compare the two photographs, the new and the old school, and get the contrast.

As the new theory of stage setting ousted the old, simplicity and beauty of line and color took the place of detail. As the new plays showed themselves with these new-style settings, so did the American home begin to undergo the same change. The beauty of a simple background was appreciated. Plain wallpaper pushed the large *fleur-de-lys* and the gargantuan roses out of the living-room. Odds and ends that bespattered the living-room were slowly eliminated. Not newer furniture, but fewer pieces was the cue. Comfort had become the keynote. And in the name of comfort old fussy detail was swept away.

What comfort is in the home, dramatic effect is on the stage. Whatever makes for comfort is legitimate; whatever makes for dramatic effect is permissible. To produce atmosphere for a play the manager is justified in taking advantage of every means to that end. In one scene in a Belasco play, for instance, the curtain goes up on a cosy living-room, an open fire in the grate and a lazy cat stretching on the hearth. That that cat should stretch at the moment the curtain rose was akin to a miracle, it seemed. But to Belasco it was merely an effective bit of atmosphere, easily achieved. For a short time before the scene, the cat was placed in a box too short for it. Released from its cramped position before the curtain went up, the cat spent the next five minutes in stretching its cramped muscles.



A recent stage setting for "You Never Can Tell." Wainscoting, doors and doorways of gray contrast delicately with the light buff walls. Color is introduced in the bright blue and orange squares near the ceiling and in the pictures and lunette whereby deep browns, reds and greens can be used logically. These hues are repeated in a higher key in the lanterns which bring the garden into close co-ordination with the room. The set was designed for Stuart Walker by Frank J. Zimmerer and executed by Mr. Zimmerer and Arthur Wells



Byron

**S**TAGE setting in "The Concert" as originally produced in New York showing the over-elaboration of detail. The lower

picture shows a scene in the same play as produced to-day by Stuart Walker in Indianapolis, according to modern art.



Byron

**T**HE remarkable advance made in stage settings is shown in this picture (left)— a scene in Belasco's production of "The Easiest Way," about ten years ago. The furnishings look as old-fash-

ioned to-day as the women's clothes. If the same play were staged now, it would have an altogether different setting. Note the picture on the lower right hand corner—a scene from "Polly With a Past," also a Belasco production



White

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY IN STAGE SETTINGS

# THE MOST UNIQUE THEATRE IN THE WORLD

*Subterranean playhouse where Parisians enjoy performances while "Big Bertha" roars*

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



UNDOUBTEDLY the most unique playhouse in the world to-day is L'Abri Théâtre de Guerre (War Shelter Theatre) at Paris, which is nightly presenting for the delectation of unterrified Parisians a sort of French George M. Cohan revue in two acts and a prologue entitled "1918." While the German Gothas drop—or attempt to drop—bombs upon the dauntless French capital, and while "Big Bertha" roars sullenly every half hour or so as she expectorates her Boche hatred from a distance of seventy miles, Parisian audiences are shaking with mirth as they sit in L'Abri and hear their favorite comedians poke fun at the Boche and his abortive attempts at *schrecklichkeit*.

L'Abri is the newest theatre in Paris and is, as far as I have been able to ascertain, the only playhouse of its kind in existence. It first opened its doors to the Parisian public on the night of May 6, frankly advertising itself as a refuge theatre where amusement-seekers might laugh without danger of their laughter being cut short by shells. And, although the *révue* on exhibition at L'Abri is well worth seeing, as a light form of amusement, the theatre itself is even more so. The play is only part of the thing at L'Abri.

This bombproof theatre is located at 167 Rue Montmartre, in the cellar of a seven-story building. If a bomb from a raiding Gotha demolished five stories of this building and a shell from "Big Bertha" clipped off another, it probably wouldn't even interrupt Jane Pierly's song in "1918," where she makes "jamais" rhyme with "Sammy." But the feature that makes L'Abri absolutely unique is that the audiences are as much interested in the stories above the stage as in the stories on the stage.

The front of L'Abri is not impressive. It reminds one somewhat of a burlesque theatre on New York's East Side. All around it are clustered small boulevard cafés. One enters a diminutive lobby which is flush with the sidewalk and then steps down a flight of stairs into the auditorium, which is merely a camouflaged cellar—so artistically camouflaged, however, that Greenwich Village would grow mad with envy after just one glance, for it is everything in the way of a perfectly appointed small playhouse that theatrical experimenters in America have vainly dreamt of.

L'Abri has a seating capacity of 210 and its stage is about the size of the defunct Bandbox Theatre in New York. The interior is finished in dark blue and turkey red. Loge seats are on the right and left and there are only two boxes. Balconies are conspicuous by their absence. The wartime prices, including the tax, are as follows: Box seats, 15 francs; loges,

12 francs; fauteuil seats, 10 francs. There are other seats to be had in the rear of the auditorium at seven francs and less. A combined concert hall and smoking-room, where men and women can lounge between acts, is a very popular adjunct of the theatre.

L'Abri is so far underground that the audiences cannot even hear the three cannon shots, followed by the weirdly shrieking sirens on Notre Dame's twin towers—the signal that the Boche is trying to spill more kultur upon Paris. Nor can they hear that more welcome sound—

only theatre in Paris where not a single case of cholera has yet been seen." This is mentioned in Alexandre Dumas' *Memoirs*. In the year 1918 L'Abri can state, without fear of contradiction, that it is the only theatre in Paris where not a single case of shell shock has yet been seen.

As I sat in the L'Abri Théâtre, looking around at the reinforced concrete walls, it suddenly occurred to me that the French playwrights had a great chance to even scores with Parisian managers during war times by insisting that their plays and revues be presented only in the very best protected and most up-to-date shell-proof theatres. What would the poor manager do? *Mon Dieu!* It would be terrible indeed!

The critics of New York are prone to poke fun at programmed lists of authors, collaborators, composers and librettists who are jointly responsible at times for the anæmic concoctions that so frequently masquerade under the name "musical-comedy." But what would they think of this announcement, which is copied from the program at L'Abri: "1918, a revue in two acts and a prologue by M. Lucien Boyer and Albert Willemetz. *Mise en scene* by M. Edmond Roze. Musical novelty by M. André Colomb. Decorations designed by Atamian and executed by Beisson and Proust. Costumes designed by Gesmar and executed by Pascaud. Hats by Lewis. Gowns for Mlle. Jane Pierly by the firm of Doeuillet. Orchestra directed by M. André Colomb."

"1918" is a clever revue that satirizes in amusing fashion various aspects of the war situation in Europe, acts from other plays now current in Paris, and sensational bits of news from the papers, such as the Caillaux case. The very things that the incredibly stupid Germans blind themselves into believing have terrified Paris, are the subjects of more fun at the hands of Messrs. Boyer and Willemetz than anything else in the revue. For instance, most window-panes in Paris are crisscrossed with strips of paper to prevent the concussion from exploding bombs and shells shattering the glass. Well, one of the funniest comedians in "1918" came out upon the stage wearing a huge pair of spectacles, the lenses of which were crisscrossed with tiny strips of paper. The audience greeted him with roars of appreciative laughter. Surely, the ostrich-like Germans wouldn't like this reception of their *schrecklichkeit* methods!

Popular American music, much of it of stale vintage to us, is one of the big features of "1918." The authors have given new words to the music, words that are appropriate to war conditions of to-day. I heard "Every Little Movement" given with great effect by the entire



Entrance to "L'Abri," the bomb-proof playhouse recently opened in Paris

the "all clear" bugle note which means that the latest air raid is over. The walls of the theatre are of reinforced concrete and the audiences sit beneath an armored cupola. The only danger, in fact, is to abandon one's seat. For the time being you are on absolutely neutral territory and no German metal can touch you.

It is quite an experience to visit the L'Abri Theatre at night. One descends into Egyptian darkness that is relieved here and there by the glow-worm flashlights of the girl ushers. The lamps in the corridors are extinguished and, until the footlights are flashed on, you sit there in the darkness, listening to a French verbal bombardment on all sides of you. Then the curtain stirs, the footlights bloom forth and a rotund French comedian with the usual beard announces, solemnly: "Monsieur Kling has arrived!" and the house rocks with laughter, for Monsieur Kling is the director of the municipal laboratory and has charge of the work of analyzing all shells and bombs that the Germans drop upon Paris. From now on, the house is in an excellent humor, ready to laugh at the most gruesome war-time jests.

In advertising itself as a theatre where audiences can be absolutely immune from German raiding attacks, L'Abri is following the example of the Odéon during the big cholera scare of 1832, when it announced that "the Odéon is the



*From a portrait, copyright, Strauss-Peyton*

#### MARTHA HEDMAN

This fair daughter of Sweden, whom the United States has adopted for its own, has been missing from Broadway for some seasons, owing to her success as Virginia in "The Boomerang." Miss Hedman is too ambitious to be satisfied with being a one-part actress, therefore, she has severed her connection with Mr. Blasco, and will be seen this fall on Broadway in a new play written by herself

company of principals and chorus, who sang words that were Parisian to the very core. A number of Anna Held's famous old songs were revamped in this fashion and were received in their camouflaged dress with as much gusto as if they were brand new.

The comedians made fun of the high prices of butter and eggs, the new luxury tax and other topics that one doesn't usually laugh at in Paris in these days of pinching privation. But the audience liked it immensely and vehemently cried "Encore!" Most of the hotels and cafés in Paris give diners saccharine with their coffee as a substitute for sugar. Therefore, a big hit was made by Alice Cocea when she came out dressed in a sort of white satin costume, à la Eva Tanguay, conspicuously labelled "Saccharine" and sang a rhapsody on American ragtime music. There were a large number of American soldiers in the audience and they were most enthusiastic. So were the French.

But the real hit of the evening was made by

Jane Pierly when she sang the song in which "jamais" rhymed with "Sammy." The "Sammys" in the audience were delighted with the song and the singer and gave her a real American welcome. Jane Pierly, by the way, is a sort of Parisian Frances White. She is diminutive, like Miss White, and besides being charming to look upon, is vivacious and clever. The program well called her "la petite femme de Paris."

There was a highly amusing burlesque of Fernin Gémier's revolutionary production in Paris last winter of "Antony and Cleopatra," in which Gémier out-Granvilled Granville Barker's famous production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." M. Bazin impersonated William Shakespeare; Alice Cocea was Cleopatra, and M. Coucot, a highly intelligent comedian appeared as "Firmin" Shakespeare. It was delightful foolery and the audience caught the spirit of the satire at once and manifestly enjoyed it. Gémier himself, by the way, was an amused spectator of the burlesque on the opening night of L'Abri.

Another feature that pleased the wartime audience mightily was a burlesque bit in which a German Gotha, represented as a pompous windbag, invited the statue of Louis XIV to descend from his pedestal. M. Boucot impersonated the statue, and his royal amazement as he descended, coupled with his remarks about German airplanes and German stupidity, convulsed the audience and brought the comedian back again and again. There is much of William Collier's suave fun-making in the work of M. Boucot. He and Jane Pierly are the chief stars.

L'Abri is really a diminutive French music hall that is doing successfully on a small scale what the Century Theatre tried unsuccessfully to do on a big scale. And, while the Boche is not dropping any bombs upon New York, some enterprising Broadway manager might well take a tip from the success of L'Abri. It is not dollars that have made this tiny cellar theatre popular. Ingenuity, resourcefulness and brains are three ingredients that went into its making.

## THE COMPLEAT PLAYWRIGHT

*A friendly guide to dramatists enabling anyone to turn out a play with rapid fire speed*

By FRANKLYN WRIGHT



IT has come to a point now where everyone is writing plays. Perhaps it is simply the ancient case of old man Supply doing the hare and hounds after friend Demand, or perhaps it is merely a fad, like the dance craze of a few years back. At all events it is a fact that if your business partner stares vacantly at you when you ask him where he filed that letter about the new spring models, and the lady of your choice replies to your queries about the gas-range with, "Sh! darling, sh! I'm thinking," you can be reasonably certain that in both cases they have just got their hero into about twenty-four pages of plot and are having mental epileptics trying to get him out of it.

The thing has become so poignantly a part of all our lives, as the four-minute men say so truly of the war in their thirty-five minute speeches, that it seems only right that some bright, young and attractive male, like myself, should offer balm to the rest of humanity by dropping a few gentle hints on how the art of playwriting is managed. Of course there have been no-end of learned treatises penned on this subject already, but most of my friends who have taken up the game in their leisure moments seem to find that none of them apply directly to the play that they are writing.

Now, as a matter of fact the whole thing is tremendously simple, and can be stated in a very few words—fewer in fact than I am going to state it in here. I am really only going into details to fill out that space in the lower right hand corner of this page which really looks dreadfully when it is left all naked and not full of words the way the editor likes to see it. I have divided my subject, after considering it carefully, into several divisions. Let us get right at the first of them.

### 1. THE BIG SITUATION.

To handle a Big Situation in the Great American Play that you will write sooner or later, be sure, in the first place, that your idea is based on stage properties, stage lighting effects, and stage mechanical devices rather than on real emotions as you have observed them in real life.

In this way you will be carrying on the great traditions of the American Stage. If you do otherwise you will be just carrying on—so don't! When you get to the point of writing that Big Scene, you cannot fail if you arrange to have an enormous white spot-light fall suddenly on something that has hitherto been in the dark. It really doesn't matter what the light is supposed to be, or what it falls on. That is simply a matter of taste. It can be a search-light, a street lamp, or a flash of lightning, and it can fall on a corpse, a knife, or a wriggling hero. It is quite immaterial. If you have a soft spot for wriggling heroes you must not let the natural reaction of your feelings run away with you when the play is put into rehearsal, and arrange to have something heavier than a spot-light do the falling. American audiences do not like sad plays, and they simply cannot stand seeing heavy things falling on people who have done nothing to them that they can be sued for. And, by the way, when that spot-light falls, pick out an actress who has a particularly unpleasant voice—the star will always answer the purpose—and have her scream like anything. That is what makes people, and sometimes the critics too, call your little effort a Strong Play.

### 2. THE BIG SCREAM.

It is, of course, exceedingly important to make your audience laugh. This is not nearly so hard as it sounds. It can be done:

A. By having the hero's aunt, who is the President of a Temperance Society, drink eight cocktails, under the impression that she is being served with Moxie.

B. By having the hero pursue a girl whom he has never met to the threshold of an elevator in a hotel, when the elevator boy slams the door, narrowly missing the hero's nose.

C. By having an adventuress—only you must call her a vampire—faint into the arms of the heroine's father, who is a clergyman, just as the heroine's mother makes her entrance.

D. By having the hero, who is accused by the heroine of being a rake, burst into tears and wipe his eyes with a silk stocking, which he mis-

takes for a handkerchief. The stocking, of course, is in the pocket of a dressing-gown which really belongs to the hero's gay friend.

### RULES OF THE THEATRE.

1. Novelists and short story writers cannot write plays. John Galsworthy, Rachel Crothers, Montague Glass and a few hundred more are just little exceptions to this fine old theatrical maxim.

2. Bernard Shaw's plays are not really plays at all. They are acted on the stage before large audiences who pay the usual—whatever is the usual price at the present moment—to see them—but they are not plays.

3. No one can possibly tell what the public wants. Therefore the way to write a success, is to give the public what it wants.

4. Novels cannot possibly be successfully dramatized. Good examples of this are "Trilby" and "Peter Ibbetson."

### WHAT THEY ARE.

ORCHESTRA: A body of men hired by the theatre to keep the members of the audience from hearing what they say to each other between the acts.

THEATRE PARTY: Eight people—of the upper classes—equally divided as to sex, who come in during the big moment of the second act, and afford a sparkling diversion by kicking hats and stepping on feet until they get to their seats, in front of which they undulate and arrange themselves, until Ethel who entered first and George who is very polite and came in last, are seated together—and the scene on the stage is over.

HERO: Shelley Hull.

HEROINE: The Girl who marries Shelley Hull.

PRODUCER: The man who saves the show.

AUTHOR: The man who nearly ruins the show.

ARTISTS: Theatrical slang for actors and actresses.

HIT: Any play before it is taken off.

A CAST OF UNUSUAL DISTINCTION: More slang for actors and actresses.



Moffett

EVA TANGUAY

Cyclonic Eva, whose popularity seems never on the wane, is still going strong in vaudeville



White

This picture gives an excellent idea of the art of camouflaging. The car shown was prepared, and its use donated by The Baker R & L Company to the Thrift Stamp Campaign. Countess Margherita de Cippico, who was Rita Jolivet, while touring in the interest of war work, used it most effectively in the selling of Thrift Stamps



CECIL KERN

Leading woman at the Great Northern Hippodrome, Chicago, where condensed versions of the world's famous plays are to be given



GEORGE RENAVENT

A young French actor who brings the finesse of the French stage to his impersonation of the Count in "Flo-Flo"

# "BIFF-BANG" CREATES THE STAGE-DOOR JANE

*Pelham Naval Training Camp Boys  
Capture the Hearts of Broadway*

By VERA BLOOM



THE stage-door Johnny is a familiar character on Broadway. He is the ignoble figure with white spats, one-button cut-away and bunch of orchids, who loafs near the "No Admittance" sign on the door through which the Follies' beauty is soon to dash and speed away in "the Governor's" car.

The stage-door has always been the one place where the female of the species isn't as deadly as the male. Johnny's nearest counterpart is the matinée girl, only her whole attitude is one of worshipful awe. The last thought in her mind is of meeting the object of her inflamed enthusiasm. All she wants is to be as near as possible to the narrow lane through which her idol will hurry smilingly to the waiting motor. Any *bona-fide* matinée girl will shudder at the idea of an introduction.

But when the boys in blue from the Pelham Naval Training Camp brought "Biff-Bang," their own musical show, to the Century, and scored one of the most emphatic successes of the season with a chorus that combined Ziegfeld beauty with Marbury daintiness, suddenly all the feminine part of the audience from old maids from Maine—corresponding, I suppose, to the bald-headed row at the Winter Garden—to little rah-rah girls from school, burst into a heated discussion over the merits of the "third from this end" and the "second from the left," in an assortment of beauties that three weeks before had either been engaged in shoveling coal or scrubbing the decks of Uncle Sam's invincible navy.

Never was seen such an array of loveliness to undulate across a stage in the manner sacred to Justine Johnstone and her ilk, or more successfully be-Hepnered and be-Hicksoned. The leading lady was a model for any ingenue, and the pony ballet, trained by the Sunshine Girls from "Jack o' Lantern," forgot their sea-legs and acquired stage ones in less time than it takes Ned Wayburn to get the most experienced dancers in trim.

We're always very loathe to give make-up its due. In our hearts we really hope the ladies across the foot-lights are as beautiful as they seem. But this time we

knew it couldn't be true—golden curls or a peaches-and-cream complexion don't figure in the physical examination for the Navy.

So after the show I joined the procession of stage-door Janes—there were a surprising lot of

them—and went back of the stage to see how this superb camouflage was achieved. Most of the "girls" had already hurried off to their dressing rooms to change to the simple blue street costume provided by Uncle Sam, but William Schroeder, the composer, who has written several Broadway scores, and who is now bandmaster at Pelham; Dinnie MacDonald, the director, unknown to New York, who performed the feat of changing husky tars to airy sprites, and arranging the dances; and Hugh Dillman, the vampire, who conceived the idea of giving the show, were there to begin the tale.

"Biff-Bang" was written, rehearsed, and performed in three weeks—half the time needed to produce the average musical revue. And instead of the usual ten-to-five rehearsal hours, these boys were fortunate to snatch three hours a day between drill and classes, for they are all in training to be officers eventually, and the large majority had never been on a stage before.

The music was written during rehearsals, and studied a page at a time, with the dances worked out in the same way. Several of the numbers became instantaneous hits, which speaks well for impromptu composing.

A stream of brawny sailor boys began to pour downstairs—any one of them looked able to sink a U-boat single handed. I thought these must be the chorus men who had made a background for the girls, but a forgotten cupid's bow mouth here and powdered arms there revealed the truth.

These, then, were the slim, girlish figures. Somehow or other those heroic-size boots had

arrive in their stead, you have an idea of the shock of the re-appearance of the "Biff-Bang" cast.

The leading lady, Alonzo King, and the *première danseuse*, Edward Costello, took characteristically long to appear, but the "Misses" Harold Samuel, Mooney—Gypsy-of-the-Follies' only rival—and End-on-the-Right Levy, told me about the making of a chorus girl, rubbing strained insteps and painfully laced waists the while.

"Mr. Hickson told us all to come up and be fitted at one time," they explained. "Well, I wish you could have seen it! The salesladies refused to sell, and the customers refused to buy while we were there. They stood us up for hours, and made the clothes right on us. And to think we called the navy WORK—!"

"One fellow, cast for a vampire, was to wear an extremely low-cut back. They tied on the costume, and he was a dream! 'Turn around,' said Mr. Hickson. He turned—and there, in the center of that beautiful decolletée, was a vivid anchor by some artist of the tattoo!"

"What did you do for slippers?" I asked, knowing that only one man in a thousand would have the courage to wear the three sizes too small sizes footgear that Julian Eltinge does.

"We just took the largest size made and squeezed into that. And the heels—" One of them stuck out a manly foot, still encased in a pink satin pump, that in the enchantment of distance might have inspired some poetry about "the fall of fairy feet." "Any one of us," he said, "would have preferred doing the entire show on stilts!"



Our sailors make their début in skirts and bonnets—the pony ballet in "Biff-Bang." Messrs. McCauley, Washburn, Cavanaugh, Duggan, Lamont, Keyes, Murray, Knight, Cunningham, Fitzimmons, Pringle, Costello

been changed for small, high-heeled slippers, and even tonsorial neglect had been successfully covered with grease paint!

If you can imagine waiting for the Dolly Sisters and seeing Jess Willard and James J. Corbett

The leading lady sauntered along, the heroine of one of those tales dear to the small-town girl. "Star overnight. Chosen from a thousand applicants. Never on the stage before." For Mr. King, waiting in line in hope of a showgirl part, had been spied far down toward the end, and put in the limelight at once.

"Biff - Bang" proved to be a real money-maker, and Lieutenant McCullough, personally in charge of the company, told me that several of the Broadway managers literally begged Admiral Usher to book the boys for a long run.

But their purpose was to raise enough money to build a theatre at Pelham, and as this was practically accomplished by the opening night, it was a great concession of the authorities to allow the engagement to be extended as it was.





Photos Campbell

EDITH STOCKHAM



IRENE HAYES



MARTINE BURNLEY



DOROTHY KOFFE



LUCILLE DARLING

UNDOUBTEDLY, the peg on which the drama—I mean musical-comedy—hangs in the good old summer time is the chorus girl. She holds the stage—providing she can be classed as a beauty—and lures the dollars from the tired business man into the willing box-office. Whenever there is a dull moment in the show, whenever the

fun begins to pall, on trips the chorus girl, gaily bedecked, and the audience is put in good humor again. There is no doubt that she is a national institution, with her curls, her smiles and her gaiety. "Hitchy-Koo" has a bevy of beauties in its chorus. Perhaps that's one of the reasons for its success.

PRETTY FACES BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS

# A WAR MINSTREL

*How Lieut. Gitz Rice composed songs  
to the accompaniment of the enemy's guns*

By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD



**S**TRIKE up the Jass Band! Send your flags flying and shout your bravos. A hero has come back to us an dis no wreccruting for our government—Lieutenant Gitz Rice, who volunteered in 1914 and went with the first Canadian Contingent to help push back the ferocious Hun. His battery consisted of one hundred and fifty men, and he is one of the seven survivors. "Over There" three years—and back with a smile!

The boys called him the Joker of Flanders. He was forever getting up concerts and producing skits, and writing foolish songs for them. "It's surprising," he claims, "what a hunger for amusement they have. Theirs is an insatiable thirst. It was nothing for the men to hike twenty or thirty miles to be entertained.

"Once I managed to get some old Charlie Chaplin reels and played them in a tumbled-down barn. We attached the projection machine to the motor of one of our trucks, as we had no other electricity; and would you believe it, we were compelled to show those pictures over and over again, as the soldiers had tramped from miles around to witness the fun.

"When the chaps got what they wanted, they would not let it go. I remember one fortunate night, when the late Captain Vernon Castle had arranged a concert for his Flying Squadron at Bailleul (since taken by the Huns) and the fellows kept him playing the drums for over three hours. At performances like this, or at any amateur vaudeville affairs we got up ourselves, it was considered the usual thing to start at eight o'clock and sing 'Good-night Ladies' at daybreak.

"They loved music. But they went to extremes. They would become enrapt in 'Pagliacci' and selections from 'Carmen' or they would enthuse over a little, funny song. And although they could not tolerate slush, they liked the simple ballads about home fires, and pals they left behind."

Lieut. Rice has written the most popular songs of the trenches; and has sung them to the troops in the lines in Flanders and France. So important were these cheering services regarded, that his piano, discovered and taken at Ypres, was borne on a big wagon and taken by him through all the Canadian lines, by order of the Commanding Officer.

Back with a smile? Well, rather! Lieut. Gitz Rice's laugh is the acme of Lieut. Gitz Rice. It's contagious. It's his personal souvenir of the war.

"In my existence of twenty-seven years," he beams, "I never was healthier; never happier; and certainly never more crowded with so many humorous recollections. I don't mean, of course, that this inferno is a jolly picnic. It isn't. It is dogged and hellish business. But—it is making the words about the silver-lined-cloud ring true.

"It is turning out music. It is making a new, true Art, because of the reality heretofore lacking; and it will produce literature—real war literature. So far, your great book or books have not been written. Your wonderful poetry is still unmetred. Your big song has yet to come. "Over There" is a corker. It is full of

Yankee spirit. But it tells that the Yanks are coming and not what they have done. It is "Over Here's" point of view. The label of New York stamps it; and it will take the man who has been there, acted there, and felt there, to express the sentiment of the American Forces.

"The war is going to produce things worth while. Besides, it is going to develop latent talent.

"The news reporter won't be able to turn out the true book of the war, and the current playwright will be handicapped at dramatizing the real play. It will be the little, unassuming fellow—one of the millions of fighters—who will do the big thing. He may never have written a line before in his life, but—he has seen and suffered; and he has been so impressed that what he is going to put into notes, or phrases, or splashes of color, will be an exact reproduction, with not too little reality, and too much exaggeration.

"Out There," was a dear, humane play because it was written by one who knew. J. Hartley Manners and his wife, Laurette Taylor, had been at the Base in Cliveden, England, and had seen the 'aunted Annie fussing around the beds. There honestly was a pessimistic Irishman who wanted bonbons, and a Canadian who demanded cigars, and a Lady From 'ell who cried for his bonnet.

"Getting Together" is not a sensational masterpiece, but it, also, is true to life. The scene of No Man's Land and the dilapidated French village are reproduced exactly as men who had been there, saw them. Most of the characters in it are chaps who actually lived the rôles they portray.

"People have asked me if I wrote 'Keep Your Head Down Fritzie Boy' while under rapid fire, and 'We Beat You at the Marne' during an air raid. Indeed not. I am no wonder! But we didn't fight all the time in the trenches. There were long, lagging weeks, in which the hours hung heavily on our hands. I wrote songs because I had nothing else with which to occupy my time. Scribbling away was the only thing on which I could depend for diversion. It took this bally scrap to develop talent which I never knew I had. I am just a product of the war."

The verification of his statement lies in his biography, previous to his enlistment. Gitz Rice was born in Nova Scotia and educated in Montreal. Educated—in the general sense of the word—you know, when alluding to tall, fair, sanguine lads, tingling with real, red blood! There were elementary school, and High School, and a taste of college, of course. Good old families from good old Montreal, always believed in doing things in the good old way. But that could not prevent Gitzie Boy from keeping one eye on his books and the other on the athletic field.

He had been a great one for sports. Besides his captured Germans' buttons, he can show you medals for swimming, cups for golf, and trophies for hockey, basketball and football. He was president of The Montreal Athletic Association. In fact, it was after a dinner given by this club, one evening, that he and fifty-three of its other

members volunteered to go at once with the First Canadian Contingent.

Lieut. Rice's mother and father were esthetically inclined. They were seriously interested in music and practiced photography, although they never commercialized their art. When their little boy was ten years old, they realized that his piano-playing was something unusual, and they were not taken wholly unawares the day he came home and told them that the old teacher in school wasn't going to play the organ anymore, because the boys had demanded that he, Gitz, take his place, and give them some—here's where the word really originated—"pep" with which to march into assembly.

Later, when Montreal contemplated giving a concert, it always called upon Gitz Rice—not only to entertain, but also to get together the other performers, and if needs be, train them. When any charity affairs were given, the programs usually read: "Written, produced, staged, directed and acted by Gitz Rice." Oh! Montreal was a gay town in those days, with one Mr. Rice at the head of all the entertainments!

However, even in those garrulous times, he had never tried to compose music and had never imagined himself writing verses. If, then, he had made any effort to look ahead and fathom this song, both words and music, attached to his name, it would have seemed "A Long Way to Tipperary."

*There is a call resounding now; you hear it everywhere,*

*In every town and square,*

*It comes from Over There.*

*The U. S. A. is in the fight and you know what that means—*

*That every lad is joining, from the North to New Orleans.*

*If you can't wear a uniform, there's one thing to do:*

*Don't ever quit!*

*Just do your bit!*

*You know it's up to you.*

CHORUS:

*You've got to go in or go under,*

*You've got to be going all day.*

*We know you're not in khaki or in blue,*

*But you're as big a man, and you've a job to do.*

*In Flanders they're calling for soldiers;*

*They're calling for you and for me*

*If you can't come along,*

*Back us up good and strong,*

*And we'll drive them back to Germany.*

*Every day some thousand soldiers sail across the sea,*

*To fight for you and me,*

*To save Democracy.*

*The men who can't go over can do something, never fear;*

*They all can volunteer, to lick the Germans here.*

*Pro-Germans are a danger; they are lurking at our door.*

*So wake up, now, America, we've got to win this war!*



Gitz Rice as a private (June, 1915) at Bailleul, France



LIEUT. GITZ RICE



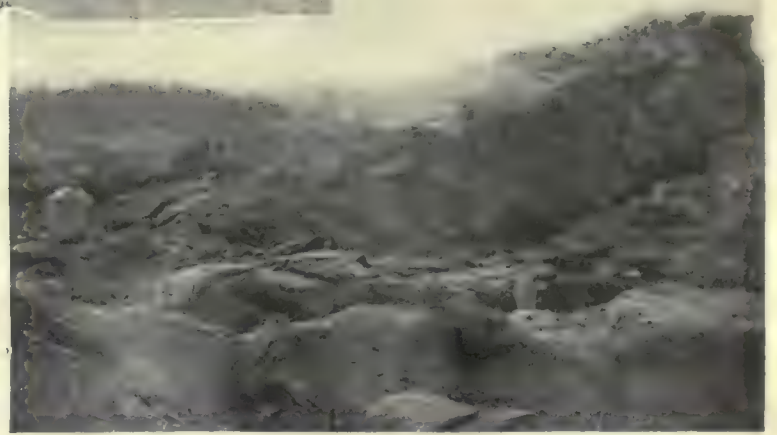
Ypres, June, 1915. Gitz Rice, and three of his pals, who, since then, have all been wounded and appointed Lieutenants. They are, Thomas Patterson, H. Black, Willard Price and Gitz Rice

**A GRAND CONCERT**  
 IN AID OF PRISONERS OF WAR  
 British Expeditionary Force will be given in  
**Caisse d'Epargne, Bailleul**  
**MONDAY NOV. 15<sup>th</sup>**  
**"ATTRACTIONS"**  
**GRAND PIERROTT SHOW**  
 ENTITLED  
**CASUALTIES**  
 By No. 2 CASULTY CLEARING STATION  
 COSTUMES. By M<sup>lle</sup> DE RESKE PARIS  
 Special stage effects by arrangement with L.&N. WESTREN Railway Co.  
 MAPLE DAIRY Co. LIGHTING etc. MAXIM MARCONI Co.  
**PART II**  
**FULL MINSTREL TROUPE**  
**20 PERFORMERS**  
**3<sup>rd</sup> FIELD AMB. CANADIANS**  
 WITH SPECIAL SHOW FOR THIS OCCASION  
 Please Note: The Motor Car used in this show is not a "FORD" but entirely British  
 manufacture. — SPECIAL COSTUMES & EFFECTS.  
 Reserved Seats . . . . . 2 Francs.  
 Second Seats . . . . . 1 " "  
 Back standing room, only . . . 12 " "  
 Admission . . . . . Overture 5.30 prompt

Centre  
Poster put up along the trenches to advertise Gitz Rice's Pierrot Show

First line trench with No Man's Land in the background. Notice the rum jar

In the front line, machine gun ready. This picture was taken of one of Gitz Rice's closest pals, Lieut. Norman Edwards, (Canadian Princess Patricia Regiment) the day before he was killed



# NEW ORLEANS' FIRST THEATRE

By ROZEL GOTTHOLD



THE other day I stood before the wide, dark alleyway at one end of an alluring old house, down in St. Peter Street, in the *vieux carré* of New Orleans. At the rear of the passage, I could just see two newel posts, which told of a double stairway; and out in the courtyard, in the rays of the brilliant sunshine, played several, grinning little negroes.

It was a good combination of past and present, too good to resist, so I stepped into the darkness. After a few paces, I came to the stairway. It was a beautiful thing, with low, broad stairs leading up on each side of the alley to the floor above.

I ran my hand lightly along the smooth, old rail, as I went quickly up the stairs, and I found myself in a perfectly clean, bare hall, having narrow boards, and lighted fully by three beautiful old Spanish windows, the framework of which was still there, although much of the glass was gone. There was a small partition at one end of the hall, with an open door. I peeped through and saw an iron cookstove on which was a pot of gumbo, sending out its savory odor. A kitchen table filled another corner; and on the wall behind me, I saw, when I passed through the door, a layer of newspaper, upon which hung all sorts of kitchen utensils, on large nails.

It was so strange to see such warm, simple evidences of human life in this shell of a long-dead past. What sort of person could make this place into a home? And who could set an iron cookstove in the light of the old Spanish window that illumined the hall of—the first French theatre in New Orleans?



AS I stood there, wondering, from the darkness of the inside room came a woman of middle age, a mulatto, with the soft, smooth, golden skin of her people. She had few wrinkles, in spite of her years, jet black hair neatly combed and worn high, and in her small ears, long earrings; and those great, prominent ox eyes, which stamp so many of her race with an air of patience and resignation.

She showed me her home. It was sparsely furnished, but very neat and clean. There were two large rooms, having that beautiful, comfortable proportion which the Spaniards so easily achieved. The walls were stained with time, and the woodwork was painted over with ugly brown and yellow color. The doors were beautiful, half wood, half glass, having oblong iron knobs, and interesting long, iron latches which lifted when the knobs were turned.

In the front room, I looked out upon the gallery which looked in turn upon St. Peter Street, and the heart of New Orleans history.

Once more I came out into the improvised kitchen. It was so very strange to see the steam of a savory pot of gumbo rising through the dust of over a century. It was so extraordinary to view the simple, domestic stage settings of the every-day life of a mulatto woman, on the very spot where ages ago Molière's "Le Misanthrope" was played before the most brilliant audiences in America. And it was still more remarkable to realize how fate had placed in the old, dead shell, this loving memento of that too gay past.

I did not disguise the fact from myself that I wished I might ask her hundreds of questions, but she wanted to finish the gumbo. I

stood there watching her stir in the crabs and shrimps, for awhile, until the rays of the Western sun, which came through the beautiful window, warned me that I must go.

She glanced up at me. "I bin here fifteen years," she said. "Hit was de ole teayer."

"Yes," I said. "It's beautiful. Some day I shall come again," and I went slowly down the steps, thinking of this newest, simplest drama of life, nestling under the roof of the old "Théâtre St. Pierre."

It is the first theatre built in New Orleans. That means the little building, down in St. Peter



Courtyard of New Orleans' first theatre as it looks to-day

Street, in the *vieux carré*, is backed by about one hundred and twenty or more years of real American tradition, in which the love of the drama stood vividly alongside of the love of the church.

The first troupe of actors appeared in the year 1791. They were refugees from the island of St. Domingo, in the West Indies, who, together with many others, had fled from the cruelties of the infuriated blacks. They began to give plays wherever they could, finally opening in the little theatre in St. Peter Street. Here they continued to present the drama, until 1810, when the building was put up at auction.

The "first French theatre" is a Spanish building, of stucco, in beautiful pink and yellow tints, painted by time. It is a two-story house, with several long windows and doors in street façade, all protected by heavy wooden shutters. Along the length of the house, on the upper floor, runs a narrow gallery, having an iron railing, very simple in type, but agreeable, as are all the accessories of Spanish architecture.

The Spaniards came to New Orleans about the middle of the eighteenth century, when Louis XV and La Pompadour were ruling France. At that time de Choiseul, the Prime Minister, made a neat little deal, turning Louisiana over to the King of Spain. Then New Orleans rose up and

straightway became in spirit a strictly American city, although she had no idea of any such thing at the time. For she had the bravery not only to be indignant, but to express her indignation at a public meeting, in which a resolution was passed showing reasons why the King of France should not cut her adrift. They sent the petition to France, but it was tied up in one of those well-known, political, devious paths, and the King never even saw it.

The Spaniard came. The governor was expelled, politely but firmly, by a people who thought they preferred loyalty to France. The second Spanish envoy, not however a Spaniard, executed the men who were responsible for his predecessor's withdrawal. But finally he sailed away, and his officers were left to govern the colony. They were rather more endowed with heart, which they allowed to lead them straight to the love of the French ladies of New Orleans, and then and there began the production of that brilliant colonial society which was the admiration and delight of many a European traveler.

Now came the year 1788, with a disastrous fire which swept out the *vieux carré*. Then under Miro, the Spanish governor of the time, it was rebuilt. That is why there are so many Spanish buildings to be seen in New Orleans, and that is why the "first French theatre" is of this type.



IT sprang to life in stirring times. The drama of the world, then as now, was called "Liberty." The United States of America was a pretty well established fact; and the strains of the "Marseillaise" were floating across the Atlantic from blood-drenched France.

The governor faced a beautiful situation. Before him he saw colonists, who supposedly belonged to his own country, but who at heart, ever since they were given away by their king, were filled with the zeal of republicanism. Over a hundred of them had the audacity to sign a petition asking the protection of the republic. The interior of the little playhouse rang to the strains of all the revolutionary music of the times. "La Liberté" of France and the American goddess of liberty had touched spirit in the very streets of New Orleans, where were already to be seen the vanguard of that modern, alert type, the American business man, who had come down to New Orleans to open offices and mercantile enterprises in the Rue Chartres.

A stone's throw away from the "Théâtre St. Pierre" flowed the glistening Mississippi, lazy and golden in the sunshine. It was the city's artery of life. Down its length from Ohio and Kentucky and Pennsylvania, and the rich states of that section, came new inhabitants for New Orleans, and up from its mouth came the settlers from the islands of the West Indies. The current of pleasure, excitement and love of the drama took them straight to the doors of the little old playhouse—and there, night after night were to be seen such rapidly increasing audiences that the house had to be enlarged. In 1803, so tradition says, they were playing "Richard, Cœur de Lion" and "Pizarre."

That was the year of the Louisiana purchase, when Jefferson, by his transfer of fifteen millions of good American dollars to the great, little Napoleon, labelled Louisiana once for all, truly American.



# Men Over Draft Age

## Actors, Artists, Musicians

The younger men of your city have been called to the army.

Thousands of them are already in the trenches—fighting for you and yours.

Now you, the older men, the steadier men, are needed behind the lines “over there”—

To help these boys keep cheerful, comfortable—maintain their *fighting morale*, indispensable to Victory!

Do you see what a big job it is? Big enough for the biggest men in U. S. A.!

That's why the Government wants you, Pershing wants you, the boys in Khaki want you “over there”—now!

4000 of you—over draft age—to wear the Red Triangle in France—actors, business men and executives, men who can run cars, athletes, social secretaries, hut secretaries—all are wanted.

## Will You Go To France?

*For full particulars see* MR. E. D. POUCH  
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*This space contributed for the Winning of the War by*

THE PUBLISHERS OF THE THEATRE MAGAZINE

# UNUSUAL NEWS of THE NEW COATS

*Wooltex Tempts One to Conserve;  
Creating Coats of Rare Fabrics  
At Prices That Reward Foresight*

**A**UGUST 12th is the date to remember. Then, in nearly a hundred shops, these charming Coats will lead one to marvel that they could have been produced, in view of the serious wool shortage.

You will find new Motor Coats and Outing Coats made of such precious materials as all-wool Camelette, Duvet de Laine, Evora, Velour de Kashmir, Crystal Cord, Worumbo Tussok, Bolivia.

Wooltex bought these all-wool fabrics months ago, before Army needs made all-



Ira L. Hill



Ira L. Hill

Alice Joyce has recently returned to the screen more popular, if possible, than ever. She is wearing a Wooltex creation designed especially as a conservation garment—slender in line, all-wool—and suited most happily to her busy comings and goings. What is this coat made of?—Evora Cloth to be sure—the new and beautiful fabric which comes in such charming shades as Twilight, Bison, Frambois and Hay.

Marilynn Miller runs no risk of disappointing her delighted audiences for she hides herself from the chill of August evenings in this comfy Wooltex Outing Coat of wood-brown Suede Velour. New York is her proper setting and we see this charming dancer at her best in the "Follies of 1918".



Ira L. Hill

Gail Kane, the woman in "When Men Betray". But we can see her too in another successful role, taking the part of the good American and setting an example of war-time thrift by wearing this charming Wooltex creation of warmth-without-weight Evora Cloth in the new brown shade.

Ira L. Hill

Hazel Dawn, long to be remembered as the "Pink Lady" and now appearing in the leading role in "Dolly of the Follies". Her selection of this stunning Wooltex Motor Coat may well be taken as a hint that Evora Cloth is as good for Fall as it is rare and that a fancy Batik Silk lining is a thing to be dreamed of.

wool a thing much desired but seldom had. Neither love nor money will buy some of them today. Even Wooltex has but a limited supply.

On these pages are a few of the advance Wooltex models to be offered August 12th.

Notice in these Coats the cloth-saving slender silhouette; the designs that are smart, different, but not wasteful. Each model a happy style solution of conservation.

Through your influence they can establish early in the season the keynote of fashions.

By example, you can show patriotic women how conservation can be charming—and practical.

With Fall just a step ahead, one must plan quickly. The important thing is to buy early. Good coats cannot long be had at such advantage.

August 12th is the date to remember.

*At These Stores and Many Others*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| BROOKLYN<br>FRED. LOESER & CO., INC.                  | TOLEDO, O.<br>THE PARSONS GARMENT CO.          |
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| MILWAUKEE, WIS.<br>ESPENHAINS                         | OMAHA, NEB.<br>THE HOUSE OF MENAGH             |
| CINCINNATI, O.<br>THE DENTON CO.                      | AKRON, O.<br>THE WADSWORTH CO.                 |
| WASHINGTON, D. C.<br>FRANK R. JELLEFF, INC.           | YOUNGSTOWN, O.<br>THE FRANCE-DEVIN CO.         |
| INDIANAPOLIS, IND.<br>H. P. WASSON & CO.              | WILKES-BARRE, PA.<br>Mac WILLIAMS              |
| DENVER, COLO.<br>DENVER DRY GOODS CO.                 | HAGERSTOWN, MD.<br>LEITER BROS.                |
| COLUMBUS, O.<br>THE CLEMENS-RICE CO.                  | OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.<br>THE KERR DRY GOODS CO. |

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For Young Women

# Sonora

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Sales Company, INC.

GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, Pres.

Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. New York



## HELP OUTFIT A FLAPPER

(Continued from page 104.)

that have been made for them, the light blues and grey with enlivening bits of color instead of those heavy stuffy unrelieved and unbecoming khaki things, and the sombre dark blue.

"Now is the chance of a lifetime to see how much artistic effect we can achieve with how little. The French women are so wonderful. Look at what they do to keep up the morale with their specially designed "bomb-proof" gowns and chic boots for the cellars in times of air raids, the artistic little silk and cretonne cases to carry their 'pain de guerre' in when dining out, the gay boxes for their allotment of sugar. As we haven't so far had to take care of any of those added war problems we ought so much the more hold up our end in other matters."

"The way I look at it as it particularly concerns Muriel, Cousin Grace," I continued, "is that she will be meeting the army and navy during holidays and week-ends and that even if she is a schoolgirl she is entitled to maintain the morale as well as the rest of us."

You can imagine how ecstatically pleased Muriel was during all this, especially as Cousin Grace let me go on and have my say without a word of interruption or protest.

"And as to the crêpe de chine underwear"—this was one of the hotly contested points between Muriel and Cousin G.—"that Muriel has set her heart on, and that you think unnecessarily extravagant for a schoolgirl I think the point might be stretched and she might be allowed to have one of each. Of course this doesn't apply to Muriel, but it's in line for us . . . really for so many of the women I know, bachelor girls and artists and actresses who go out on tour with stage productions or for 'location' for the screen, crêpe de chine lingerie in the end more than pays its own way, because it can be washed and ironed with an electric iron so quickly by oneself. Any soft silk fabric when it comes to cleansing is so much more of a labor saving device than a so-called serviceable thick cotton one, besides which it requires no starch. (Also you're saving on cotton.) Mother and I help out the maids frequently doing up a 'chimmie' ourselves. And that's another way of retrenching.



A smock blouse for a flapper—and for all other ages to whom it is becoming—in voile of either pink or blue, embroidered in the same color, fine tucks running down the front and a white organdie collar

"Still another is to have some consideration for the stores. You don't want to put them out of business altogether. They're really doing everything they can to help the great business of conservation. They should be co-operated with, instead of given the cold shoulder."

And here Cousin Grace seeming entirely impressed and chastened with what I had said did interrupt.

"Do you think then you could take us around to some of the shops, Angelina, and help out in our problems, show us what would be smart and not expensive, how to get the effect of much from little that you mentioned? Anything that you sponsored I'm sure would meet with Muriel's entire approval."

"I know I can," I said, "and I should love to."

\* \* \* \*

I led them first to a shop on the Avenue where I had glimpsed some really remarkable separate skirts, so unusual in cut and material and variety that their possibilities leaped at me at once. I decided then and there that I could concoct an entire flapper wardrobe, or-any-other-age, at the minimum of expense and expedition, with their assistance. With a skirt well cut and hung all ready to your hand half your battle is already won.

First in the separate skirts for novelty were those of organdie, in all the pastel shades, with tucks arranged variously, two large tucks hemstitched in or small tucks grading up from the hem, and little pointed-end sashes. The organdie was of a very soft voile-like quality. I insisted on one of those for Muriel, in white. Worn with one of her thin batiste or organdie blouses it will make the most charming flapper frock for hot days in August and September, and with a little short-puffed sleeve and round necked organdie bodice an ideal dress for Saturday evening dances at school.





## THE ASSURANCE OF PERFECT GROOMING

Never before has Dame Fashion demanded such perfect grooming as now. The effect of the sheer organdie or georgette gown may be completely spoiled, if superfluous hair is not removed from the arms and armpits. X-BAZIN, the famous depilatory will do this in five minutes effectively, painlessly, leaving the skin soft and smooth.

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# X-Bazin



## How to remove hair in 5 minutes



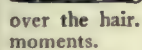
Pour only enough powder into the bowl for immediate use.



Add a little water.



Work the depilatory and water into a smooth, thick paste with the horn spoon.



Spread the paste evenly and thickly over the hair. Leave it on a few moments.

Then wash it off and apply Evans's Soothing Cream. Your druggist sells this too. The skin stays hair-free and velvety smooth for a long time

At drug or department stores or send 75c with the order direct to George B Evans 1103 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

Evans's  
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Outfit  
75c



## The VANITY BOX

IF there is any one month in the year more than another that is associated with baths and bathing whether as an indoor or an outdoor sport it is August, isn't it? A high temperature is August's average and a "blizzard of heat" is sure to be added somewhere during its run. And when that happens, whether we are in town or at the shore we all become for the time being in a class with the Japanese to whom their daily bath is such a vital necessity that if they must choose between food and a bath they will choose the latter. Everybody in Japan, high or low, rich or poor, expects to take at least one bath a day, regardless of Augusts, or blizzards of either heat or cold. And that bath is a matter of at least an hour's time, sometimes much ceremony, and always an immense amount of scrubbing. That any person can consume less than a full sixty minutes in the operation and be decent they think an utter impossibility. The morning cold water splash that the English pride themselves on they regard as beneath contempt and our American fashion of plunging into a tub and hastily emerging from its soap-filled water without even a rinse, dressing and going into society, with horror and abomination.

A happy medium lies between the excessive meticulousness of the Japanese type of bath and the more casual American one, the beautiful Madame Irene Bordoni of the 1918 version of "Hitchy-Koo" thought, when appealed to on the subject in her dressing-room behind the scenes. Madame Bordoni is the possessor of a



An exceedingly graceful silver mirror and silver stoppered perfume bottles—every up-to-date woman has at least two perfumes to her personality—that were seen on Miss Ruby De Remer's dressing table, and whose pattern is kept in stock at Reed & Barton's, we were told

very wonderful skin, a skin of marvellous whiteness and smoothness and fineness of grain, a skin whose quality is as beautiful on her lovely arms and neck as it is on her face itself. And if you fancy that is a usual occurrence you have only to take another look around.

Bathing is part of the answer—that is bathing properly. "We take the bath more seriously in France" said Madame Bordoni in her delightful French-tinged English, "we treat it with more ceremony, as you suggest do the Japanese and, if I may be permitted to add, more artistically. You Americans are in such a hurry. Everything must be quick, quick! And it is made so easy for you, you all have your own individual little white tubs, and you have only to turn on the tap at any hour of the day or night to have a

# Unfreckled Flawless Complexions

DO you envy those women whose complexions do not stain or freckle in the summer sun? It seems to have no effect on their skin texture.

They no longer worry, no longer need dodge the sun.

They enjoy every sort of outdoor sport without fear of tanning and freckling.

They found a wonderful preventive of sun stains and freckles.

They visited Mme. Rubinstein, the world famed Beauty Culturist, as have many thousands of women abroad. She treated their complexions, advised them as to its care during the summer and gave them some of her wonderful Beauty preparations.

No longer envy these women—visit Mme. Rubinstein yourself. A few of her many marvellous Valaze specialties especially adapted for summer's use are listed below, including a famous cream to be used in case you have already carelessly allowed your skin to freckle or burn.

**VALAZE BEAUTIFYING SKINFOOD** expels all impurities of the skin, clears the pores, imparts beauty and softness; wards off wrinkles and crow's-feet. Valaze repairs the daily beauty wastage, removing freckles and tan and dispels the tanning and staining effects of sunburn. Valaze restores and preserves the natural beauty of the skin. Price \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$6.50.

**VALAZE SKIN-TONING LOTION**—Used with Valaze Skinfood will insure quicker and better results. A splendid anti-wrinkle lotion. Price \$1.25, \$2.50.

**FOR A DRY SKIN** the "Special" is used. \$2.50, \$4.40.

**VALAZE LIQUIDINE**—Quite mystifying in its action of overcoming oiliness and "shine" of the skin, and undue flushing of nose and face. Also reduces enlarged pores and blackheads. Price \$1.75, \$3.00 and \$6.00.

**VALAZE BLACKHEAD AND OPEN PORE PASTE**—Refines coarse skin texture, removes blackheads and reduces enlarged pores. Is used in place of soap. Price \$1.10, \$2.10 and \$5.50.

**VALAZE BEAUTY FOUNDATION CREME** for a greasy skin. Conceals tan, freckles and other skin blemishes. Whitens and bleaches. Price \$1, \$2, \$3 and upwards.

**NOVENA SUNPROOF CRÈME**—A unique preparation, the secret of which is known only to Madame Rubinstein. It prevents freckles and tanning by paralyzing the action of the sun's rays upon the skin. A little rubbed on the skin before going out enables you to enjoy every outdoor form of amusement, sea-bathing—and with no fear of ill effect to the complexion. It is guaranteed to be harmless, and may be used for children. It also forms a serviceable foundation for powder. \$3.00, \$5.00 a pot. Sample size \$1.00.

**VALAZE OUTDOOR BALM ROSE** protects a dry skin from freckles, sunburn and tanning. Unequaled as an anti-wrinkle preparation and exquisite foundation for powder. Price \$1.65, \$3.30 and upwards.

**VALAZE SNOW LOTION**, a liquid powder and an indispensable beauty lotion for Summer. It soothes, refreshes and cools. Adheres firmly and invests face with exquisite softness of color. Price \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$5.

**CRUSHED ROSE LEAVES**, natural face coloring. Mention whether for blonde or brunette. Price \$1.00, \$3.50 and upwards.

**VALAZE COMPLEXION POWDER**, for greasy or normal skin. Price \$1, \$3, and \$5.

**NOVENA POUFRE**, for dry skins. In five tints: flesh, rose, white, cream, and rachel. Price \$1.00, \$3.00 and \$5.00.

**VALAZE COMPRESSED POWDER**, with puff and mirror, in dainty, convenient form for purse. Price 75c. each.

A copy of Mme. Rubinstein's suggestion book will be sent for three cents to cover postage.

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of the serious bath for creating  
and preserving a beautiful skin

hot tub in a minute. So you are spoiled. Abroad where there are not so many bathrooms and so much hot water to the individual we have been trained to be less casual. And that is much better, better for the body and better for the soul, for the bath is for both.

"We soften our water always with bath crystals, with bath powders, with toilet waters, with prepared bags of brand and sachet. It is no need to speak of the reputation of our preparations for the bath. *Cela va sans dire!* Then we have all kinds of implements, of brushes and sponges, of bath towels to assist. I do not believe one can be really clean without them. It is not enough just to get into the natural, unsoftened water, to dash it over one, or give a hasty soap rub.

"I will tell you something for your readers who have the dry skin. Mine is naturally so—too dry. So I take and pour in my bath every so often, a what-you-say?"—making a pantomimic measuring gesture—"pint? Yes, a pint bottle of glycerine. That softens my skin wonderfully. And after the bath I massage in as well some of the glycerine."

And then it was time for Madame Bordonni to don the glistening, pailleted mermaid gown, that affords such a lovely contrast for her beautiful neck and arms and go out in front and give Raymond Hitchcock his nightly lesson in French diction. She departed throwing over her shoulder with her "Bon soir" a "Vive le bain!"

Madame Bordonni is right. We are too casual. Like Hermione we should take up bathing seriously. Not all of us can afford a quart of glycerine a week, nor imported bath crystals for softening the water, but there are excellent substitutes. One I know, most inexpensive—Boraxo, a combination of borax and a soupçon of powdered soap, delicately perfumed. Shaken into the water it softens and perfumes it. And, of course, there is nothing like borax for cleansing and healing qualities. The men working in the borax mines in the west always have the freshest and healthiest of skins, any cut or bruise healing almost immediately.

For sheer bath luxury I know of nothing better than Madame Rubinstein's Beauty Grains, that leave the skin so perfumed, so soft, so white: her Valaze Soap: her Valaze Bath Crystals; the esoteric and mysterious Voskpaste: and if one needs to lose weight the Valaze Reducing Soap and Reducing Jelly to be massaged into the skin after.

And for after-the-bath talcums we recommend the Borax Talcum, put up by the same firm as Boraxo—on the principle that you can't have too much of a good thing—and Talc Jonteel, deliciously fragrant and tonic—and inexpensive.



Part of taking bathing seriously is to keep the bath crystals and powders in good humor by having artistic homes for them to live in. Reed & Barton suggest this set—the delicately scrolled pattern is shown in the medallion—of cut crystal and silver, sponsored by Miss Ruby de Remer, a former Folies' beauty



## EGYPTIAN DEITIES

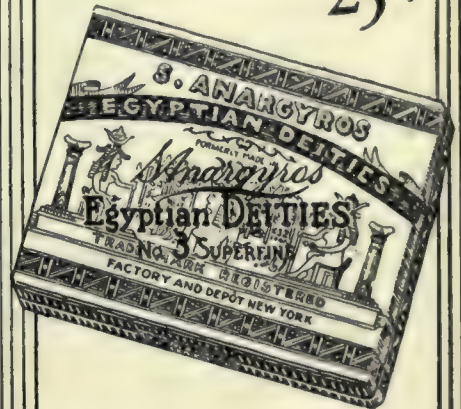
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We will pay well for the best material! **BUT IT MUST BE THE BEST!** And if possible material that has been published in Book or Magazine form.

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The THEATRE MAGAZINE

## MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY



NEW AMSTERDAM. "ZIEGFELD FOLLIES." Lines and lyrics by Renold Wolf and Gene Buck, music by Louis A. Hirsch and Dave Stamper, interpolations by Irving Berlin and Victor Jacobi. Produced on June 18 with this cast:

|                        |                  |
|------------------------|------------------|
| Percival Johnson       | Eddie Cantor     |
| Recruiting Officer     | Frank Carter     |
| His Assistant          | Gus Minton       |
| Asylum Attendant       | Harry Kelly      |
| Billie Burke           | Marilynn Miller  |
| His Satanic Majesty    | Will Rogers      |
| Head Clerk             | Frank Carter     |
| The Girl in Hell       | Allyn King       |
| Bell Boy               | Kathryn Perry    |
| A Profiteer            | Harry Kelly      |
| New York Society Woman | "Dolores"        |
| A Dancing Girl         | Ann Pennington   |
| Eve                    | Kay Laurell      |
| Twin Imps              | Fairbanks Twins  |
| Liberty Loan Slacker   | Clay Hill        |
| Somebody's Sweetheart  | Dorothy Leeds    |
| Senator La Follette    | W. C. Fields     |
| Inventor of Bicycles   | Billie Ritchie   |
|                        | Lillian Lorraine |

sailors from Pelham, and a drill by the marines.

Mme. Tamaki Miura, a diminutive figure, in a gorgeous kimono, sang the Japanese anthem, and *Un bel di* from "Butterfly," that is hers by right of birth.

Then eighteen hundred singing-sailors from Pelham marched on the field, the rows of dazzling white uniforms only broken by the colors of the flags standing at attention before the reviewing stand. Flags of electric lights flashed out of the darkness behind them, and under the zealous direction of Percy Hemus, one of the best Government song-leaders, they sang the good old songs, and the new ones, too.

Schumann-Heink, who from coast to coast has become a mother to every boy in the army, sang Oley Speaks' "When the Boys Come Home," and the "Star Spangled Banner," as they can only be sung with the heart besides the voice. Then she was escorted to the reviewing stand to watch the rest of the programme, a pleasant arrangement that was repeated as each artist finished.

Ethel Barrymore, a slim vision again, opened the pageant proper by reciting Zoe Akins' "Ode to the Allies," and the spirit of it so overwhelmed her, with the departure of her husband, Lieutenant Colt, for France, and the loss of her cousin, Rankin Drew, at the front, that the whole audience understood and sympathized when Miss Barrymore, the actress, was forgotten, and Ethel Barrymore, the woman, broke into sobs at the end, and was assisted from the platform.

Then Miss Virginia Hylan, the mayor's daughter, as New York, led the thirteen original states, and the Allies, represented by society women and prominent actresses, each with an escort of their own officers and men, ending with the singing of the national anthems by Anna Fitziu for America, Dora Gibson for England, and Muratore's inspired "Marseillaise" as the climax of it all.

HOW old friends like to meet again! "The Follies" are one year older and back at the New Amsterdam we find our acquaintances of years past—Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Ann Pennington, and Lillian Lorraine. The only newcomer is cute little Marilynn Miller, and she indeed is an asset.

Scenically, as well as sartorially, "The Follies" are up to the mark set in previous productions. But the piece can hardly be said to present anything particularly novel or original.

There is a full share of the famous Ziegfeld beauties—a dazzling array of feminine loveliness. But, undoubtedly, "The Follies" need a new note. Who among the many librettists and lyric writers will find it for "The Follies of 1919?"

THE Fourth of July was brought to a memorable close at the Stadium of the College of the City of New York, where, with Secretary Daniels as guest of honor, for four hours the talent of the army and navy, the stage, music, and society raised a crescendo of patriotism.

The programme began at twilight with a naval band, a sham battle by

### VICTOR RECORDS

A very timely and inspiring orchestra number is Victor Herbert's "American Fantasia" played by Victor Herbert's Orchestra on a Victor Record just issued. The fantasia is a brilliant piece of musicianship. A magnificent introductory movement leads to a full orchestral presentation of "Hail Columbia," and there follows such soul-thrilling airs as "The Old Folks at Home," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Dixie," "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean." Billy Murray rolls off one of his inimitable Irish songs—"They Were All Out of Step But Jim."

On the reverse of the record "Sailor" Reilly sings "We're All Going Calling On the Kaiser—to Fit Him With a Wooden Kimono."

The Peerless Quartet presents a song that we are all willing to echo—"We'll Do Our Share (While You're Over There)."

—Adv.

### COLUMBIA RECORDS

Scintillating with stars is the list of new Columbia records for August! There are, among the operatic and concert artists, Barrientos, Lazaro, Sascha Jacobsen and Hulda Lashanska; from the lighter stage Al Jolson, Nora Bayes, Harry Fox, Van and Schenck and the Farber Sisters; with war songs and popular musical hits of the day sung by such well-known singers as Campbell and Burr, Robert Lewis, Arthur Fields, Charles Harrison and the Peerless Quartet.

Barrientos, who made musical history last season at the Metropolitan Opera in "I Puritani," selects from this great opera one of its most charming melodies, "Qui la Voce," for her August Columbia record. It is the mad scene—a glittering collection of runs and roulades just suited to the superb voice of the brilliant Spanish prima donna.

—Adv.



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SEPTEMBER, 1918

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Miss Alma Tell

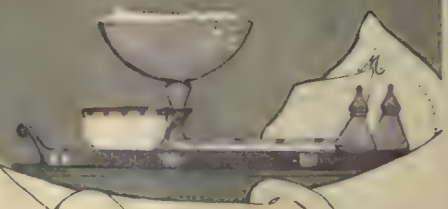
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## NEW SONGS FOR SEPTEMBER

|   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| Smiles . . . . .                          | Callahan & Roberts   |
| Bluebird . . . . .                        | Clare Kummer         |
| Mandy and Me . . . . .                    | Gumble & McKenna     |
| When we went to Sunday School             | Kahn—Van Alstyn      |
| I'll Love you More for Losing You A While | Egan—Whiting         |
| We'll Build a Rainbow in the Sky          | Whiting—Egan         |
| It Might as Well be You . . . . .         | Kahn—Van Alstyn      |
| When We Meet in the Sweet Bye and Bye     | Stanley Murphy       |
| For Your Boy and My Boy . . . . .         | Kahn—Van Alstyn      |
| Ragtime Mose's Old Time Bombashay—        | Van—Schenck—Franklin |
| Cotton Hollow Harmony . . . . .           | Whiting—Mason        |
| My Girl of the Southland . . . . .        | Brown—Hoier          |
| A Little Birch Canoe and You . . . . .    | Roberts              |
| She Was Not so Bad for a Country Girl     | Bud DeSylva          |
| Tackin' Em Down . . . . .                 | Gumble—DeSylva       |

### POPULAR OPERATIC HITS

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| But—After The Ball Is Over . . . . .                       | Sung by Eddie Cantor  |
| A Wonderful Thing . . . . .                                | Sung by Sallie Fisher |
| I'm Over Here and You're Over There—My Baby                |                       |
| Talk Lady—The Gallie-Curci Rag—Trombone Jazz,              |                       |
| <i>From the Passing Show of 1918 at the Winter Garden.</i> |                       |

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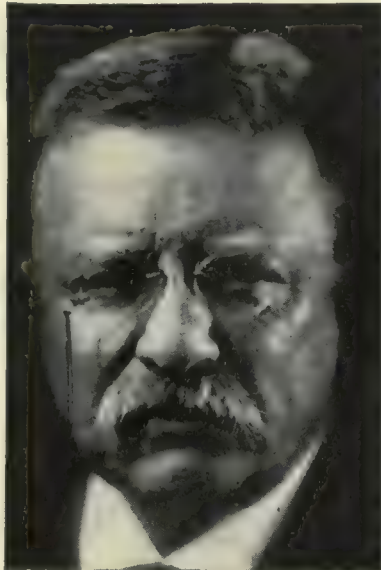
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# "I Am Against the Postal 'Zone' Law"

## Ambassador Gerard Denounces It Because It Would Help German Propaganda

THE newspapers and magazines of this country are the chief educational agencies of our nation, and as such of supreme importance in our principles of Government. The widest possible circulation of publications ought to be facilitated as a wise public policy.

The postal "zone" system was abolished by Abraham Lincoln in 1863 and has since been condemned by United States Postal Commissions and postal experts. Such a law was denounced by President Wilson when he was governor of New Jersey.

This postal "zone" system is dangerous to our national progress and citizenship; because it would sectionalize the country; because it would penalize readers by their accidental remoteness from the city of publication; and because it would make difficult the knowledge and achievements of American thought and patriotism.

There is a direct relationship between wide reading, accessibility of information—and effective patriotism. Reading should be encouraged—and the history of our postal development from George Washington to the present proves this. This is what George Washington said:

"But here I cannot forbear to recommend a repeal of the tax on the transportation of public prints. There is no resource so firm for the Government of the United States as the affections of the people, guided by an enlightened policy, and to this primary good nothing can conduce more than a faithful representation of public proceedings, diffused without restraint throughout the United States." (George Washington's Fifth Annual Message to Congress, December 3, 1793.)

Our postage on magazines is FOUR times the Canada rate. Our Congress has increased magazine postage by 50 to 900 per cent through a "zone" system—and during the greatest crisis this nation has ever faced.

Canada has raised postal rates during the war on every class except newspapers and magazines. Canada recognized the vital need of widespread reading to help win the war.

Our Congress has passed a law to throttle reading during the war and after it by this postal "zone" system and a 50 to 900 per cent postage increase! Demand its repeal—at once.



Photo Copyright by Underwood & Underwood

AMBASSADOR JAMES W. GERARD

### Ambassador Gerard said:

"Now we have to meet this German Propaganda. The war is not going to last forever—and you have seen what German Propaganda has done in Russia. These are grave dangers, and they only go to show what can happen in a country like Russia.

"Fortunately, they cannot propagandize this country as they can Russia, because we have great publications that go all over the country and have unified the whole country and the whole continent. That is why I am against postal "zone" law passed in the last Congress putting an extra tax on papers sent from the cities where published.

"They forget that, whether these publications go from Philadelphia, from San Francisco, or from Chicago, it is the exchange of these papers from and to all parts of the country that makes one, universal, united America.

"They unify the sentiment, and that is worth far more in this war than the small amount of extra postage which the Government will obtain."

WIDESPREAD opportunity of reading means efficient patriotism—it is proved by facts. Could any fact be of greater significance than the following:

When the recruiting of American soldiers for this great and righteous war was begun one year ago, each State was allotted a certain quota of enlistments. One year after eight States failed to complete their quotas—and six of these are from States showing the highest percentage of illiteracy in our entire country:

|                   | Per cent. of illiteracy by last census. |
|-------------------|---|
| Arkansas.....     | 12%                                     |
| Louisiana.....    | 19%                                     |
| Mississippi.....  | 22%                                     |
| North Carolina... | 18%                                     |
| South Carolina... | 25%                                     |
| Virginia.....     | 15%                                     |

In those States there is no magazine circulation to speak of.

Magazine circulations are but small in those states—every publisher's circulation list proves this. How could the ringing appeals to patriotism and sacrifice published widespread by the magazines reach the minds of those who do not read!

Read Ambassador Gerard's statement that magazines unify sentiment and make one, universal, united America.

And this postal "zone" law would kill magazines and restrict their circulation in the greatest crisis that has ever confronted this nation since the American Revolution.

Repeal this law.

Restrict periodical reading and you aid German propaganda—read Ambassador Gerard's condemnation of this same postal "zone" law.

Oppose this law. Write to your Senators and Congressmen against this disastrous postal "zone" law—and demand its repeal.

Get your friends and family to write. Circulate a petition demanding its repeal.

Read Ambassador Gerard's word once again. Enroll to fight this disastrous postal "zone" law and if you will help, you have helped—by discussion, by letter to Congress, by petition—send your name at once to CHARLES JOHNSON POST, 200 Fifth Ave., New York City.

# QUESTIONS WE ARE ASKED BY AMATEURS



*The letters reproduced on this page speak eloquently of the scope and variety of work that is being done by amateurs. We wish we could publish all the letters that come to us with every mail from practically every State in the Union.*



**A**N amateur from Knoxville, Tenn., writes: "Will you kindly tell me what in theatrical vernacular 'trying it out on the dog' means?"

\* \* \*

When a play is produced, it is sometimes shown first at Atlantic City, Albany or New Haven, Conn., principally with the idea of giving the producers an opportunity to "whip it into shape," and make necessary cuts and changes before it is given its première on Broadway. As a specific example—the "Ziegfeld Follies," now running, had its opening night at Atlantic City where it played for one week before being shown on Broadway. Harmanus Bleecker Hall, Albany, has been a favorite of William Faversham, for his opening performances. A great many Shubert productions are first shown at the Shubert Theatre, New Haven, Conn. Then before the play makes its bow to Broadway—and the critics—who are always present at the first-night performance—it is pruned and polished down, the dialogue changed where necessary, and the company thoroughly rehearsed so that a finished performance is assured.



**F**ROM New Bedford, Mass.: "A clever little group of amateur players are endeavoring to awake small town interest in the 'Over-Seas' affairs. These players are looking for a play somewhat on the style of Jane Cowl's 'Lilac Time.' Could this be procured for an amateur production for a Red Cross benefit without too exorbitant a royalty? If not this, will you advise one that has a strong appeal along similar lines with a leading female character."

\* \* \*

We do not believe it would be possible to get "Lilac Time" under any circumstances, since Jane Cowl, who is one of the authors of the play has been appearing in it on the road, and until it is released for "stock" it cannot be used. We are asking several reliable play brokers to send you catalogues of plays which they have in stock to fill your needs.



**F**ROM the Kimogenor Point Club, Long Island: "Having a fairly good cast and characters, which we think and hope will be suited to our needs, we have decided on Dunsany's "Night At An Inn." Will you inform us whether it would be possible to produce the play without any formalities other than securing and learning our manuscripts? This curtain raiser would be for the benefit of the Red Cross. Will you let us know of a firm where we can secure suitable scenery—also will you inform us where manuscripts may be secured, and how we will be able to rig up the god 'klesh' from Dunsany's play?"

## IF YOU WANT TO KNOW—

**Where to rent scenery  
Where to rent costumes  
How to obtain plays  
How to obtain manuscripts  
Anything concerning an  
Amateur Production—**

**The Amateur Department  
Will Tell You**

*WHEN sending inquiries, please do not forget to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.*

*When submitting photographs of amateur productions, for publication in the Theatre Magazine, be sure to write all the information concerning the play and the players and the name and address of the sender, on the back of each photograph.*

To produce the play you must obtain the consent of the author Lord Dunsany, or it might be obtained from Harrison Grey Fiske, 19 West 44th Street, New York, who has purchased the producing rights. As regards the scenery, we have an article about the play in the July, 1916, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE with illustrations showing the stage set and a separate drawing of the god "klesh" from which you can make a very good working model. You can also get pointers as regards setting, costumes and other details from this article. The play was originally done by the Neighborhood Players, Grand Street, New York, and the original manuscript would have to be obtained from Harrison Grey Fiske. There is a firm in New York who manufacture very convincing and easily adjusted paper scenery which may be hung up. We are asking them to communicate with you.



**F**ROM the Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.: "We are going to produce 'Prunella' in June. We want a suggestion for 'Prunella's' costume in the third act. We thought of artistic tatters but cannot picture the costume in mind—can you?"

\* \* \*

In the December, 1913, issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE there is a full page of scenes from "Prunella," showing very clearly her costumes

in all three acts. If you wish to hire the "Prunella" costumes we believe we can put you in touch with theatrical costumers who can supply them.



**T**HE Footlights Club of Honolulu, Hawaii: "Our Club intends in the coming season, to put on two or three programs for the benefit of the Red Cross and we should like, if possible, to use Barrie's three one-act war plays for our opening program in November. We have a little theatre of our own, the Lauai Theatre—and all our net proceeds are turned over at once to the American Red Cross. Last winter, in two bills of three one-act plays each, we cleared five hundred dollars in four nights. Will you let me know where I can get Barrie's three little war plays—and whom to address concerning possibly nominal royalty?"

\* \* \*

We suggest that you address an inquiry to Charles Frohman, Inc., Empire Theatre, New York, regarding the three Barrie plays. They are in a position to give you full information.



**A**SHERWOOD, Wis., amateur asks: "Will you kindly send me a list of good three to five-act dramas, etc., for male characters only?"

\* \* \*

**F**ROM Pittsburg, Pa.: "Can you tell me where I can get a short play or musical comedy suitable for home talent? It must be something that can be put on in ten days. Two short sketches would answer."

\* \* \*

**F**ROM Richmond, Va.: "Will you kindly send me a list of the firms from whom I can purchase play manuscripts, musical and dramatic?"



We are always glad to see that catalogues, etc., are sent inquirers like the above, from reliable playbrokers who are specialists in catering to amateur needs.



## Plays For Soldier Audiences

**M**ANY inquiries come to us for plays requiring little or no scenery, other than a back drop, and suitable in character for soldier audiences. We have an interesting catalogue of just such plays, which we shall be very glad to mail on request.



# THEATRE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1918



**A** PLAY a day!  
That's the slogan for the new theatrical year.

The season started off with a sure fire hit, and judging by the managers' plans which seldom go awry (God forgive us) there'll be some high sailing.

Here's luck to it! May it have fair weather, hit few shoals, and bring joy to 1918 theatre audiences.



**P**ITY the poor manager!

He has a hereditary enemy in that bugaboo of the theatre—the critic.

The producer looks to the critic for guidance. Does he get it?

George Jean Nathan says no. He declares that in the last dozen years not a single critic has expressed a single philosophy or a single recommendation that has helped an American producer or playwright—with some exceptions, he of course, included.

An interesting article, full of "punch," written in Mr. Nathan's inimitable style, in the October issue.



**H**AVE you ever been annoyed at the theatre when, for no possible reason that you can discover, large greasy palms and big gaping mouths yell for "author" and "star" and insist on a speech being made when there's nothing to say.

This is one of the great abuses of the theatre, for it kills all illusion. Sometimes it is carried to such ridiculous extremes that an actor who has just expired on the stage, is forced to rise from the dead to answer a frenzied curtain summons.

No custom of the playhouse calls for more drastic reform.

Read "The Curtain Call" in the October THEATRE MAGAZINE and learn about all these absurdities which dampen rather than enhance pleasures of theatregoing.

**W**E hear a good deal about actors, and a good deal about theatre managers. But nobody outside of the theatre knows much about the stage director—the most important of them all. The stage director is the power behind the throne, the man who pulls the strings in the theatre.

He is despotic, his will is absolute law, and he must possess the patience of Job.

Charles Burnham writes an entertaining article in the next issue, full of anecdotes of famous stage directors he has known.



**N**O one will deny that players have more interesting lives than ordinary mortals.

Their days are crammed full of excitement, bustle, hustle and unusual experiences.

In our next issue we have a special treat in store for our readers. Prominent players have, in their own words, told "The Most Striking Episode in My Life," and in October we shall begin to publish the first of the series.

Read about Geraldine Farrar's courtship, Raymond Hitchcock's job at Wanamaker's, Irene Franklin's unique wedding, etc. One is more entertaining than the other, and they're all novel.



**W**HAT if the stage goes dry?

What will the playwrights and players do? Many plays and situations depend upon alcohol for their effects—amusing or tragic. As for the comedian—all comedy of the red nose variety at once becomes obsolete.

An amusing article by Lisle Bell in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for October.

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER  
Publishers

ARTHUR HORNBLow  
Editor

THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, Add \$1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, Add 85c.

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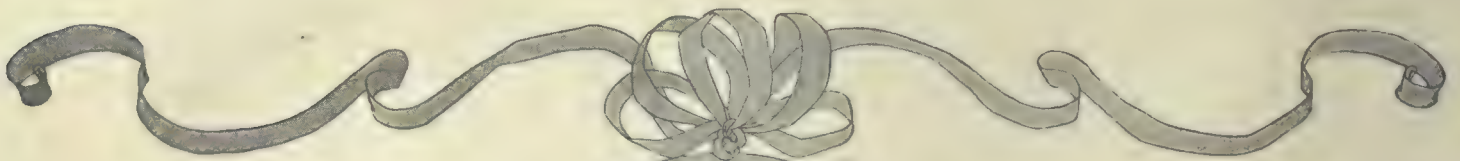
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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 211.

SEPTEMBER, 1918



*From a portrait by Maurice Goldberg*

**MARJORIE RAMBEAU**

The star of a new war play now at the Republic, entitled, "Where Poppies Bloom"

## "WHAT THE PUBLIC NEEDS"



**T**HE occasion was a recent Broadway première of a play that had been highly successful out of town and which bids fair to run a year in New York.

At the end of the third act there were loud cries of "Author!" but no author being forthcoming, one of the stars of the occasion, Louis Mann, made a short and tactful speech of appreciation. But Mr. Mann, in his remarks, did not confine himself to the play "Friendly Enemies," in which he and his associates had just scored so well deserved a success. He took advantage of the opportunity thus offered to sound a loud blast of praise of the producer, whom he referred to as "the genius of the American drama."

An exact stenographic report of the address is not at hand, but the laudations were unqualified. We were told that this producer is a great artist, a pillar of our stage, and one to whom the future of our theatre may be safely entrusted because "he knows what the public needs."

The speaker, of course, probably only intended his remarks as a graceful and, as he thought, well deserved compliment to his manager. Possibly he did not expect his words to be taken literally. It was only a curtain speech, and one must say something when called on to make a curtain speech, even if sometimes it be at the expense of veracity and historical accuracy.



**I**S it true that this particular producer is a great artist, a pillar of our stage?

He has been reported as saying in interviews that his policy regarding plays is always one of instantaneous decision. If a play appeals to him at first sight, he backs it. If not, he never gives it a second thought.

In other words, he depends chiefly in this matter on instinct. He has a *flair* for the theatre. His subconscious mind tells him what will succeed and what will fail. The "little men" who overnight wrote stories for Robert Louis Stevenson pick plays for this particular genius of the stage.

It might be suggested that one who follows such a policy was probably suspicious of his own higher faculties. It is confusing to think such matters out: the procedure requires so much in the way of taste, discrimination, and background of artistic knowledge.

At all events we are asked to entrust the American drama to the instinct of this manager. He "knows what the public needs."

Presumably it is this confidential and semi-divine "inner light" that guides his choice of dramatic fare for the public.

This year he begins well. He has unquestionably hit the bull's eye with "Friendly Enemies." This clean, wholesome play with its honest, human touch and spirit of fine patriotism, goes far to make amends for other pieces, presented by the same manager, that would hardly bear the test of close scrutiny.

How about the dramatic fare this producer offered us last season? Did you find there the same moral uplift? Were the plays he gave us the plays the public needs? Let us see

Included therein were "Mary's Ankle"—a loud and silly farce which even New York could not stomach overlong; "Business Before Pleasure"—another stage presentation of such matter as makes up the popular newspaper "comics" headed "Abie the Agent"; "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath"—a piece whose title flaunts the vulgarity which is its foundation, and "An American Ace"—the most jejune and puerile melodrama that has had metropolitan production in a decade.

Vastly much more could be said regarding this managerial record, but this is enough.

What the public needs!



**M**AWKISH twaddle, leering vulgarity, slapstick repartee, ridiculous childish "scenic effects"—empty-headed, tasteless, vapid piffle, all deliberately concocted and prepared in the obviously well-founded belief that it will get the money.

Does the public need the drama of true sentiment, of thoughtful laughter, of skilled satire, of intellectual stimulation?

Shall our comedy evoke only the guffaw from the abdomen? (Are not the stomachs of our playgoers already more than sufficiently occupied when they enter the theatre, Mr. Hoover?)

Shall we shed no true tears in the playhouse except over the lamentable decline of our twentieth century drama?

Shall such minds as have been left to us after the long diet of this theatrical Mellin's Food be invariably insulted by every play (and most of the actors) we go to see?

Upon analysis it would appear that the only thing the public needs is a continued softening of its brain.

So many other things might have been said in this curtain speech. The occasion—like countless others of its ilk—surely offered the inspiration.

The audience might have been told some of the truth about New York as a producing center for the American drama.

The speaker might have said that Manhattan audiences are composed very largely of people who have brought here from abroad the densest of ignorance. They have become well-to-do, they have suddenly found themselves free from the most tyrannical oppression, they overflow with the desire to enjoy themselves and at the same time to exhibit the evidences of their triumphant prosperity.



**T**HEIR childlike intellects (childlike, that is, in all save the ability to cultivate the main chance) delight only in the obvious, the elementary, the hackneyed. Pinchbeck is to them more desirable even than fine gold. They are in the majority, and by their suffrage here in New York they determine what *all* the playgoers of America shall see and hear.

These gentry—estimable enough people, doubtless, in labor and commerce—have almost com-

pletely monopolized that branch of *art* which finds expression in the theatre. They supply not only the audiences, but most of the producers and far more than their share of the players.

The manager (who nearly always frankly declares himself a plain business man and rarely pretends to the appellation of "genius of the American drama") knows what his people like. He has observed them on the Bowery in their transports of delight over the trite and the crude. He realizes that they will welcome the same pabulum (and little else) on Forty-second Street. And so he is giving—for a good round price—what *his* public needs—or wants.

And the speaker might have gone further and enunciated *this* fact:—

The future of the American drama is hopeless until the producers with courage, appreciation, and taste begin to give the truly *intelligent* public what *it* needs. For the truly intelligent public is here. Only it doesn't go much to the theatre. It has been there once (or twice) too often.

"What!" it says. "You still go to plays in New York? What a triumph of hope over experience!"

"We used to go when we first came here (or, when we were young and optimistic), but it all kept getting worse and worse. For years now we'd rather stay home and read a book."

And so the playhouse is sold for thirty pieces of silver. And so the American "Rialto" has become merely the scene of the noisy bickerings of the old-clothesmen of the drama. With raucous cries and grotesque gesticulations, they buy and sell their shoddy.



**T**HE theatrical district of the metropolis is a vast bazaar, a place of bargaining and barter, of shifty cunning and skilful haggling—for all the world like a market-place out of the Orient—picturesque, perhaps, but decidedly ill-smelling.

Behind its chorus-girl slave-mart, beneath its flaunting rags of color and ostentation, down underfoot in the foul mire of animal stupidity, the Art of the Drama is trampled to extinction. And none but the brave—certainly none of these gentlemen who know "What the public needs"—comes to the rescue.

And—the speaker might very well have concluded—what the public chiefly needs in the playhouse is a little rest from the tawdry and the obvious, a little skilled guidance upward and outward toward sincerer, better things, a little stimulation to an insight into what is false and true, what degrading and ennobling.

For this—Heaven being merciful—will come some day. And it will sweep away the tinsel and filth and gradually build up here in America what we should have had long since—as estimable a drama as any civilized nation can boast.

In that sweet day a decent modicum of truth shall be interpreted in our theatre—and gifted men (in place of theatrical hucksters) will gather together what is best and with the infinite pains and skill of actual genius give to the public what the public needs.



© Beidler

**BLANCHE YURKA**

Who displayed real emotional capability in "Daybreak" last season, has scored again in the leading feminine rôle in the new war play by the Troubetskoy's, "Allegiance"



Ira L. Hill

**RUTH CHATTERTON**

This sympathetic actress is co-starring with Henry Miller in "A Marriage of Convenience" on tour, playing the rôle in which Billie Burke was seen in New York. In September she will open the Henry Miller Theatre with a new play



Moffett

**RUTH FINDLAY**

A prominent member of the cast of "A Very Good Young Man," the new comedy of East Side life at the Plymouth

# NEW SHOWS FOR BROADWAY

*In spite of war times the theatre managers  
have many good things up their sleeves*



**A**GAINST the frowning background of war, the dramatic year of 1918-9, looms brightly with a golden promise of high achievement for the American actor, the American dramatist and the American manager. In spite of threats of an increased war tax upon theatre tickets, in spite of vastly augmented expenses in production and transportation, managers are starting the new season in high spirits with plans of vast magnitude. The enterprises of the greater producing firms headed by Lee Shubert, David Belasco, A. H. Woods, Messrs. Selwyn, Klaw and Erlanger, the Frohmans and their confrères include a greater number of new plays than have ever been announced at this time of any previous year.

The Shubert list is long and imposing, embracing all shades of dramatic entertainment and presenting grand opera, comic opera, musical comedy, farce, and legitimate plays both alone and in conjunction with A. H. Woods, W. A. Brady, John D. Williams, Elliott, Comstock and Gest, Oliver Morosco, the Selwyns, Arthur Hopkins, "Jack" Welch, Lawrence Weber, George Broadhurst, Wm. Faversham and Maxine Elliott, Mme. Bertha Kalich, Lee Kugel, Frederic Edward McKay, Winthrop Ames, Richard Walton Tully, Stuart Walker and others.



**A**MONG the playwrights whose works will be seen at Shubert theatres under one or another of these directors are Augustus Thomas, Guy Bolton, P. G. Wodehouse, Roi Cooper Megrue, Prince and Princess Troubetskoy (the latter well known to fortune and to fame as Amelie Rives), Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hofmann, Henrik Ibsen, Maurice Maeterlinck, Bayard Veiller, Margaret Mayo, Edgar Allen Woolf, Oscar Wilde, Jesse Lynch Williams, Rida Johnson Young, Victor Mapes, Jane Cowl, George V. Hobart, Mark Twain, Richard Walton Tully, Joseph Howard, Percy MacKaye, William Collier, Max Marcin, George Broadhurst, Booth Tarkington, William Hodge, Oscar Asche, Jules Eckert Goodman, and others.

A massive Shakesperian production is among the Shubert possibilities of the coming season. This plan has not yet taken definite shape, but a possibility exists of a brief return to the stage for a Shakesperian War Festival Benefit of several noted classic actors who have hitherto appeared under this management. Such a list would include Sothorn and Marlowe, Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson (Gertrude Elliott), William Faversham, Tyrone Power, and Maxine Elliott.

This season the activities of Klaw and Erlanger will be varied and extensive, but except for the successful pieces already produced, they announce no novelties. "The Rainbow Girl" will duplicate its New York success in a number of companies, and other established productions will go on tour.

Alf Hayman, director of the Charles Frohman company, has a number of interesting things scheduled under the stage management of Iden Payne. The next American tour of Cyril Maude will present that capital comedian in a new rôle said to rival "Grumpy" in interest. "Nurse Ben-

son," the most successful comedy recently produced in London will be presented by Mr. Hayman, and it is to be hoped that Billie Burke may be induced to appear as the central figure. William Gillette's announced intention to return to the Frohman forces at the end of his present contract will please all admirers of that actor. Maude Adams, of course, will be seen on tour in "A Kiss for Cinderella," and may play a brief Spring engagement at the Empire. Otis Skinner, of course, remains a Frohman star.



**T**HE activities of David Belasco are unusually varied. Already four plays have been successfully tried out by that manager, and the outstanding triumphs of last season, notably "Tiger Rose," and "Polly With a Past," now duplicating its New York success in San Francisco, will continue with companies intact.

"Daddies," with John Cope, Bruce McRae and Jeanne Eagles has already proved a winner in a preliminary canter, and so has the new vehicle in which Frances Starr will appear. Miss Starr's support will include that capital actor O. P. Heggie who will be seen early in the season under the banner of George Tyler and Klaw and Erlanger. A new piece, by an unnamed author, for David Warfield, is included in the forthcoming productions by Mr. Belasco.

Among the activities in which George C. Tyler is engaged is firstly the much heralded production of the revised version of "Among Those Present." This play by Larry Evans, Walter C. Percival and G. S. Kaufman was originally produced by Mr. Tyler in Chicago with Henry B. Warner in the title rôle. During the summer it was rewritten and recast with a commanding roster of players headed by Cyril Keightley and including A. E. Anson, William B. Mack, Hassard Short, and selected as the initial offering for the coming season at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

Close upon the heels of "Among Those Present," Mr. Tyler will present at the Booth Theatre on September 2 a dramatization by E. E. Rose of Booth Tarkington's famed "Penrod" stories. In "Penrod," which, by the way, is a play for grown-ups, the juvenile rôles will be cast from a group of clever young players whose ages correspond with those of the characters they impersonate.



**L**AURETTE TAYLOR will visit the chief cities in the United States for the first time since attaining stellar distinction. Later in the season Mr. Tyler will offer Marie Doro in a dramatization of Mary Roberts Rinehart's story, "The Amazing Interlude." A farce, "All Wrong," by W. H. Post, dramatized from a short story, "A Burglar's Feelings," and a new circus play, are also scheduled for production by this manager. George Arliss will continue in "Hamilton," and "A Country Cousin" will be seen in the principal cities with Alexandra Carlisle and important associates.

John D. Williams promises no less than seven interesting novelties for the coming season. Be-

ginning at the Comedy Theatre on September 9, Oscar Wilde's brilliant satiric comedy "An Ideal Husband" will be given for the first time in America. This will serve to introduce the series of smart pieces with which Messrs. Norman Trevor and Cyril Harcourt will be identified at the Comedy. A cast of unusual distinction will include in addition to Messrs. Trevor and Harcourt, Constance Collier, Beatrice Beckley, Julian L'Estrange and Jane Cooper. Lionel Barrymore will continue to present his appealing characterization of Milt Shanks in Augustus Thomas' "The Copperhead," and will be accompanied on tour by every available scrap of illuminative data regarding Ibsen's "An Enemy to the People," in which he will be seen next year in the rôle of Dr. Stockman. A new play, "Beyond the Horizon," will introduce Eugene O'Neill as a dramatist employing a larger canvas than that afforded in the one-act plays with which he has heretofore been identified. Anne Flexner Crawford has furnished Mr. Williams with a play for early production entitled "All Souls' Eve," and a piece by Isabel Butler introduces the music motif without which no manager considers his list of productions complete. Augustus Thomas is now at work upon a play which Mr. Williams will produce, and which is dominated by the single woman character which figures in the four acts. It is hinted that the prominent American actress who will be seen in this play is no other than Ethel Barrymore.



**A**RTHUR HOPKINS is mixing the grave and gay, the lively and severe with high daring this season. Already his first production, "A Very Good Young Man," by Martin Brown, who danced his way into the drama by way of the Casino and Winter Garden, has been given a successful première. Wallace Eddinger heads the cast which includes Edna Aug, Ada Lewis, Ruth Findlay and others in amusing characterizations of "N'Yoik's east side."

In September Mr. Hopkins will produce a bright comedy by Clare Kummer with Lola Fisher in the principal rôle. "Be Calm, Camilla," is the title of the new play, and it will be followed later in the season by another piece by Miss Kummer, which has not yet been christened. A happy alliance between Mr. Hopkins and John Barrymore has been concluded, by which Mr. Barrymore will be seen in October probably at Mr. Hopkins' pleasant Plymouth Theatre. Later Mr. Hopkins will present his new star in at least two new plays. In November Alla Nazimova will return to the Hopkins fold for rehearsals of a new piece in which she will probably be seen during the holiday season. Like Lionel Barrymore Mme. Alla is hugging Ibsen to her bosom, and will probably close her season with a series of plays by the Scandinavian dramatist.

Great interest centers around Mr. Hopkins' announcement of a new play by Percy MacKaye entitled "Washington, the Man Who Made Us," in which patriotism, drama and literature are all lifted to the nth power. MacKaye calls his new form a "ballad play," but it is not written in metrical form. Over a hundred people are





Photos White

(Above) Act I.

The Hartmann family observes Grandfather's birthday with "the good old German customs," which include a cake-frosting of candle grease.



(Left) Act II.

The news of Teutonic perfidy in the sinking of the *Lusitania* is too much for Grandfather Hartmann, who expires with many Scripture quotations.



Blanche Yurka Charles Laite

Act III.

Billy Elton shows Elsa Hartmann her husband's secret correspondence with a German spy



Harrison Hunter Blanche Yurka Carl Anthony

Act III.

Karl Hartmann protects his wife from the threatened *schrecklichkeit* of the German agent

employed in its presentation, and there are sixteen so-called "scenes" and fourteen "transitions" in its swiftly moving action.

George M. Cohan is immersed in the writing of "something" which is a closely guarded secret. The two all-season successes produced by this organization, "A Tailor-Made Man," and "Going Up," will continue their careers. A new piece, "Three Faces East," is scheduled for early production at the Cohan and Harris Theatre. Later in the season "David's Adventure," a whimsical play by A. E. Thomas, which has already made a trial success will come to a prominent Broadway playhouse. Leo Ditrichstein will be presented in a new play, and so will Chauncey Olcott. Included in the plans of this firm are the usual Cohan Revue, a new comedy by the author of "Yes and No," "The Beautiful One," a musical piece by Rennold Wolf, Louis Hirsch, and other productions of magnitude.

Elliott, Comstock and Gest will make at least two big productions and offer a number of important plays of less massive proportions, as well as their annual "intimate" music-comedy. The first important novelty of their season is the sensational London musical success "The Maid of the Mountains," featuring oddly enough William Courtenay in a speaking rôle. In "Loyalty," which will be given an imposing production before the holidays with Phoebe Foster in the cast, Elliott, Comstock and Gest believe they have found the logical successor to "Experience." A sensational offering in preparation is the long-heralded "Aphrodite," with a wealth of scenic effects and more feminine loveliness than has been crowded into any play of recent years. T. Roy Barnes will be presented in "See You Later"; William Rock and Frances White will sing and dance in a piece not yet named. George Middleton and Guy Bolton have provided a new play called "The Cross," of which much is expected. Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer have captured the prize plum of creating the principal rôles in the yearly Princess Theatre production which will be an intimate musical comedy with an "Oh," title like its predecessors "Oh, Boy,"

and "Oh, Lady! Lady!!"

Already Captain Charles B. Dillingham has opened the Hippodrome with the usual massive show in which the unusual and equally massive comedian DeWolf Hopper is surrounded by several tons of scenery and a company including Houdini, Belle Story, Charles Aldrich, Arthur Geary and other favorites. Julia Sanderson, Joseph Cawthorn and Clifton Crawford will be seen by and bye with Doyle and Dixon in a new comedy of which much is expected. Late in August "Jack O'Lantern" will take Fred Stone to Chicago for a run after which Boston will capture that versatile comedian. Thomas A. Wise will be presented by Captain Dillingham early in September in a new comedy which Mr. Wise and Harrison Rhodes have written in collaboration.

The plans of Henry Miller are not fully matured, but it is certain that the beautiful theatre in Forty-third street bearing the manager's name will be the scene of a number of interesting events. H. V. Esmond, A. E. Thomas and Langdon Mitchell have already delivered new plays to Mr. Miller for production and at least one of these will be presented during Miss Ruth Chatterton's first annual engagement at Henry Miller's theatre. Mr. Miller will, of course appear in his own theatre.

The Selwyn company with three new theatres under construction, have many important irons in the fire. Much is expected of Jane Cowl with her new play, "Information, Please," in which she collaborated with Jane Murfin. "Information, Please," will be at home to all telephone subscribers at the new Selwyn Theatre early in September, directly after the première of Avery Hopwood's new farce, "The Double Exposure," at a Broadway theatre. Later on a new play, "The Crowded Hour," by Channing Pollock and Edgar Selwyn will be seen on Broadway, and the new Times Square Theatre and the third of the Selwyn trio of new playhouses will be thrown open with attractions of high order.

In conjunction with Adolph Klauber, the Sel-

wyns will present "Helen With the High Hand," with Estelle Winwood as the fascinating heroine of that Arnold Bennett story. Other productions will be announced before the holidays by this firm.

The plans of Henry W. Savage are not ready at present for publication, nor will Mr. Savage make any definite decisions as to his later productions until "Head Over Heels" brings Mizzi Hajos to Broadway.

A feature of this season's dramatic activities is the fact that several young firms have chosen this as the psychological moment for entering the producing field. Conspicuous among these newcomers, is Joseph Klaw, son of the head of the firm of Klaw and Erlanger. Mr. Klaw has a number of offerings "up his sleeve," but following the tradition of his father's firm makes no definite statement of his plans other than to point with commendable complacency to his first offering, an unusual comedy featuring Forrest Winant which had a successful première at Asbury Park recently and which will doubtless come a-knocking at the door of a New York theatre before the snow flies. "Jack" Welch, long identified with the enterprises of Cohan and Harris, heads a new firm of producing managers whose initial offering, "The Kiss Burglar," was the first of the summer successes on Broadway and which will be presented by three companies throughout the country during the approaching season. "Smart Aleck," a farce by James Montgomery is already in preparation and will be followed by a Western play, "The Border Legion," and another drama "Two Avenues," of which pleasant prophesies are floating out of the ether. Bert Feibelman also a graduate from the Cohan and Harris school of dramatic management has also entered the producing field "on his own" and will be heard from loudly before cold weather.

Maxine Elliott and William Faversham have already thrown down the gauntlet to all actor-managers. Their career as a producing firm was happily inaugurated at Maxine Elliott's theatre early in August with "Allegiance."

## ELSIE OF THE U. S. A.

By PRIVATE ANDREW ARMSTRONG

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES



In olden times it took a maid all dressed in armor bright  
To rally fighting men in France and put pep in the fight.  
She rode a horse and flashed a sword, and all that sort of thing,  
To brace a groggy nation that was reeling in the ring.  
She put it over properly, and still we sing her praise—  
But that was just old-fashioned war, the brand of yesterdays.  
We're fighting bigger battles now, we've got a tougher job;  
A man can't be a slacker, and he mustn't be a slob.  
We haven't any Joan, and we wouldn't let one stay  
In trenches where the boys hold the fighting line to-day.  
She couldn't ride her gee-gee through the wire in No Man's Land—



White

ELSIE JANIS

No; we have to have a "shero" of distinctly modern brand.  
So, we've got our Elsie Janis from the good old U. S. A.,  
Who's come across the sea to root for fighting men to-day.  
She brings the Yankee spirit and she brings the Yankee grit,  
And a chap who's ever seen her won't neglect to do his bit.  
She comes with joy and laughter and she spreads the sort of stuff  
That puts the mustard in us while we nail the Kaiser's bluff.  
She comes with jazz and joking and a big Hip! Hip! Hooray!—  
Here's to you, Elsie Janis, of the good old U. S. A.  
Here's to you, Elsie Janis, here's a double health to you;  
We'll say when we have finished up:  
*You helped us put it through.*



*Fairchild*

**MARIE DORO**

After a long absence in filmland, Miss Doro, fresh from her screen triumphs, returns to the stage as the star of "The Amazing Interlude," a dramatization of Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel



*Apeda*

**SIDONIA ESPERO**

Much is expected of this new prima donna who is to appear at the Casino in the London musical success, "The Maid of the Mountains"



**MARJORIE PATTERSON**

Those who remember Miss Patterson's admirable impersonation of Pierrot, will be glad to know that she is to be seen again on Broadway this season

B R I G H T L I G H T S I N C O M I N G A T T R A C T I O N S

# A PAGE FROM YESTERDAY



**D**URING the summer of 1895, Nat C. Goodwin toured through rural England on a bicycle.

\* \* \*

**I**T was "David Belasco, Stage Director, Lyceum Theatre," in 1886.

\* \* \*

**D**AVID BELASCO decided that he could go it alone in 1893. At that time, in an interview at Madison, Wis., he announced that he was through collaborating and that in future he would write his own plays. "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is the last piece in which I will appear as joint author," he said.

\* \* \*

**I**T is a far cry from Urban to Agarthacus. Five centuries before the Christian era, Agarthacus, an estimable artist of Samos, wrote a learned treatise upon perspective, and he is mentioned by Greek historians as having painted scenes, obtaining illusory effects by means of painted shadows. Considering the advanced stage of the art shown by the work of the worthy Agarthacus, it is more than probable that there were others still earlier. He is the first of which there is record.

\* \* \*

**J**ULY 30, 1886, saw the hundredth consecutive performance of "Prince Karl," as presented by Richard Mansfield at the Madison Square Theatre.

\* \* \*

**B**ACK in '92, William S. Hart was playing Shakespearean rôles as the leading man in Mlle. Rhéa's company.

\* \* \*

**P**RESENT at a Founders' Night of the Players in 1893: Edwin Booth, William Bispham, Augustin Daly, Joseph Jefferson, Brander Matthews, John Drew, Owen Fawcett and F. Hopkinson Smith.

\* \* \*

**M**EASURED by results, 1862 was favorable for dramatists. Maeterlinck and Hauptmann both were born in that year.

\* \* \*

**I**N the middle nineties, Walker Whiteside's press agent declared that the actor had a passion for autographs, and that he had collected the seal and signature of the mayor of every city he had appeared in during the preceding seven years.

\* \* \*

**I**T seems only yesterday—actually it was in 1890—that Margaret Anglin, then a slender young girl fresh from her home in Toronto, went to the Empire Theatre every morning to be coached by Nelson Wheatcroft in the elements of acting. To-day—well you know what she is to-day—one of the leading actresses of the American stage.

\* \* \*

**I**N 1903 Daniel Frohman gave it as his opinion that the day of the star system was over. He proved a false prophet. To-day more "stars" of mediocre quality are inflicted on the public than ever before in the history of the stage.

**WHEN BELASCO STARTED OUT FOR HIMSELF. THE CRUSADE AGAINST WOMEN'S HATS IN THE THEATRES. AN ANTI WAR TIME DEAD-HEAD TAX**

**W**HAT kind of a season is it going to be? This is the annual autumn query, and there are usually as many answers as there are questioners. In the theatrical world, September has come to be the month of prediction and production.

The managerial mind tends to pessimism in print. While producers are rushing madly about all day, casting and rehearsing and staging as though they expected the season to be a whopper for business, they are apt to grow subdued in the face of an interview. They don't want to commit themselves too far.

There's the war, of course. And the movies, to be sure. And the increased cost of living, indubitably.

Heads are shaken.

But cheer up!

Heads were shaken back in 1895.

And one manager sighed and said: "I don't look for much of a season. Go up on the avenue any evening and watch the cycling procession. That tells the story. One half the population of New York is on wheels. What chance will the theatre have?"

In a few years, you can substitute aeroplane for bicycle, and use the same sigh.

**F**RANKLIN H. SARGENT'S School of Acting is beginning to make a mark for itself," said an account published in 1886. "The institution is now three years old, and it has never been so substantial and so flourishing."

\* \* \*

**E**DWIN BOOTH and Signor Salvini made their joint appearance at the Academy of Music, April 26, 1886, in "Othello," Salvini speaking the lines in Italian to Booth's English.

\* \* \*

**A**FTER an announcement that Clyde Fitch had been chosen by Charles Frohman to rewrite "Mrs. Grundy, Jr.," the following eminently sound advice appeared: "Is it not about time that Clyde Fitch turned out a play of his own? 'A Modern Match' and 'Frederic Lemaître' indicate that he is more than a brilliant promise. But leaving out of the question 'Beau Brummel,' the two failures, 'Pamela's Prodigy,' and 'Betty's Finish,' and the two plays mentioned above, he has attracted our attention simply as a tinker of other men's plays." This was in 1894.

\* \* \*

**W**E are now so accustomed to seeing women remove their hats on the rise of the curtain that it is difficult to realize that only a few years ago women retained their hats throughout the performance—headgear so high and formidable that one had to go "over the top" to get a glimpse of the stage. To Daniel Frohman belongs the credit for doing away with this nuisance. There were angry protests of course. The ladies resented such rude masculine interference with a time-honored privilege, but finally public opinion compelled them to capitulate.

\* \* \*

**I**N 1894, what was termed "the trend of amusement activities uptown" destroyed the usefulness of Chickering Hall, and it was remodeled as a studio and office building.

**H**ISTORY can't always repeat itself, anyway. Back in 1893, a western theatre manager offered to donate 150 loaves of bread a day to the poor, if the municipal authorities would only permit him to keep open on Sundays.

\* \* \*

**I**N 1893, Philadelphia theatres were enlisted in a movement to tax complimentary admission ten cents each for the benefit of the Actors' Fund. That was before the day of war taxes.

\* \* \*

**O**FTEN in these days of charlatanism," wrote Fanny Davenport in 1886, "I feel like repeating the words of Goethe: 'Would the stage were a tight-rope, that none but skilled artists could venture thereon.'"

\* \* \*

**C**CHEER up! "Darkest Russia" was playing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, in 1894.

\* \* \*

**N**ORTHWARD the stars of Broadway take their course. Even by the middle nineties, the boundaries were different from those of to-day. There was more truth than poetry in the outburst of the versifier of that age who sang:

I like to watch the gaily dressed,  
Parading down Broadway.

From Twenty-third to Thirty-third,  
You'll see them any day.

—and then, after he had described some of the types of humanity, he finished with:

And now I've reached the farthest point  
I care to, on Broadway;  
It isn't right to go beyond—  
Well—Forty second, say.

\* \* \*

**S**AID a critic in the eighties: "Persons that notice Mr. Mantell's pronunciation of 'respite' seem to be of the opinion that the pronunciation he prefers is unauthorized. They are in error. Mr. Mantell, in accenting the second syllable, whether it be the noun or the verb, does so on the authority of no less a personage than Dr. Samuel Johnson. True, Mr. Mantell's authority is rather archaic, and furthermore, at least some of Johnson's contemporaries considered his accentuation incorrect, for Ash, whose dictionary was published during Johnson's lifetime, accented the first syllable, as all the orthoepists have for the last hundred years."

\* \* \*

**P**INERO'S "Lady Bountiful" was given simultaneously in the fall of 1891 at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, and the Boston Museum.

\* \* \*

**A**MONG the members of the old Lyceum stock company on Fourth Avenue in the early nineties, few were more popular than Bessie Tyree, a comedienne with a briskness and art all her own. Miss Tyree is not acting any more, but one often sees her at the play, in company with her husband James Metcalfe, the well-known critic, watching other people act.

\* \* \*

**B**ARNUM'S parade hurt theatrical business all over town according to a New York news item of 1888.



*Moffett*

**SHELLEY HULL**

Appearing in "Under Orders," a play which is a distinct novelty as Mr. Hull and Effie Shannon are the only members of the cast



**JANE COWL**

Who will open the new Selwyn Theatre with her new play, "Information, Please," in which she collaborated with Jane Murfin



*White*



*Goldberg*

**ESTELLE WINWOOD**

The heroine of "Helen With the High Hand," founded on Arnold Bennett's story, and to be produced by Adolph Klauber

**VIOLET HEMING**

In a new piece entitled "Three Faces East," which has already opened at the Cohan and Harris Theatre

# THE PEOPLE, THE THEATRE AND THE WAR

*No more room for the trifles of life in the acted drama of today*

By CHARLOTTE WELLS

CO-AUTHOR OF "THE RIDDLE WOMAN."



**A** FEW days ago a magazine editor and a critic of plays were discussing the probable popularity of certain themes for present production, and it was suggested that at this moment the divorce comedy, the suffrage play and the feminist drama or satire should be entirely ruled out—the reason for this being that the great war had obliterated antagonism between the sexes and given new dignity to their relations. One or two cases being cited of tragic differences between couples who could not hope for reconciliation, it was whispered with bated breath that Death was divorcing too many husbands and wives for the law courts to have much to do after the war is over.

But just now, the world needing entertainment, the dramatist is not so much concerned with the tragedy of unhappy marriage as with its more humorous and adjustable differences.

Nor need we dwell on the more serious aspects of feminism and the suffrage question. The point is, does the sex war go on in spite of existing conditions—and is it still material for the playwright?

Fortunately, Reno has not been so busy with real grievances as with trifling incompatibilities, and it is with these that the divorce comedy has most often been concerned.

And are either men or women occupied with such small irritations in the face of great dangers and enforced separations?



**L**ET us look at the matter from the every day standpoint and take our examples from the young men and women who are in action either at the front or at home—for after all, social questions begin and end with the problems of the younger generations—those below the middle age mark and within the age of service. The dramatist naturally chooses that period when his characters are young enough to be still open to temptation and subject to violent emotional crises.

It is astonishing how absence or danger changes the point of view toward one who has perhaps been a cause of irritation or hostility. Many a young wife who has chafed at her husband's want of success or lack of ambition—or the inertia which sometimes takes hold of one who has become discouraged—has been electrified in these days by the home coming of an apparently new man in khaki who remarks casually that he is going "over there" soon, and wishes it were sooner. Suddenly she realizes that his apparent flaccidity has been due to lack of opportunity or incentive, and that her own coldly expressed doubt of him may have tended to depress and keep him back. This is in itself a situation for a play—a sincere one, not a satire.

Another wife, who has been annoyed by what she regards as the brutal masculinity of her husband or his selfish love of physical comfort—now for the first time awakens to the fact that in marrying a real man, she has married a potential soldier—one who can fight gloriously, endure greatly, and laugh when he goes out to meet the Hun. When he throws his boots about and demands his dinner, she feels a pang at the thought of his certain privations in the trenches

and the probability that he will have wet feet for the next three or four years and nobody near him to see that his socks are darned. For the first time his rough ways awaken tenderness, for is he not "her man," brave and strong who is going to the front to help protect the women and children of the world. All the sentiment of her early married life comes back and a new halo surrounds the service cap of her hero.



**H**ERE we have the play of sentiment, and as a young British officer who was also an actor and a playwright once remarked to the writer of this article: "War is the most sentimental thing in the world." In a primitive and wholesome sense this is undoubtedly true and quite as it should be. Everything which involves danger, self sacrifice and courage, appeals to that universal sentiment which is the most potent thing in life—the mainspring of action in crowds as well as in individuals—and when the other evening, the face of a brave young French officer became puckered with emotion during the singing of "*The Star Spangled Banner*," it occurred to the writer that a feeling like that—sympathetic—universal—brotherly—made the world a better place to live in, and the drama of the future visualized itself for a moment in her imagination. But we must not place all the responsibility on the woman.

On his side the man sees new charm in the home life which perhaps had seemed boring enough before the time came to leave it, and as he looks back on the petty disagreements which often sent him forth to club or cabaret, he blames himself for a brute and wonders what he can say in his next letter to make the little wife at home realize that he loves and longs for her. It is said that in the moment of going over the top, men have visions—actual ones—of those they have left behind them—and can we imagine that such moments are anything but tender and regretful, or that the young hero remembers aught against the woman who prays for him at home.

And after all we cannot shut out tragedy, for always the Great Reaper is busy and those who love and those who hate may not meet again this side of Eternity. But to leave this painful side of the sex question and study the effects of the war upon the more aggressive feministic element in our midst, and the necessity for an adjusted point of view on the part of the playwright. We all know that in England the militant forgot her wrongs the moment her country was in danger and proved her right to the vote by simply and courageously shouldering man's burdens and bidding him Godspeed as he marched away to the front.



**I**N this country the same thing is beginning to be obvious, for most of our club women are spending busy days and nights thinking of clothing and comforts for our boys and working like beavers to provide them.

This is one phase of the mother instinct which is so strong in most women, and it develops with

extraordinary rapidity in such times as these—especially when it is called out by the demand for those things which only the labor and devotion of women can supply.

As the slim fingers roll the bandage or ply the knitting needles—the thoughts of the worker are all concentrated on the suffering and sacrifice of the boys who are so gladly laying down their lives that the world may be safe for women and children—and with pride—sometimes with shame—women remember that this dominant creature who often aroused antagonism by his supremacy, is now the hope and the defender of the world. But this thought is epic, not dramatic. It requires a modern Homer.

As we watch the couples on the Avenue—the girls and women leaning on the arms of lover, husband, brother or son—and note the fond pride with which they hang on every word and look of him who may in a few months be enrolled among heroes living or dead—can we think for a moment that there is any longer a sex rivalry or a sex war? To fill his place at home—to do all that a woman may to hold up the hands of the government—to strengthen and sustain the hearts of those at the front—to shoulder the burdens of wage-earning and home-keeping—and in every branch of endeavor to prove that though women may not go into the trenches, they can be good soldiers nevertheless—is not this enough not only for our own day but for generations to come—proof enough that shoulder to shoulder—hand in hand—not in rivalry but in good fellowship, men and women may tread the rocky roads of life without breaking of bonds or trampling of each other in the dust.



**T**HIS is the drama of the ideal. The brutality of war is restoring so many half forgotten things—so many primitive and cosmic impulses and sentiments.

Of late years there has not been too much evidence of that pride in motherhood which is one of the first of natural instincts—but now, who can hold her head so proud and high as the woman who sends forth three or four sons—perhaps more—to fight for liberty. Volumes have been written—sermons have been preached far and wide—plays have been produced and pictures flashed on the screen—all in the hope of awakening in the hearts of the women of our nation that same primitive longing—to little purpose. But in this terrible hour of the world's peril, there is no longer any need of such preachment—the cry for the man-child sounds across oceans and continents and rises to Heaven night and day—and the old women pray for those they have borne, and the young women realize as never before, that to bear and rear men children is their supremest pride and glory. And here is material for many human plays.

For the childless wife—the spinster—the grandmother whose babies are now grey headed—they are still "our boys"—and for everyone of them each woman may breathe a prayer—may knit and bandage and labor and plan to her heart's content. Don't let the playwright make fun of her—it is her life's opportunity. A common interest in such a bond—and those boys



Photo Goldberg

**ROSHANARA**

This picturesque dancer, last seen in "Sinbad," has joined the "Over There" Theatre League and will go to France shortly to dance for the boys in khaki



Photo Goldberg

**Evan Burrows Fontaine**  
in an Egyptian dance



Copyright Hixon Connelly

**THESSALLY NILES DENISHAWN**

A clever disciple of the well-known Denishawn School of Dancing, and who will shortly be seen in a new Broadway production



Photo Genthe

**DESIREE LUBOVSKA**

A new and talented terpsichorean artist who is appearing as leading danseuse in the new Hippodrome show ballet

know that we are all thinking of them—glorying in their successes—shedding tears perhaps—but proud tears, when the cross of war is pinned to a breast which is still in death—or bestowed on one who is so shot to pieces that in the words of a great and faithful woman: “there is only enough left of his body to hold his brave soul,” with hearts full of such thoughts, where are the women who want to keep on arguing as to their divine right to the first place in the universe.

After all, American men are willing enough to grant it to them at all times—and never so much as now—for are they not proving that it is theirs to protect their countrywomen from the perils which have overtaken the unhappy ones of Belgium and France?

Woman is the most precious thing in life to that much maligned man-creature who sits in mud up to his waist while he writes his letter home, and hopes that the weather has not been too trying for his wife's neuralgia. Perhaps after all, it is the uplift of a great and univer-

sal ideal which carries the souls of men and women far above the plane of sex rivalry and domestic strife.

To agree that there is one supreme object worth striving for—to work for it together, heart and soul and mind and strength—is to form a union which should last into the millennium and tend to bring it about. We are told that the men in action at the front are learning to believe in God and to pray. Face to face with the most awful realities, the spirit of man has risen above the limitations of the flesh and has had visions of the unseen.

And in the midst of the terrible struggle—the interdependence of men and women—the reality of love—the beauty of sacrifice—the sacredness of the home and the fireside—have all become part of that dream of the future which strengthens hands to fight—hearts to endure—the hope of mankind to survive the horror and devastation of war.

Perhaps in the end it will be worth the cruel

sacrifice of blood and tears—perhaps a greater race of men and women will follow the path to the stars with happy hearts—perhaps the sturdy children of the future will place a new crown of glory on the brow of motherhood—and men will arise from the graves of the fallen, who in power, in greatness, in chivalry, will appeal to the hearts of women which have grown strong with suffering, patient with long pain—sweet and fragrant in their unselfish love as the flowers which spring up again on the battle-scarred fields of France. And perhaps great dramatists will spring up to depict these things—and great actors to play them.

Let us hope then that when this war is over, suffrage and divorce may be forgotten words—or only recalled as humorous illustrations of the decadence of society before the great conflict.

But to-day “Mere Man” God bless him, is fighting for all women, and it is safe to say that no real woman's hand is against him, and no real dramatist wants to satirize him.

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## JAKIE IS A MANAGER

*A letter from Jake Bernstein, the Broadway producer to his pawnbroker friend*

By HARRIET KENT



Dear Izzy:—

Yes, I've made good. I've forsaken the three balls of our Third Avenue pawnbroker shop for the stocking and buckskin—or whatever it is they call the insignia of the stage. For I'm a full-fledged manager now—no more appraising of sparklers for me. All I have to do in that line is sizing up the chorus girls. Haven't you seen my name all over town—“Jake Bernstein Presents” in every color of the rainbow? It's in small letters on the ash cans and in electric lights on Broadway.

I'll tell you why I made good, Izzy. I'm a good gambler. You remember the chances I used to take in our shop, don't you? Well, the game of the theatre is as much a game of chance as the pawnbroker's—and as much of a business. To this day I can't understand why these authors are forever prating about “art.” There ain't no such animal on Broadway, Izzy.

I've got a scheme that makes every show I put on a safe bet. These playwrights who talk “art for art's sake” till they're blue in the face, only care to see their “brain children” produced. So I oblige them—and keep most of the royalties for myself. Surely that's as much as they can ask, and I'm in this business to make money—not for art.

Then there's these boobs with bushels of money who can't spend it quick enough on some little nobody who can only look pretty. Here's where I come in. The girl must be made a star—and why not, provided there's enough money in back of her. And who's better able to set her up properly than yours truly? All I have to do is to see the color of the greenbacks. Then I put on a lavish production, with music, girls—not forgetting the mainstay of every show—lingerie. My press agent does the rest. He (the agent) was formerly a Coney Island barker. When his voice gave out he started using his pen, and didn't one of those wise guys

say that “the pen is mightier than the voice?” You remember my show, “Say, Kid?” That was put on just to please a pretty face, and I cleared half a million on it. But it was hardly worth it. The show was all right—but the star! She might have ruined my reputation as a manager. Every time that girl opened her rosebud mouth to sing the audiences fidgetted for their hats. I didn't blame them.

You know about those fellows called dramatic critics. They're always arguing with each other in the daily press about “the art of the theatre.” Since I've gone into the show business the sound of that word gives me the nightmare. These scribblers are like the morning after the night before. Whenever I put over a swell little show, and the first night audience is tickled to death with it, in the next morning's paper the critics are sure to say it is fierce. “Shocking,” “a shameful exhibition of near nudity,” is what they fling at me. But I should worry, Izzy. That only makes the crowds rush to the box-office for seats. Then if the show gets past the police, I get into the good graces of the critics by giving them passes for their sisters, cousins and aunts.

Yes, it's a great business, Izzy—and a good deal like the pawnbroker's. You don't think so? Well, listen to me and you'll be convinced.

An actress has something to sell—her services. I have to buy them at the least possible cost, like all good business men do. She thinks they're worth a whole lot more than they are (you can't imagine how conceited these players are). No other manager has a play to suit her requirements and rather than be “at liberty” all season or suffer the next best, which is going into the movies, she accepts. Isn't that just the same as when one of these poor guys must get rid of his watch and chain and has to sell it to the pawnbroker at the latter's price?

I tell you, Izzy, there's one thing that worries

me nowadays and that's the salary we have to give to chorus girls. The good lookers, I mean, not the ones that sing. I'd like to know who put “chorus” in chorus girl—there is no similarity between the two. If they do sing at all, it's always out of chorus. But it isn't necessary for these girls to sing—all they have to do is dance a little and look pretty.

Long ago we paid them \$25 per, but nowadays they are at such a premium that to have a real beauty as a member of the cast you must deposit as high as \$100 in her weekly envelope. Awful, isn't it? As if those girls could help having pretty faces and graceful curves.

Last year I discovered a “model of pulchritude” as they say in the newspapers. She came from Oshkosh—used to be a dairy maid. You'd never think it looking at her, though—a real Astorbilt as to poise. Well, she made a hit all right. Everybody in the audience talked about her on the way out of the theatre—second from the right, she was. Now another manager has spotted her, and to retain her I've had to raise her salary from \$25 to \$100 per. When I think that used to be a week's profit in our shop, it almost breaks my heart Izzy.

One thing I've been spared. No one comes to interview me about my ideals. Everybody knows I haven't got any. I give the public fun and laughter and gaiety. Mostly I give them girls. That's what they want. If I were to give them art I'd be in the poor house. Maybe I'd have to hock some of the clothes we used in last year's show.

That wouldn't be a bad idea, anyway. There's a lot of stuff that would bring you good money, Izzy. Come over and we'll talk business. It'll seem like old times. And if we come to terms I'll give you a box for the missus—and all you'll have to pay is the war tax.

JAKIE.

P. S. If the office boy won't let you in, just knock him over.





*From a portrait by White*

M A R Y N A S H

"I. O. U." is the title of the new play by Willard Mack and Hector Turnbull in which Broadway will see this popular emotional actress. Her success in "The Man Who Came Back," in which she played for ninety-seven consecutive weeks, is still a vivid theatrical memory

# NEW YORK'S FAMOUS POLICE BAND

*Patriotic drives receive great stimulus through our popular blue-coated musicians*

By WALTER T. HOWE



**A**MONG the world's famous military bands, the Band of the French Garde Républicaine and the Band of the English Coldstream Guards are the best known. America is only just awaking to the fact that music plays a very important part in raising and preserving the morale of the soldier, especially in times of war. The truth of this is now so generally recognized in official circles that steps have already been taken looking to the organization of permanent military bands as a regular part of the United States Army.

Meantime, private initiation and enterprise has helped to meet the constant demand. Bands, semi-official and otherwise, have been organized in all parts of the country, the largest and perhaps best known being the Naval Reserve Band, of which the celebrated Sousa is bandmaster.

In New York we have the Police Band, of which we have every reason to be proud. This band has seen considerable service, both in parades and concerts, and during the recent Liberty Loan Drives, Red Cross parades, drives and carnivals, War Savings Stamps Drives, and drives for recruits for Tank Service and Marine Corps Service, has played at as many as five different places a day.

The band appeared recently at the Waldorf-Astoria and played at a dinner given to "The Blue Devils." It also played at the Century at the celebration of the anniversary of the entrance of Greece into the war.



**I**T was the Police Band that led the National Guard down Fifth Avenue before its departure last year and on many occasions it has acted as escort to regiments and drafted men, leaving to go "Over There." Incidentally it was the first band to play that popular American air.

Recently, it has been given an opportunity to show music lovers of New York, what it can do in concert work, by playing at park concerts on Saturdays and Sundays during the summer months.

The Police Band of the City of New York was organized seventeen years ago—July 5th, 1901, to be exact. The idea of organizing such a band was first conceived by a few patrolmen attached to the East 51st Street Police Station, then known as the 24th Precinct. The idea spread throughout the department and on June 17th, 1901, a preliminary meeting was held at Meyer's Pavillion, foot of East 84th Street, where seventeen patrolmen met to discuss the matter. After fully discussing the project, Patrolman George Clemens (now deceased), then attached to the East 51st Street Station was selected as President temporary, and adjournment was taken to meet again on June 27th, 1901, at the old 71st Regiment Armory, the men being told to bring whatever instruments they had or could obtain before that time.

Prof. De Donato, of the Catholic Protectors Band, was instructor for about one year and a half, being succeeded by George Fuller, of Troop A Mounted Band. Later the

services of Prof. Fanciulli, formerly instructor of the Marine Band at Washington, were secured. He remained with the Police Band until he left to take a band to the St. Louis Exposition. The Police Band then secured the services of Prof. John George Frank, for many years a member of the Metropolitan Opera House Orchestra and formerly conductor of the 12th Regiment Band which took a prominent part in the concerts at "The Mall," Central Park. Prof. Frank was held in high favor by all with whom he came in contact. For nine years he continued as Instructor of the Police Band and the band's present proficiency is largely the result of his careful training. Chester W. Smith succeeded Prof. Frank and through his ability and personal popularity has succeeded in placing the band as one of the foremost in the country.



**T**HE organization was maintained for the first four years at the members' own expense, and then permission was given the band to hold an entertainment and reception at the old Grand Central Palace, Lexington Avenue and 43d Street, the proceeds to be used to defray the running expenses. Since that time, annual entertainments have been held, and while results have been good, great expense has been incurred in the purchase of better equipments. At the last entertainment twenty-five per cent. of the receipts were turned over to the Police Commissioner to be used in the welfare of members of the department who enter the National Service, the sum amounting to \$1,004.

In October, 1913, permission was granted to the members of the band to take two days' leave to enable them to go to Philadelphia to assist the Philadelphia Police in their parade and to perform at field games held at Shibe Park, for the benefit of the pension fund. From this trip the sum of \$61,000 was realized. Again in April, 1914, similar permission was granted to make another trip to Philadelphia to participate with the Philadelphia, Newark and Jersey City Police Bands in a massed concert at Convention Hall. On this occasion \$19,000 more was turned into the pension fund.



**T**HE Police Band made its first great hit when in 1915 it was allowed to make the trip to Albany, to participate at the inauguration of Governor Charles S. Whitman. In 1917 the band was permitted to again participate at the inaugural parade and act as honor escort of the Governor from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol. In the evening it appeared at the Armory where the Inaugural Ball was held.

The Police Band has among its members several talented composers of music, the foremost among them being Sergeant Otto. C. Schasberger, of the 14th Precinct. Sergeant Schasberger is the author of a march which he named "Ourselves," song, "Queen of Mulberry Bend," "The Land of the Red, White and

Blue," waltz, "Bridal Blossoms," and a very pretty two-step and march which he named "Miss Columbia." His last great number is "The U. S. Rainbow Division March," which is being played by every Army and Navy Band here and abroad, as well as all other musical organizations.

Another composer who has made great success with his first composition is Patrolman William F. Barmbold, of Traffic C, who wrote and dedicated to the Women's Motor Corps of America, the "Motor Corps of America March."

Lieutenant Floyd B. Pitts of the Detective Bureau, who was one of the organizers of the band, has just begun his seventh term as President of the organization.

The Glee Club of the Police Department was organized in the fall of 1913, shortly after the death of late Chaplain Father Francis J. Sullivan, when a quartette consisting of four members of the police department rendered the singing at the requiem mass.

The order was sent to every precinct requesting any member of all ranks desiring to become members of the Glee Club to send his name to the Chief Inspector's office. To this about 140 members of the force responded. The applicants were then notified to report at St. George's Men's Club, No. 207 East 16th St., at a subsequent date, after which they were put through a rigid test of their voices by Charles L. Safford, Director of the St. George's Choir. After this test the director placed each man in the part he was best fitted for to sing in, such as first tenor, second tenor, first bass or second bass. After this was done the club was able to secure voices good enough for to have 108 members of all ranks consisting of the following: one lieutenant, four sergeants, one hundred and three patrolmen; they were divided into the following parts, 28 first tenors, 30 second tenors, 33 first bass, 17 second bass.



**T**HE Glee Club had not appeared in public before January 1st, 1918, except on three occasions—the memorial held at the Metropolitan Opera House in April, 1916, at a town meeting held at Carnegie Hall (known as Police Night) and also at another town meeting held at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the fall of the same year. At the beginning of the drive for the Third Liberty Loan a request was made for the service of the Glee Club and the club sang at the steps of the subtreasury building, Wall Street, April 24th to a crowd of 20,000 people.

On May 1st the club again appeared at the Liberty Bell at City Hall and sang for about two hours. From that time on the club appeared almost every day at different places singing for the Liberty Loan. On the last day the members sang at the Union League Club. It has also given entertainments for the sick sailors at the Naval Hospital in Brooklyn and for the men at the Y. M. C. A., K. of C., Masonic Order, St. John College in Brooklyn, Columbia Base Hospital, Bronx, Methodist Church, Police Reserves of the different precincts.



The police band at the Capitol, Albany,

during the inauguration of Governor Charles S. Whitman



The Police Band Glee Club which has rendered patriotic service during recent Liberty Loan Drives

NEW YORK'S "FINEST" IN THE MORE GENTLE RÔLE OF MUSICIANS



CHARLES MOESSER TERRILL

**I**N "Leave It to the Sailors," a musical comedy, recently produced at the Chicago Auditorium, Charles Moesser Terrill, of San Francisco, who had danced professionally before his enlistment in the Navy, did an East Indian dance that created a sensation. Completely out-Orientaling every Oriental on the stage, he danced in black face draperies, ablaze with brilliants. It was a subtle, exquisitely feminine, sensuous thing. Everyone connected with the production is an enlisted man in the United States Navy. The authors are Chaplain Charles W. Moore and David Wolff. The music and lyrics are by Seaman James O'Keefe. The critics declared it musically and dramatically "The best thing done since the 'Chocolate Soldier,' well-staged, and superbly costumed.

Two acts and a revue were set on the main deck of a United States battleship sailing the danger zone. A submarine is sighted pursuing a sister ship. Gunners spring to their machines and make them talk well. Half-drowned victims, limp females, heroines, heroes, and comedians are brought aboard and a chorus of uniformed sailors come on in battalions. In the final tableau, they form the giant letters "U. S. N." It was a triumph of patriotism and song.

# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



## HUDSON. "FRIENDLY ENEMIES."

American comedy drama in three acts by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman. Produced July 22, with this cast:

|                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Walter Stuart   | Felix Krembs       |
| Nora            | Natalie Manning    |
| Marie Pfeifer   | Mathilde Cottrelly |
| June Block      | Regina Wallace     |
| Karl Pfeifer    | Louis Mann         |
| Henry Block     | Sam Bernard        |
| William Pfeifer | Richard Barbee     |

WHEN a play both entertains and serves a worthy cause the stage may be said to have fulfilled its highest mission. Never as now, at this supreme crisis in the life of the nation, at this anxious moment when civilization itself totters on the brink of the abyss, has the dramatist been afforded such an opportunity to do his "bit" for the deliverance and uplift of his race.

There have been war plays in plenty, but none of them were quite as much to the point as "Friendly Enemies." Messrs. Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman have profited by their opportunity. They are skilful benefactors in that they make you laugh while they inculcate some wholesome truths that every intelligence can understand. They have by no means produced a masterpiece. Their play is crude and conventional in construction, often commonplace and trite in dialogue. But it has what most other plays lack. Extraordinary circumstances have breathed a soul into this very ordinary clay, and given it a human quality that makes a potent appeal. Few of those having sons serving abroad can witness it dry-eyed. For this reason, it will make a stronger impression on the great mass of theatregoers than a play of higher literary pretensions would have done. It is a smashing answer to all the miserable lies and damnable scheming of the traitorous pro-German propagandists, of which there are still too many at large in this country.

Karl Pfeifer and Henry Block are both natives of Germany and naturalized American citizens. They have prospered in the United States and raised families under the benevolent folds of the Stars and Stripes. But while Block is undivided in his new allegiance and loud in condemnation of the Hun, Pfeifer still remains German at heart and hopes to see the Kaiser win. The two old

friends are constantly at loggerheads, Block doing his best to make Pfeifer see the folly of his course, but the old man is obstinate and contributes \$50,000 to a secret German fund. The money is ostensibly for propaganda but is really used to destroy American transports. Meantime, unknown to his father, Pfeifer's son has left college and enlisted in the army. His regiment sails on the very ship which the spies have planned to blow up. When the terrible news comes Pfeifer is overwhelmed. His eyes are suddenly opened to the German menace and he devotes his energy forthwith to the triumph of the Allies.

It would be difficult to find actors better suited to their respective rôles than Louis Mann as old Pfeifer and Sam Bernard as Henry Block. Both these popular comedians have made a specialty of German dialect and it serves them well in this instance. Mr. Mann's characterization is the more finished and more satisfying of the two. It is, of course, the more important part, with more shade and contrasts. Mr. Mann is admirable throughout and very convincing in the pathetic scene where his obstinacy makes him refuse to bid his boy good-bye. Mr. Bernard is funny as always, but his humor is of the more obvious order. He is a little too anti-German for a native born German. It does not ring quite true. The rest of the cast were adequate.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "ALLEGIANCE." Play in three acts by Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy. Produced August 1, with this cast:

|                 |                   |
|-----------------|-------------------|
| Mr. Hartmann    | Carl Sauerman     |
| Karl Hartmann   | Carl Anthony      |
| Max Hartmann    | Charles Meredith  |
| Elsa Hartmann   | Blanche Yurka     |
| Albert Perry    | Charles Hampden   |
| Anna Perry      | Evelyn Varden     |
| Count Von Geier | Harrison Hunter   |
| Billy Elton     | Charles Laite     |
| Gottlieb        | Charles Kraus     |
| Minna           | Margery Lytle     |
| Karlchen        | William Read, Jr. |

IN "Allegiance" we have another anti-German propaganda play. A youth of German blood, but American birth, is an ardent patriot. His father, a powerful banker, is all Teuton. The father's father, who was born in Germany, oddly enough sides with the grandson. The sinking of the *Lusitania* sends the lad into the British army and thus

gives the grandsire his death-blow.

The third and last act develops into a rather tense bit of spy melodrama, wherein a distracted wife shoots open a drawer and takes from it "the papers" which her husband—for some reason not knowing that they listed the traitors in the United States Army—was about to deliver to the cunning emissary from Potsdam.

When the boy comes home blinded by a Prussian surgeon, almost everybody is ready to concede that the Allies are more or less in the right.

"Allegiance" suffers from the fact that most of it is only mildly dramatic narrative. The dialogue is generally both stilted and trite, and the characterizations are either stereotyped or incredible.

The acting is generally better than the play, honors going to Charles Meredith, as the grandson; Harrison Hunter, as the Potsdammer, and Carl Anthony and Blanche Yurka, as the boy's father and mother.

PARK. "MOTHER'S LIBERTY BOND." Melodrama in four acts, by Parker Fisher. Produced August 7, with this cast:

|                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Hubbard Holmes        | Charles Foster     |
| Hannah Trumbull       | Carrie Lowe        |
| Johnathan Bond        | Richard Castilla   |
| Peter Stanhope        | Charles B. Stevens |
| Alonzo Phelps         | Royal C. Stout     |
| Adele Bond            | Gilda Leary        |
| Alf Trumbull          | Edward Mackay      |
| Suzanne Gilchrist     | Adeline Warwick    |
| Sheriff Stone         | George La Tour     |
| Earl Phelps           | Charles C. Wilson  |
| Gov. Horace Bancroft, | Frank W. Taylor    |
| An Orderly            | Joseph Williams    |
| A Sergeant            | Bernon Adams       |
| A Private             | Louis D. Post      |
| A Captain             | John Bostock       |

A GOOD cause justifies much. "Mother's Liberty Bond," was produced to help a fund to provide smokes for our soldiers.

It proved to be a fairly incredible production—incredible as to plot and characters, situations and dialogue, acting and direction. If you had not actually seen it, you would not have believed that it could achieve presentation in New York above Fourteenth Street.

For it was melodrama of the old school—the old high school, one might almost say. It so abounded and overflowed with lofty sentiments that of its three villains only the one that was made in Germany could withstand the benignant in-

fluence to the end. At almost any moment a villain was liable to be converted.

Acting quite as extraordinary as the play, was done by all parties concerned, including Gilda Leary and Adeline Warwick as the heroes and Edward Mackay as the hero. The best part of the whole business is that the boys "over there" will get the tobacco and not have to see the show.

**LONGACRE. "THE BLUE PEARL."** Comedy-drama in three acts, by Anne Crawford Flexner. Produced August 8, with this cast:

|                            |                   |
|----------------------------|-------------------|
| Rolling Chair Boy          | E. H. Bender      |
| Wilfred Scott              | William David     |
| Angelica Topping           | Dorothy Klewer    |
| Hooper McHugh              | G. Oliver Smith   |
| Mrs. H. Augustus Topping,  | Annie Hughes      |
| Major H. Augustus Topping, | J. Palmer Collins |
| Holland Webb               | Orlando Daly      |
| Sybil Kent                 | Julia Bruns       |
| Laura Webb                 | Grace Carlyle     |
| Stokes                     | Hubert Druce      |
| Stephen Drake              | George Nash       |
| Alexander Petrofsky        | Charles Angelo    |
| Madame Petrofsky           | Yolande Duquette  |
| Footman                    | Lyman Fink        |
| Penrose Kent               | Perce Benton      |
| Ellis                      | Frederick Kaufman |
| Monahan                    | H. B. Tisdale     |
| Mason                      | Thomas Borden     |
| Mrs. Coombs                | Amelia Hendon     |

**THE BLUE PEARL** is a rather skilfully constructed jigsaw puzzle play, but without thrills or fascination. It closely parallels "The Thirteenth Chair," the crime this time being theft instead of murder.

Some of the important characters in the piece are a bad lot. They week-end at Atlantic City regardless of the fact that they are married to other people. We catch a glimpse of some of their goings-on in a perfectly unnecessary prologue, called "Introductory."

Thereafter everybody assembles at a dinner party, and the pearl is stolen when during a hypnotic experiment the lights suddenly go out. Then the police commissioner arrives and sets about solving the mystery. After a good deal of Sherlockholmesing with fingerprints and a magnifying glance, he decides to have the gang searched—which, I should think, he would have naturally done in the first place.

The first act is devoted to establishing motives for the theft in the case of six or seven of the characters. In the second act the felony is committed, and attention is focused on one possible thief after another. In Act. III. the guilty one is discovered, and the matrimonial complications are adjusted. To follow all of which is never more than mildly engrossing.

George Nash's simple and direct method makes the sleuthy commissioner a credible figure. The ac-

tion, however, centers about Julia Bruns, who proves a very engaging vampire lady. I should say that we should be likely to see a good deal more of Miss Bruns in the future if I did not vividly recall the gown she wears throughout the play and realize the impossibility of my prediction. At any rate, in appearance at least she is reminiscent of the youthful Maxine Elliott.

Good acting was also contributed by Annie Hughes, Hubert Druce, Grace Carlyle, and others.

**ASTOR. "KEEP HER SMILING."** Comedy, in three acts, by John Hunter Booth. Produced August 5, with this cast:

|                           |                     |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Mr. Donovan               | Byron Russell       |
| Mr. Theodore Brackett,    | De Witt C. Jennings |
| Henry Trindle             | Mr. Drew            |
| Mr. Storer                | Ivan Christy        |
| Stella Goodwin            | Daisy Rudd          |
| Grapely                   | John H. Dilson      |
| Mr. Bland                 | John M. Washburne   |
| Marie                     | Rosanna Allison     |
| Polly Trindle             | Mrs. Drew           |
| Jim Merriweather          | Lincoln Plumer      |
| Myra Merriweather         | Maidel Turner       |
| Bentley                   | Charles Mylott      |
| Mr. Wainwright            | William T. Hays     |
| Mr. Welburn Otis          | W. A. Whitecar      |
| Pruilliere's Man          | Joseph Landes       |
| Middleton's Man           | Stanley Mortimer    |
| William Sampson Truscott, | Page Spencer        |

**THE** chief interest in this production that braved the caloric terrors of midsummer, centres around Sidney Drew who after enjoying several years of great popularity in movie land has returned to woo his first love—the legitimate stage. It is no secret that Sidney Drew, when acting in the life, never scored nearly as heavily as he has done on the screen. It is interesting to note what improvement, if any, the technique of the film and a long course of study of the art of pantomime has done for his histrionic equipment.

"Keep Her Smiling," is a farce-comedy illustrating the well-known fact that the way to be prosperous (on the stage) is to be highly extravagant. The more you spend, the more comes in. And if you can manage to throw away \$6,000 in one evening, you are sure to be a millionaire next day.

In this new piece, as in his familiar one-reel comedies, Sidney Drew is the weak uxorious husband. Mrs. Drew, of course, Polly to his Henry—in this case a loving spouse, who requires a good deal more than a humble cashier's salary to keep her smiling.

When Henry chances to be made a dummy director in a new corporation, without emoluments other than one share of stock, Polly at once goes in for player-pianos, automobiles, and opera stars for her housewarming. Then while Henry has

visions of himself departing as a missionary, Fortune, the sympathetic jade, seeing his willingness to keep his wife smiling at any price, confers on him the Midas torch.

It is a mildly engrossing and amusing, if an occasionally thin and often extravagant play. Mingled with the comedy of business there is the comedy of social advancement. But alongside of "A Tailor-Made Man," its closest recent parallel, "Keep Her Smiling" seems a bit tame.

Mr. Drew's artistry makes the meek clerk and adoring husband a real figure, compounded of, usually genuine humor and pathos. Mrs. Drew is satisfying in the unexact-ing rôle of the childish wife. Others in the cast who distinguished themselves are DeWitt C. Jennings, as a woman-hating broker, and Lincoln Plumer, as a sort of first-aid neighbor. The rest of the cast—twenty-nine in all—makes up in quantity for what it lacks in quality.

**WINTER GARDEN. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1918."** Annual fall revue in two acts and fourteen scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz. Produced July 25, with these artists:

Adele Astair, Olga Roller, Florence Elmore, Charles Ruggles, Frank Fay, Virginia Fox Brooks, Arthur Altro, Fred Astair, Louise Conti, Peggy Mitchell, Mary Booth, David Dreyer, Nell Carrington, Willie Howard, Isabel Rodriguez, Emily Miles, Isabel Lowe, Jessie Reed, Fawn Conway, and others.

**T**HERE is getting to be much of a sameness about these perennial Winter Garden revues. Practically the only thing that changes each year is the date in the title. The show remains about the same—pretty girls, interlarded with more or less incoherent tableaux depicting timely topics, and archaic farce-comedy of a quality that makes one despair of the sense of humor of your modern librettist.

The girls are comely—there is no gainsaying that. You may think the privilege of gazing on their demure faces well worth the price of your seat. The "Bouquet of Winter Garden Beauties," a feature of Act I., is the very latest thing in exhibitions of female pulchritude.

Other features which may please are "The Hotel Gilt-more," a skit in which Adele Astair and Charles Ruggles made hits; a burlesque on "Salome," in which Virginia Fox Brooks takes the title rôle; "A London Air Raid"; a comedy entitled "Childs," in which Emily Miles appears as "Miss Wheatcakes," etc., etc. (Concluded on page 176)



THE SQUAB FARM GIRLS

A travesty of the play of that name—a product of last season

FRED AND ADELE ASTAIRE

A vaudeville team of exceptionally clever dancers who scored one of the biggest hits of the show



(Below)

THE VAMPIRE GIRLS



Photos White

“THE PASSING SHOW OF 1918” AT THE WINTER GARDEN

# TEMPERAMENT

*Some differences between the artistic temperament and the temperamental artist*

By MILDRED CRAM



**T**EMPERAMENT: What on earth is it? Passion, eccentricity, insanity or intelligence? To discuss it at all is playing with fire, since one-half of humanity regards temperament as a picturesque madness, while the other half cherishes the belief that temperament is simply an excuse for attractive iniquity.

Actors and actresses are always suspected of having temperament, because they claim to be artists. An artist, according to popular belief, is a devilish fellow. Art is supposed to create temperament—an exotic, unfamiliar and fascinating state of mind and morals found principally in studios and behind the footlights. And thanks to an hereditary distrust of all minstrels and vagabonding mummers, the public suspects, even while it acutely and often slavishly admires, the popular player. When the temperamental one errs, topples off the moral pedestal, transgresses, blackslides or otherwise falls, the public puts its finger to its offended nose and cries, "I told you so!"

The backsliding of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker is never so gratifying, for they go the way of all weak flesh, while the temperamental sinner justifies a popular tradition and subtly flatters the public intelligence. The press is to blame. If a greengrocer or a plumber leaves his wife or develops a passion for purple neckties, public opinion is not inflamed. Let a famous author, a talented painter or a great actor do the same thing and there is a howl of indignation.



**W**HAT did I tell you?" the Tired Business Man cries, looking up from his newspaper with an air of supreme justification. "These artistic fellows are always running amuck! Temperament! I tell you I distrust it!"

Of course. The word has been misused for nearly a generation, so that now temperament has come to mean a violent disposition and positively unbridled behavior. The word "artistic" has somehow attached itself to the epithet so that when the Tired Business Man hears of some one who is peculiar, erratic, damnable and fascinating, he credits him with an artistic temperament and lets it go at that. Charletans hide behind the popular misbelief and every other would-be genius hooks a dotting audience with the temperamental bait. When anything goes wrong it is easier to blame one's temperament than to hold one's intelligence and perception to account. Society girls who elope with chauffeurs, beautiful women who commit political murders, chorus girls and opera singers who delude gullible millionaires make themselves out the victims of a picturesque curse and trail their temperaments into court and sometimes, praise Allah, into jail. It is the fault of the press and of sentimental press agents if temperamental forgers, bigamists and card sharks are made to seem picturesque, pathetic and abused.

All truly great players—and there are scallywags and saints among them—are gifted with the artistic temperament, which is, after all, only a fine appreciation of the beautiful, a keen perception of color, sound and form, a delicate,

unerring response to the vast music of the world and the ability to make artistic material out of life itself. The great actor who throws a coffee cup at his wife may have a bad temper, but bear in mind that temper is not temperament. If it were, the commonest bully could claim to be inspired.

Many great artists have been weak men, since artists are as human as greengrocers, policemen and plumbers. The scales balance evenly when you weigh the behavior of the world's artistic celebrities. The worst of them have never blamed their artistic temperament—that elusive quality of understanding which enables them to put the drab commonplaces of life into terms of beauty—for their mistakes; they realize that its possession is as much a matter of chance as a straight nose, a pair of good legs or a strong chin, and that without it all their knowledge, all their studied technique would go for nothing.



**I**T is possible to have an artistic temperament and to cut immoral capers. A sense of beauty is no guarantee of a sweet disposition. Yet genius is not responsible for torrid behavior. A man may be gifted by the gods and be a sensualist. Or he may have the artistic temperament and be thrifty, practical and sane. He may be inspired and yet live happily with his wife and be abysmally ignorant of the joys of Bohemia. Which only goes to prove that when we consider a man's art we must ignore his sins. The American public has a passion for personalities, an inexhaustible curiosity of the rocking-chair variety. It is more important to know what the artist eats, what he wears and how much he weighs than to inquire into his art.

Acting will never come into its own until the artistic temperament is recognized as a thing of the spirit, the gift, elusive and penetrating, of expression. Then perhaps it will cease to drape the indiscretions of fools and counterfeiterers and will take its place as a radiant investiture.

The artistic temperament does not bring serenity, since a truly artistic person is necessarily nervous, volatile and sensitive, quick to give and recoil, easily tired, fluent, fastidious and impressionable. A great genius has to gain control of his temperament before he can bend it to the restrictions of his intelligence. He never uses it as an excuse for license or as a screen for weaknesses.



**G**RANTED that an actor or an actress has the artistic temperament, it does not stand to reason that they are temperamental. To be temperamental is to be emotional, which is quite another kettle of fish.

Mrs. Fiske, an actress of delicate artistic perception, could scarcely be called as emotional as Eva Tanguay, for instance. Mrs. Fiske achieves emotional effects by sheer force of intelligence. In "Leah Klesna," you remember, standing by a door which she opened little by little she said, "I am going away" three times—

the first time in a low voice, very *basso profundo*, the second time in the middle voice, the third time in an acute treble. The result was intellectually passionate, as emotional as the beating of sticks in Strauss' "Electra."

Richard Mansfield had the same brittle and precise method of depicting emotion. His "Prince Karl" stared like a glassy-eyed image under the stress of a broken heart. Yet there was always a hint of violent feeling in Mansfield's attitudes, as if the emotional dynamo were going full speed behind the expressionless mask.

Irving and Tree both had the artistic temperament but neither was temperamental. Irving ranted, clawed the air, and failed to produce a single unstudied, spontaneous emotion. Yet Grasso, who has no claim to the artistic temperament, contrives to send chills down the public back by the sheer audacity, the animal ferocity, the unrestrained fury of his acting.

Temperamental? So is Aguglia, so is Bernhardt, who bites the floor and shrieks like a maniac because, having learned how to act, she dares to be exuberant. So was Duse, who really suffered and really died in "La Gioconda," in "La Citta Morta," in "Francesca da Rimini." She was an artistic prodigal, an emotional spendthrift. So was Hanako, the Japanese actress who perished inch by inch before our eyes in an unforgettable drama of suicide and sacrifice.



**T**HERE is no great emotional actor or actress in America to-day although there are many who have the artistic temperament. Nazimova is perhaps an exception. I can think of no other player who is so lacking in the dubious quality of restraint and repression. She is both fluent and emotional. The "light touch" has come into fashion with the Broadway "school." Skating on the thin ice of profound feeling without falling through has become the most popular parlor trick of the modern theatre. This facile skimming over the emotions—often charming and clever in itself—grew out of the national dislike of seeming to feel deeply. Human anguish, poignant and undisguised, is distasteful to American audiences who have got quite out of the habit of thinking at the theatre.

We do not like to see a baring of human hearts, and shrink from the sight of a dissected soul. Our playwrights, having carefully selected pleasant, improbable and palatable dramatic situations, have no trouble in casting their plays. There are any number of clever, pretty, well-bred young women and handsome, stalwart, self-contained young men to act the "Cinderella Man" concoctions made to order for them. If there were an American Ibsen or an American D'Annunzio, who on earth would act their plays? We have whimsical actresses, we have intellectual actresses, we have many actresses with charm, vivacity and spirit, but where is the woman who is impersonal, tragic, magnificent, the woman who can reach beyond our hearts into our secret thoughts and stir us to the soul, the temperamental woman, passionate, fearless and profound?



(Oval)

**EMMY WEHLEN**

The dainty and charming musical comedy favorite who is devoting herself untiringly to patriotic service. Her efforts have been expended on the Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamps Drives and for the various theatrical war benefits—with great success



Photo Hoyt

**BEATRICE MAUDE**

As a pert stenographer in "Seven Up," Miss Maude has scored the hit of the play. A dancer, a violinist, and a capable actress, she has come to the fore as a prominent member of the Portmanteau company



Photo Genthe

# WAR IS HELL, BUT—

*A dramatic episode in the trenches*

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



SCENE: "An American dugout in the neighborhood of the front-line trenches "somewhere in France." It is night and a trench lamp burns feebly, casting uncertain shadows upon the clayey walls. Three men, in officers' uniforms, are seated in various attitudes. They are in the midst of a heated argument, so heated, in fact, that they are utterly oblivious to their surroundings. They are a famous American playwright, a popular Broadway actor and a very rich New York theatrical manager.

PLAYWRIGHT (*decisively*): There is no ground for argument, Shakespeare said it for all time: "The play's the thing."

MANAGER (*impatiently*): Bill Shakespeare said, "The play's the thing," because it was the thing to say. If he was living in New York to-day he would write the sort of plays I told him to write.

PLAYWRIGHT (*coldly*): I must confess that I don't follow you.

MANAGER (*putting cigar in his mouth and "registering" authority*): Then, get this, Son! Shakespeare was a commercial playwright. He was after the coin—just like you and me are after the coin. The public liked the sort of stuff that he handed 'em. They ate it up. You know that as well as I do. But, if it hadn't paid Bill Shakespeare to write that sort of stuff he wouldn't have written it. Bill was a wise guy. He sized up his audience and gave 'em what they wanted. I can't see that he was any different from Harold Bell Wright or Robert W. Chambers. Get me?



PLAYWRIGHT: No, I don't "get you," as you vulgarly call it. That kind of talk is degrading to say the least. What becomes of Art? What becomes of Idealism?

MANAGER (*bluntly*): I don't care a damn what becomes of 'em, but I do care whether a play is a success or a failure, and that's all that counts. Play-producing is a gamble anyhow, but it is up to me to pick as many winners as I can; otherwise you artistic guys wouldn't eat three meals per.

ACTOR: Where do I come in?

MANAGER (*brutally*): You don't—except when you get your cue from us. You don't amount to a tinker's damn any more.

ACTOR (*heatedly*): Is that so? Then, where do you think you'd have gotten off with "So Long, Madeline," if it hadn't been for me? What would have happened to "Oh, Joy," if I hadn't carried all the comedy on my own shoulders? (*turning to the playwright*) and I have saved two of your rotten plays from utter failure.

PLAYWRIGHT (*sneering*): Oh, is that so? Then, let me remind you Mr. Matinée Idol that if I hadn't written in a few lines out of sheer good-heartedness, just to help out a pal, you wouldn't have been in those plays at all. You were on your uppers when I got you booked.

MANAGER (*eating his cigar with relish*): Tush! Tush! You fellows make me sick with your chatter about whose responsible for the success of a play. I should like to know where any of

you would get off if I didn't give you the bang-up productions that I do? "So Long, Madeline" cost me nearly \$15,000 to produce, and it didn't run nearly as long as I expected. (to playwright). I've produced a lot of your plays, not because they were good, but because I figured that your name would carry 'em and I wouldn't lose money.

ACTOR (*snorting*): And you didn't! You are too cold blooded to give a dying fish a breath of fresh air.

MANAGER (*with a sour grin*): Oh, I don't know!

PLAYWRIGHT (*evenly*): Don't lose your temper, "Matty." Some day, Fritz willing, you will be eating out of our hand.



ACTOR (*murderously*): Eating out of *your* hand! You hate yourself, don't you? If you had said eating out of *his* hand there might have been some degree of truth in your statement. God knows, we actors do have to eat out of the manager's hand, or else not eat at all. Until that happy days comes—the day of the actor-manager, when a man can still act and preserve his self-respect—we must expect to be snubbed by these butchers and bakers and candlestick makers who don't know the difference between Shakespeare and sciatica.

MANAGER (*nibbling venomously at his cigar*): Just for that, "Matty," I'll never give you a job again. I—

(*Enter a messenger in khaki, who looks excited. He approaches the three men and coughs. They pay no attention to him. He coughs again, but they are so engrossed in their conversation that they fail to hear him.*)

MESSANGER (*saluting*): I beg your pardon.

ACTOR (*angrily*): Good. I always thought your productions were punk, anyhow.

MESSANGER: Gentlemen, I—

PLAYWRIGHT (*slapping actor on the shoulder*): That's the stuff, "Matty." Be independent! Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. You just spoke of the actor-manager. That is a corking idea. You and I will get together and—



MESSANGER (*desperately*): Gentlemen, gentlemen! I—

ACTOR (*loftily*): Cease, boy! We are conversing!

MESSANGER (*wildly*): But—

PLAYWRIGHT (*petulantly*): Don't you see that we are engaged (*turning to actor*)? Now, as I was saying, we will form our own combination after this. I will write the plays and you will act in them. The firm shall be under your own name and—

MESSANGER (*yelling*): But you've got to listen to me! The Colonel says—

ACTOR (*bitingly*): Tush, boy, you annoy me!

MESSANGER: But—

MANAGER (*pointing*): That way out!

MESSANGER (*furiously*): I hope Fritz gets every damn one of you!

(*Exit Messenger. There is a dramatic pause. The three look at each other inquiringly.*)

MANAGER (*vaguely*): Fritz! What do you suppose he meant?

PLAYWRIGHT (*impatiently*): I don't care what he meant. But I do know that some day, Mr. Broadway Manager, we are going to put you out of business.

MANAGER (*tolerantly*): Who is "we"?

PLAYWRIGHT (*suavely*): A new liaison arrangement, whereby the star and the playwright will work out their own salvation, independent of YOU.

MANAGER (*smiling genially*): It can't be done, my boy! It simply can't be done!

ACTOR (*belligerently*): And why not?

MANAGER: Because it takes brains, and (*waving his cigar in their direction*), well, don't make me say it.

ACTOR (*rising threateningly and moving toward manager*): Why, you poor boob! For five centimes I'd—

PLAYWRIGHT (*hastily intercepting him*): Don't do anything rash, my dear fellow. Allow me to smash him.

MANAGER (*also rising*): What is this, anyhow? A mutiny?

(*They are all standing in tense attitudes when an Exponent of German Kultur suddenly bursts into the dugout with an automatic revolver in his hand.*)



E. OF G. K. (*in English*): Hands up! ACTOR (*as they all elevate their hands*): He speaks English!

E. OF G. K.: Sure, I speak English. I lived in New York for ten years. I used to be a stage hand at the old Commercial Theatre on Forty-second Street.

MANAGER (*excitedly*): That was my theatre!

E. OF G. K. (*looking at him closely*): You don't mean—*Mein Gott!* If it ain't the Herr Manager himself!

MANAGER: I remember you now. You are Hans Gugglestopfken. I never could forget that name.

E. OF G. K.: Ja, that's my name! Well, well!

(*He drops his automatic and is trying to shake hands with the manager when an American Colonel enters with a file of men, all armed with Springfields. Hans makes a move toward his automatic, but the Actor puts his foot on it and the doughboys cover Hans with their Springfields.*)

HANS (*throwing up his hands*): Kamerad!

COLONEL (*briefly*): Take the swine away! (*Exit doughboys with the Hun.*) What were you fellows doing in here?

MANAGER: But—

COLONEL: There are no "buts" about it. Get me? This is France—not Broadway. You'll either obey my orders or go into solitary confinement.

ALL (*in chorus*): We'll obey you, Colonel!

COLONEL (*scowling at them*): Sherman was right, but there are worse things!



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CARL HYSON

The partner-husband of Dorothy Dickson can well stand on his own merits as a dancer



© Hixon-Connelly

RALPH MORGAN

Who is playing a leading rôle in "Lightnin'," which is soon to be seen in New York



© Hixon-Connelly

OTTO KRUGER

The popular young juvenile last seen here in "The Gypsy Trail," and to appear shortly in a new play



Abbe

NEIL MARTIN

Who holds the unique job of actor-press agent. He created the rôle of Johnnie Watson in "Seventeen" and is now doing the publicity for the play

A Q U A R T E T T E   O F   O U R   Y O U N G E R   A C T O R S

# THE WALLACK CENTENNIAL

*Distinguished English player who became the acknowledged leader of dramatic art in America*

By CHARLES BURNHAM



THE one hundredth anniversary of the first appearance in America of an actor, who in the years to come was destined to be the foremost figure of his time in the history of the New York stage, will occur on September 7. On that date in 1818, James W. Wallack, known to a later generation as the "elder" Wallack, made his début at the old Park Theatre, in the part of "Macbeth."

James W. Wallack was born in London, August 17, 1794. His father, William Wallack, was a distinguished actor of his day, the records of the time speaking of him as "an excellent comedian and a capital singer." He had six children, four girls and two boys, all of whom attained eminence in the theatrical profession. James was the younger of the two boys and made his first appearance on the stage at the age of nine. When but 22 years of age, he appeared as Iago, Macduff, Richmond, and in other characters in support of Edmund Kean. He became a member of the Drury Lane company, and in 1818, he eloped with the daughter of a famous actor of those days known as "Irish" Johnstone. Desirous of visiting America both for his honeymoon and business, he was compelled to seek the influence of his personal friend, Lord Byron, a member of the Board of Directors of Drury, in order to cancel his engagement at that theatre.



FOR some years previous to Wallack's arrival in America, Thomas A. Cooper, occupied first place in the affections of theatregoers, as a delineator of the leading rôles in Shakespeare's tragedies. When Wallack, on arriving here, was asked what part he would make his début in, he replied, "Hamlet." The management informed him that "Cooper's excellence in that part rendered the success of a stranger more than doubtful." "Richard the Third"—nobody had succeeded in that character since Cooper's elaborate display. "Othello"—if there was one part more than another where in Cooper had made a strong impression, it was in Othello." By this time, Wallack was considerably annoyed, and inquired which of Mr. Cooper's impersonations had drawn the most money, or in which he had appeared most frequently. He was answered, "Macbeth."

"Very well, then," he retorted, "I hoped to have avoided all comparisons, for I mean no opposition, but if I must be judged, not by my own merits but by the standard of another actor's qualifications, I will make my first appearance in 'Macbeth.'"

History records his extraordinary success. In those early days, an actor's popularity was measured somewhat by the receipts of his benefit, which occasion was always a part of his contract. Mr. Wallack's benefit, which took place on the seventh night of his engagement, brought in \$1,850, being practically the capacity of the theatre.

The same success attended him in the other cities which he visited, and he firmly established himself in the regards of all lovers of good acting. James H. Hackett, at one time considered the best exponent of Falstaff the stage had

known, attended the opening performance of Wallack, and wrote this appreciation of the actor:

"Mr. Wallack then seemed not more than 25 years of age, came directly from the Drury Lane, where he had already attained a high rank in a profession then graced by many eminent artists; and the season of 1818 was Mr. Wallack's first in America. His figure and personal bearing on and off the stage were very distinguished; his eye was sparkling; his hair dark, curly and luxuriant; his facial features finely chiseled; and together with the natural conformation of his head, throat and chest, Mr. Wallack presented a remarkable specimen of manly beauty. He at once became, and continued to be, one of the greatest and most invariably attractive favorites furnished the American by the British stage."



JAMES W. WALLACK

One of the foremost figures in the history of the New York Stage

In speaking of Wallack's ability as an actor, Mr. Hackett said: "In versatility of talent, probably the stage has never had any other actor capable of satisfying the public in such a variety of prominent characters; his costumes, too, were remarkably characteristic, and always in admirable taste, and Mr. Wallack, in every respect, has proved himself a complete master of the histrionic art."

Mr. Wallack continued to play starring engagements both here and abroad until 1837, when, in the latter part of that year, he assumed direction of the National Theatre, which stood at the corner of Church and Leonard Streets, and there established what may properly be termed the first Wallack Theatre. The building was originally constructed for an opera house in 1833, but had never met with success. Its location was greatly against it, the neighborhood being unsuited for a theatre even in those early days. But the liberality, industry and talent displayed by Wallack in his management soon placed it in the front rank of the places of amusement, and it quickly became

known as the best appointed theatre in the country. About a year previous to taking over the management of the house, Mr. Wallack placed the following card in *The Mirror*, a leading publication of the day, edited by George P. Morris:

TO NATIVE DRAMATIC AUTHORS.—The subscriber offers the sum of one thousand dollars for the best original play upon an attractive and striking subject in American history. The principal part to be adapted to his style of acting. A committee of literary gentlemen will be chosen to decide upon the merits of such plays as may be submitted to them for this premium, which will be awarded to the writer of the best production of the above description. It is requested that all manuscripts may be addressed to George P. Morris, Esq., New York Mirror office.

Mr. Wallack never publicly stated, as far as known, whether such a play had been accepted and not produced, but it is presumed that a play written by N. P. Willis, and produced by Mr. Wallack, during his management of the National, was in part an answer to the offer. Among Mr. Wallack's papers was a letter from Mr. Morris which read, "I am still of the opinion that the play submitted by Willis is vastly superior to the others." The title of the play was "Tortosa, the Usurer," and was considered to be one of the best of Mr. Wallack's impersonations. When he produced the play in England, his son Lester made his first appearance on the legitimate stage in a minor rôle in the drama.



FOR some two years the capability displayed by Mr. Wallack in his conduct of the theatre brought him continued prosperity and added to his reputation as an actor and manager, while his theatre despite the drawback of its location became the centre of theatrical activity of the day. In September, 1839, the house but recently renovated, and as the announcements of the day described it, "resplendent with glittering decorations of gold, and tasteful paintings," was completely destroyed by fire.

Immediately following the destruction of the playhouse, a meeting of many of the most prominent citizens of the city was held for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a new house for Mr. Wallack. Unfortunately, nothing came of it and after a brief period, during which with his company he played at Niblo's and the Chatham Theatre, Mr. Wallack returned to England, where he continued his starring engagements, occasionally visiting America for the same purpose. In 1844, while appearing in London, Mr. Wallack presented for the first time the drama of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," in the leading rôle of which he made the greatest hit of his career. He was close on to fifty years of age at this time, but the dash, the romance and the chivalrous bearing of the actor became the talk of the town. Not long afterwards he again added to his laurels by his performance of Massaroni in "The Brigand," a musical play.

In 1847, he again visited America, and opened at the old Park, where he had originally made his début, appearing as Don Cæsar.

His final appearance as an actor was made upon the stage of his Broome Street Theatre in a play written by his son Lester, entitled "The Veteran." His final appearance in public, was at the newer Wallack's Theatre, at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway, in 1862.



*From a portrait by White*

### VIRGINIA FOX BROOKS

This daughter of the late manager, Joseph Brooks, has come into her own on the stage. Gifted with a pleasing voice and dramatic ability, the gates of success have been flung open to her. Broadway liked her as the young prima donna in "The Great Lover" and she is now a favorite at the Winter Garden

# A SHORT COURSE IN PLAYGOING

*The old adage "All that glitters is not gold" applies to the stage as well as anything else*

By VERA BLOOM



**I**N the old days, about a year ago, before New York had ever heard of economy or prudence, we went to the theatre as if we were playing cenny-meeny-miny-mo. We didn't know, and seldom cared, if a play were good or bad, but there was the money in our pocket, it was 8 o'clock, and time to go somewhere, so, if we were lazy, we called up an agency and paid an exorbitant price for any pair of seats they gave us; if we were a bit more industrious, we ran a careless eye down the newspaper list of attractions, and either went to the one at the head of the column or the one with the largest type. Few people make theatregoing an art.

Then the war tax came like a dash of cold water in the playgoer's face. Where he tossed four dollars away as nothing, that extra forty cents made him ponder, then he became impossible to please, and, finally, stayed home altogether. It needed a national campaign to convince the people that that accumulated 10 per cent. would not only add millions to the war, but that relaxation in the form of the theatre is an integral part of modern life.

Those were hard times for the professional "dead-head," an individual who in all his charmed life had never paid a penny for his dramatic amusement. For the tax law stated pitilessly that no one was to pass the door-man without paying his tribute to the god of war. The "dead-head" was crushed, grieved and pathetic. Why, he figured, should he pay the same price to see a poor show—and it's amazing how many poor shows there are when you pay for them!—as for a good movie? So in the most obscured picture places you could find the same audiences that, as the famous "free-list," used to give Broadway more brilliance than all the white lights put together.



**B**UT when things gradually adjusted themselves, we began going to the theatre like sensible human beings—often and well. We wanted to know what was good, and why we should see it. Newspaper criticisms have always been the most general form of guiding the public, but so many of the critics went across for a try at war-corresponding, that you can't blame them for being bored by vapid comedies or imitation military melodramas when they get back. But you and I, who haven't seen the Big Fight, like to have it brought down to comprehensible terms of a hero, a heroine, and a foiled German spy. We sit gladly for three hours listening to a play that without garnishings *à la guerre* would be hissed off the stage as silly rubbish.

Not being able to take all the critics unquestioningly, the press agent, the next man in forming public opinion, can't be taken seriously at all. If a story is true, it isn't good enough for him to use, and the ones he does use are too good to be true. So there you are.

But this is one infallible method to find out the success of a play, and you don't have to know the manager or see the star beaming a successful smile on the avenue to test it. You can read it through the window of a Rolls

Royce or a Tenth Avenue car with equal ease, and if you spend your spare up-and-down-town moments doing it, you will avoid some long hours at painful plays and a lot of indecision. In other words, study the billboards. They never fail.



**T**HERE are always the preliminary billboards—those modest, hopeful affairs on cheap paper with commonplace lettering, stating the bare facts that

SHUBERT and ERLANGER  
announce the new comedy  
DO TELL!  
by  
somebody or other

If that sign stays up long after the opening, it means the show is going off very soon. A possible success is usually helped along with an attractively colored poster, and often a picture or a scene from the play. In an overwhelming personal success, like Lionel Barrymore's in "The Copperhead," you may have noticed that the entire wording of the billboards was changed. Mr. Barrymore's name, that did not appear at all on the first announcements, came out in huge letters on the later ones, with a large sketch of him besides.

Sometimes, even though a player is not featured, the whole poster is built around the leading rôle, like the sign for "Tiger Rose," that is an attractive picture of Lenore Ulric. And as her face is already familiar to the casual passer-by it would appear that she was really starred.

The musical shows, once they have passed the black-and-white or red-and-yellow trial stage on the fences, blossom out with fantastic posters. These are usually the work of some famous Greenwich Villager, who has been bearded in his hundred-dollar-a-month attic, and persuaded to attract the public to a mere money-making production with a few daubs from his inspired palette. Inspired by a certified cheque, he creates a curdled color-scheme, and someone in the manager's office supplies the missing details of the lettering or the name of the play.

These posters are one real test of success. No manager is going to pay a popular young artist for a sketch that he might just as well have sold for an enviable price as a magazine cover, unless he feels that his attraction is pretty sure to stay.

But in any event, that first doubtful placarding is replaced by a sign arranged with some care, if not flamboyantly artistic.



**Y**OU can tell the substantial, all-season success by the painted, not papered, sign. Paint is permanent, and the box-office must be constantly besieged before the advertising man orders space taken by the month, and painters set to work on individual signs. There was one block on Broadway where advertisements for four successes were painted since early in the season. You had a comfortable, assured feeling in buying seats for one of these theatres, and they were practically crowded for months.

But the acid test of the overwhelming success, except in the rare case where a star is made over-night by public demand, and must be proclaimed through advertising, is the absence of any signs at all!

If you hear a great deal of a play, if it's hard to get seats, and moreover, if it doesn't advertise, then you have found the real thing, at last. It simply means that there is such a demand at the theatre and the agencies, that billboards would be both a useless expense and would mean disappointment to still more people at being unable to go.

Word-of-mouth advertising is a play's greatest asset. If a manager were offered all the sign-board and newspaper space in town for nothing, and he was given his choice between that and a hundred people giving spontaneous praise to his production, he would choose the latter without a second thought.

Even before the criticisms are out, and they appear like magic a few hours after the opening, an intangible atmosphere has come from the theatre and everyone knows, absolutely and incontestably, if a great success has come to town.

I don't believe there was a single poster around for Fred Stone in "Jack o' Lantern," except the one at the stage door of the theatre. All the "preliminaries" for "Oh, Lady! Lady!" disappeared, and until late in the season I could only discover one lorn announcement apiece for "Tiger Rose" and "Polly With a Past." All these, as everyone knows, have played to S. R. O.—that mystic symbol of success, "standing room only"—for the entire season.



**S**O far, the Winter Garden has been the only house to use an electric advertising sign, aside from the illumination in front of the theatre, but this was not continued permanently. Perhaps it wasn't necessary, as the Winter Garden has a distinctive clientèle of its own that patronizes every revue, and is, of course, a celebrated goal for out-of-towners.

You can usually tell the cleverness of a play from the "smartness" of its poster; its importance from the simplicity and steel-engraved appearance of the sign, while you can guess the possible thrills of a melodrama from the billboard in lurid colors.

But if you prefer to take a sporting chance when you go to the theatre, just look over those first non-committal announcements, choose a promising name, and trust to luck. That is one of the chief requisites for becoming a "first-nighter"—it takes a real sportsman to melt through every August and September evening in some broiling theatre, and then find that ninety per cent. of his self-inflicted tortures have been withdrawn by October first! And yet the same group of hardy-perennials meet year after year, at the Autumn premières, with the hopeless optimism of a fisherman who doesn't dare expect a catch.

If you want to choose your plays for yourself, keep your ears open for the few great successes, and study the billboards for the rest of the season. Above all, read religiously the THEATRE MAGAZINE.



Ernie Sole and his gang of carpenters turn canvas and wood into scenery for Stuart Walker's production of "Seven Up"



High up on the paint bridge, fifty feet above the stage, Frank Zimmerer, scenic artist, and Sam Warshaw, his assistant, paint the skyline of New York City, to be seen through the window in the first act set



(Right) Stuart Walker and his pet "bank of dimmers" and his pet electrician, Johnny Hodgins, work out lighting effects



At her dressing table, Margaret Mower transforms herself into Nan, the artist's sweetheart, in "Seven Up"



Way up "in the flies," Charlie Heneck, head flyman, hangs the "flats" of the scenery and weights them with sand bags

# THE JEW ON THE STAGE

No chapter in the book of drama is closed to him

By ADA PATTERSON



THAT the Jew is a large figure in the business of the stage, as he is in banking, requires no massing of proof, no assembling of an overpowering array of names. A glance at the bulletin boards of the office buildings on the Rialto discloses that this race is well represented, and that in one branch at least, the photo drama, he numerically dominates.

But the Jew's part in the art of the stage, by no means a little one, has had small recognition. A few take for granted that he has figured forcefully upon the boards, but many do not know.

Attempt research in that direction and you will hear that it is a new field, one which few attempts have been made to explore.

A Jewish calendar, issued in London in 1899, furnishes a long list of eminent Hebrews, but the number of actors it names is inconsiderable. Yet the Jewish race is one of four that has contributed the world's greatest players. The English, the French, the Irish, the Jew are the sources of the greatest histrionic talent of the world. The Irishman and the Jew stand side by side, shoulder to shoulder, in respect to their natural gifts for the interpretative art. Both are richly equipped with imagination. Both have dramatic intensity. Both possess in what may be termed their natural state, before repressive measures have checked its spontaneous flow, a startling vehemence. Both are of the emotional temperament.

It has been cited by a rabbi, as proof, that for generations they have been schooled for dramatic expression, that the persecution of ages has caused the Hebrew to be one person in his home, another in the world.



A HEBREW might bend under his peddler's pack, cringe before closing doors, yet when he returned to the pale, that part of the city in which his brothers in race and sisters in faith were permitted to dwell, he instantly became upright, self respectful and commanding respect from his household." Thus, according to one of their leaders, all Jews played a part through the ages.

Contributory, too, to their preparation for effectiveness on the stage, are the Scriptural plays, written by their religious leaders and presented by the grown-ups and the children, at their festivals. Esther is the favorite character, and Haman's conspiracy, foiled by her, the theme, of most of their sectarian dramas. A massacre, great as St. Bartholomew's, Haman plotted for the extermination of the Jews. Esther disclosed the plot to her husband, the Persian, King Ahasuerus, the Mordecai of Bible students' acquaintances, at the same time confessing herself to be a Jewess. "Save my people," she pleaded. Her royal spouse granted her prayer, and transcended it even to the execution of the conspirator. Wherefore, our frequent phrase: "Hang him as high as Haman."

With such traditions, and with the hot blood of the sun-warmed Orient bounding through their veins, and the imagery of the East peopling their minds with visions, it is logical that from among Hebrews many actors have come.

The race claims that greatest of English-speak-

ing actors, Edmund Kean. Arthur Bouchier wrote in *The Contemporary Review* of the "son of Aaron Kean, the property man and roustabout," and undoubted Jew, who gave London a new Shylock and went home that night to his waiting wife with the words: "Mary, you shall ride in your carriage and Charlie shall go to Eton." And so, Mr. Bouchier reminds us, they did. Hitherto all Shylocks had been played with a red wig and treated much as red-haired burlesque men are treated by partners of their "teams." Edmund Kean gave his Shylock a black wig. The estimable English actor's commentary upon the dramatic incident was an allusion to Walter Scott's attitude toward the Jew, as shown by his noble knight Ivanhoe shrinking from contact with Isaac of York. Ivanhoe, representing the stage, no longer shrinks from contact with Isaac of York, the Jewish player. Edmund Kean's triumph was the beginning of the Jewish invasion of the stage.



SARAH BERNHARDT is as is well known of Jewish birth. She was born in Paris of a father who was a merchant of Amsterdam, and a mother, Julie Bernhardt, who, though born in Berlin, was a Dutch Jewess. The child, when she was ten years of age, was placed in the Grand-champs Convent at Versailles. There she adopted the Catholic faith. Since she has been classified with ardent Romanists, yet shortly after one of the most severe of her recent illnesses, she was quoted as making the statement that she did not expect to live again, because she did not believe in a future life. When playing her more repressed scenes she seems what she has become in her rich, nomadic career, a citizeness of the world. But at moments of torrential passion, her fervor and staccato utterance proclaim her the true daughter of her forebears.

The great French actress, Rachel, the dark, tempestuous, melancholy woman of France, whose body burned out in the flame of her genius, when she had lived and served her art but thirty-eight years ago, was a daughter of the Hebrew race. Unfortunately not of the best of the race for the exactions and rapacity of her family, brought nearer her untimely death.

Mme. Bertha Kalich's sympathetic portrayal of the family harassed genius, done in English, is one of the high lights of Broadway memories.



THE German stage was illuminated by many Jewish players. Adolph Sonnenthal, Austria's most distinguished dramatic artist, was a Jew. Of his brotherhood was Rogumil Davison. Anton Ascher, the Viennese comedian, and Leopold Teller spoke the German tongue with a Jewish accent.

Come we now to the Booths. It was said and denied, said and again denied, that in Edwin Booth's veins flowed the blood of the Jew. Yet there is no proof, and there is little upon which to base conjecture, that this was true. I have it from one who knew him well in his latter years that the greatest of the American Hamlets

had established to his own satisfaction, and expected soon to spread before the world, conclusive evidence that the player of the dark and melancholy Dane, himself derived his darkness and his melancholy from Spanish source. He said the original name was Cabana, which translated into English is "Booth." The supposed association of the Booth name with the creed of Palestine was traced to Junius Edwin Booth's father, Junius Brutus Booth. His daughter, Asia, sister of Edwin, described in her book, "The Elder and the Younger Booth," her father's profound interest in the great religions.



ALL forms of religion and all temples of devotion were sacred to him, and he never failed to bare his head reverently when passing any church," she wrote. "He worshipped at many shrines. He admired the Koran, and his copy of that volume had many beautiful passages underscored. Days sacred to color, ores and metals were religiously observed by him. In the synagogues he was known as a Jew, because he conversed with rabbis and learned doctors, and joined in their worship in the Hebraic tongues. He read the Talmud also and strictly adhered to many of its laws.

"Several fathers of the Roman Catholic Church recount pleasant hours spent with him in theological discourses and averred that he was of their faith because of his knowledge of its mysteries. Of the numerous houses of worship to which he went the one he most loved to frequent was a floating church or Sailors' Bethel. The congregation was of the humblest kind and the ministry not at all edifying. The writer remembers kneeling through a lengthy, impromptu prayer, which contained no spirit of piety to her childish ears, but looking wearily at her father she beheld his face so earnestly inspired with devotion that she felt rebuked, and it became pleasant to attend that which before had been devoid of interest.

"His reverence for religion was universal and deep rooted. It was daily shown in acts of philanthropy and human deeds that were, however, often misdirected. He was not a sectarian, but made many creeds his study."

Which testimony would seem to dispose of the oft-told tale that he was a convert to Judaism. As to his having it for an inheritance there is a tradition that the original family name was "Beth." Yet the Israelitish word "Beth" is a common noun, signifying house, and students of Hebrew say it is never used as a proper noun.

Another bit of evidence that may not be magnified is that on his Maryland farm in the little cemetery which he made for his servants, the small colony of blacks who served him, he planted amidst yews and willows, the Jewish althea bush. Yet he lies in the family plot in Greenmount Cemetery, Baltimore, where a clergyman of the Church of England read above his coffin the familiar service beginning with the words of Jesus Christ—"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

Back to John Booth Edwin traced his ancestry in search of the Spanish root of the family tree. John Booth had married Elizabeth Wilkes, so





Pell Mitchell

**RAYMOND HITCHCOCK**

This camel proved obstinate at Luna Park until Mr. Hitchcock informed him what a talented player he had the honor to carry—in the person of Irene Bordoni



Sarony

**IRENE FRANKLIN**

Good news for our boys! Miss Franklin, the well-known vaudeville headliner, has donned the Y. M. C. A. uniform and will soon be entertaining them "over there"



© Clara Petzoldt

**KATHERINE EMMET**

This great, great granddaughter of Betsy Ross, is as ardent a patriot as her celebrated ancestor, being an active member and worker in the Stage Women's War Relief. Broadway is to see her shortly in a dramatization of the "Penrod" stories



Campbell

**MAY LESLIE**

Women are coming into their own, as is proven by Miss Leslie the popular show girl. She is now stage manager of the Century Grove Midnight Revue

allying himself by marriage to the famous English friend of freedom, John Wilkes. Their son Richard, chose for his life mate Miss Game, who was of the Welsh Llewellyns. Their son, Richard Booth, tried to escape to America to join the Revolutionists in their war for freedom, but was taken back, reprimanded and ultimately forgiven as a wild, but well-meaning youth. Junius Brutus Booth, his son, was born in St. Pancras, London, being English as were his father and grandfather. The facts are mine, drawn from many sources. The deductions are yours.

Of the Jewish actors on the American stage David Warfield is chief. I recall yielding to the temptation for a little gallop on my hobby, heredity, asking David Warfield "What is your nationality?" His answer, simple, direct as his gaze, was "I am a Jew."

Louis Mann and Sam Bernard, who have brought "Friendly Enemies" into the fore as the most profitable play of the year, were reared by the same tenets. So, too, that other pair of funmakers, Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr. Of the same original faith, but now a disciple of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy is that singer of the soul of songs, Nora Bayes. Her sister singer in vaudeville Nan Halperin attends services at a synagogue.

The Morrisons, Felix and Lewis, were Hebrews. Daniel E. Bandmann and family were born in the Judean belief. Anna Held's "Eyes That Won't Behave" were inheritances from her mother, a Polish Jewess.

Leon Errol, comedian and producer par excellence, reveals his Judean extraction in his personal phase, but it is not apparent in his stage portrayals. Ed Wynn, funmaker alternately for the "Ziegfeld Follies" and the Winter Garden, got his fun and vigor from a hardy line of Jewish ancestors. Willie and Eugene Howard, other Winter Garden amusers, are branches of the same stock that bore Joseph Weber and Lew Fields.

That dainty ingenue Francine Larrimore, whose entrance upon the stage is greeted by not too subdued whispers, "Isn't she sweet?", "Isn't she

a darling?", has a sure sense of comedy that has been schooled by her celebrated uncle, the great player of Shylock to the East Side. Jacob Adler is the King of the East Side Rialto. David Kessler has won community fame among those of his own race in the crowded district of New York. A playwright prophet of theirs is Boris Tomaschewsky, who writes robust emotional dramas for himself and others.

Occasionally a Jewish player emerges from the East Side and plays successfully in new English diction. This Mme. Bertha Kalich achieved, though she has temporarily forsaken that field for the at present more profitable one of the photo drama. David Kessler, with that beautiful blonde actress, once leading woman for John Drew and now in happy retirement the wife of Chevalier Ricardo Bertelli, Ida Conquest, left off Yiddish parlance to appear in English dramas. "Bobby" North accomplished the journey. David Belasco gave him his opportunity in one of his offerings. The young man has become the owner of touring attractions on the vaudeville circuit.

Florence Reed, one of the most vividly emotional of the younger generation of players, was the daughter of the former Roland Reed and a Jewess. Her portrayal in "The Yellow Ticket" of a girl who was inhumanly persecuted because she wandered from the Jewish pale, was imbued with the smouldering fire of her race. It flamed in her unique rendering of Tisha in "The Wanderer." It is evinced in her characterization of the slave girl in "Chu Chin Chow."

The reaches of the race are as great in tragedy as in comedy. The Jew taps tears and stirs laughter. He mimics and imitates and burlesques. No chapter in the book of drama is closed to him.

Should their critics say that Jews lack finesse we would need but to answer: "David Warfield." If that their tremendous earnestness barred them from comedy we would reply: "Barney Bernard and his brother Sam." Or reverse it if you will. They won't care. If you should say that their characterizations are superficial, I would say: "See Louis Mann and Nora Bayes." And Flor-

ence Reed is a dynamo of power tempered by the critic that is her other self standing outside, watching, measuring, weighing. Thus she provides the two elements of great acting, force and balance.

A forceful writer of their own race would gladly lend his patented phrase to summarize the success of his people on the stage. "Vim, Vigor, Victory," according to Herbert Kaufman.

Rabbi Clifton Harby Levy, preaching Joe Welch's funeral sermon, when the imitator of Jewish peddlers died mad last midsummer, said: "He made the world happier, for he made it laugh." He exalted laughter bringing to the world one of the blessed missions. No Jew, nor Gentile, will contradict the mad comedian's "last notice."

Nor must we forget our Oriental Hedda Gabler—Alla Nazimova, beloved of Broadway audiences. In her roof garden is stretched an Oriental rug with a set of willow furniture.

"Why should I not live on the roof? she said, "I am an Oriental, a Jew. The wandering tribes of Israel slept often under the stars. They do still in the East."

The Dolly Sisters are also daughters of Israel who have added to the gaiety of Broadway. Mme. Petrova is another prominent representative of her race.

It is obviously impossible in an article of limited length to mention every artist of Jewish faith or origin on the stage. The Jew is popular in the theatre. He seems exceptionally fitted for it both by temperament and instinct. He has cast lustre upon it as actor, playwright, and manager.

In this last field particularly, you will find the Jew most prominent. He controls the theatrical business as he controls many other enterprises. The Frohmans—Daniel, Charles, and Gustave—Belasco, the Wizard, the Shuberts of many activities; the energetic Al Woods, Klaw and Erlanger, Flo Ziegfeld, the Selwyns, not forgetting the redoubtable Oscar Hammerstein—all these important figures connected with the past and present history of the American stage, are of Jewish extraction.

## THEATRE THOUGHTS

By HAROLD SETON



**T**HERE is some talk of the canonization of George M. Cohan as the patron saint of Broadway.

When Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., has a pleasant dream, he imagines a new kind of centipede. When he has an unpleasant dream, he imagines the old kind of centipede.

After having seen George Arliss as "Disraeli," "Paganini" and "Hamilton," I am convinced that George Arliss is a splendid interpreter of—George Arliss.

A drunken man staggered into a theatre where Ruth St. Denis was dancing. The next day that man signed the pledge.

Paying two dollars to see Julian Eltinge dressed-up in woman's clothes is like paying two dollars to see a duck swim.

Margaret Mayo, author of "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds," beats Charlotte at her own game. For Miss Mayo can skate on very thin ice.

Willard Mack, author of "Kick In" and "Tiger Rose," is said to write his plays with a pen-point stuck in the muzzle of a revolver.

Nora Bayes represents the triumph of mind over patter.

A Belasco production: Real doors for artificial people to come in through, and real windows for artificial people to look out of.

Instead of holding the mirror up to Nature, Emily Stevens holds it up to her aunt, Mrs. Fiske.

Encouraged by the success of Fannie Ward and Marguerite Clarke as interpreters of children in the movies, Mrs. Whiffen and Amelia Bingham are about to attempt similar work.

When Claire Kummer wrote "Good Gracious, Anabelle," she stepped into Clyde Fitch's shoes. But when she wrote "The Rescuing Angel," she stepped out of them.

Fritzi Scheff's progress from the Metropolitan Opera House to a Broadway cabaret is an example of what can be accomplished—if one does not try.

Elsie Janis's favorite pet is a chameleon.

John Drew has put a codicil in his will to the effect that he be buried in a shroud made by Poole, of London, in the fashion of the day, whatever it may be.

Billie Burke has been on the stage for many years, but still there is not a wrinkle—in any of her gowns.

Oliver has "a typical Morosco caste" in his eye.

Kitty Cheatham enjoys childhood—the second time.

Valeska Suratt's idea of interpreting joy:—"Gowns by Lucile." Valeska Suratt's idea of interpreting sorrow:—"Gowns by Lucile."

When Lillian Russell dies, the Museum of Art will receive her unique collection of cosmetiques.

David Belasco loves Nature. He has seen some of her sunrises and sunsets that are almost as good as his own.



*From a portrait by Moffett*

W I L L I A M F A V E R S H A M

The distinguished player who will live up to his title "actor-manager" this season. "Allegiance" has already been produced under his direction, and in October he will appear on the stage in a dramatization of "The Prince and the Pauper"

# "OLE CLOES"

*The ultimate fate of the gorgeous stage gowns which make women gasp*

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE



THE heroine has made her audience laugh and weep. She has been persecuted and oppressed, but, triumphing over all her enemies in that fashion peculiar to the stage, she has risen to affluence and power. She trails through three acts in a swish of satins, chiffons and ermine, and the final curtain falls with the hero's arms around her.

The younger women in the audience carry away a vision of the last scene, and sigh ecstatically.

The older women, in whose breasts fancy has been subdued by fact, grow thriftily speculative.

"I wonder," they say as they pass out, "what she does with her old clothes."

They have tasted the supreme joy of brushing a skirt and selling it to an old clothes man; they know to the fullest the satisfaction of turning a ribbon on last season's hat and letting it go for a price. Those who sit in high places all day and cut coupons have no greater elation of soul than these experiences bring. But the actress? The woman who gets more in a week than the majority of the husbands in the audience earn in six months: Does she ever sell her old clothes? Does she, perhaps, ever give them away? Would she (here the thrifty woman experiences a blissful moment) ever give them to a woman who has two or three growing girls to clothe, and who is so handy with the needle she could make them over? Though (she forgets to get off the car at her corner in her absorption), the dark-blue velvet worn in the second act would just fit her Annabelle without any alteration at all.



THE woman on the stage does give them away, and she gives freely and judiciously. There is said to be one actress so thrifty she bargains with the old clothes man as greedily as if she were poor and had children to provide with raiment, but she is an exception. The people of the stage are noted for their generosity. There is no class of people who give more to others, and who take less thought of their own to-morrows. The moth holds no family reunions in the discarded garments of the actress: while she might still find a use for them (for they are never worn, as we in the audience know what the word "worn" means), she forgets her own needs in the greater necessity of others.

Marguerite Clarke, with her four feet and four inches, could make few women happy with her discarded garments, for they are too small. It is the good fortune of two young girls, whom Miss Clarke has taken under her protection to educate, that they are Miss Clarke's size, and the superfluous clothes in which she appears as an adult are sent to them. But more often she takes a child's part and these tiny little garments also serve a great purpose. An orphan herself, Miss Clarke's heart is tender to the motherless, and the little dresses, coats and petticoats, in which she appears as a child of eight or nine, are sent to an orphan asylum, and they amount to so many in the course of a year that the clothes problem of the little waifs is almost completely solved.

Mary Pickford belies her Irish ancestry with

an unsuspected thrift, but gives liberally to the needy. Lina Cavalieri, who spends more on clothes than any other woman on the stage to-day, with the possible exception of Geraldine Farrar, makes the disposal of her discarded garments an international question. Some years ago she sent huge boxes semi-annually to her beloved Italy. Since her marriage to Lucien Muratore, she divides this offering, giving half to his adored France.

Pearl White, with the recklessness that characterizes her in the scenes in which she risked her life for your entertainment, doesn't give a second thought to her garments. She has in her care, and with her all through the summer, three young girls. They are her secretary, if she needs one, her stewardess, her companion, her housekeeper, her maid; any capacity in which love and thought may serve a busy woman, and, in return, she gives them a home, watches over them, and pays them well, though one of the girls gets \$75 a week in an office position.



MISS WHITE knew the girls when she was working in a stock company, and does not forget them now she is receiving \$200,000 a year. On one occasion she gave one of the girls a fur coat costing \$6,500, and which she had worn only a few times, and she gives them other garments, often before she has worn them at all.

Marie Osborne's discarded garments are given to the children in her company. No other child in the world, under the age of six, has so many. Anna Case donates generously to old friends in New Jersey, and May Peterson, also, has a waiting list.

Marie Rappold, who makes the claim of being the best-dressed woman on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, buys no fewer than twelve tailor-made gowns a season, for which she has never paid less than \$150 each. She appears in concert during the summer season, and never wears the same gown twice, with so many hats, cloaks, shoes, pumps and furs in her wardrobe that her maid keeps books on them. She never sells a garment, having a long list of relatives and friends who have not been as fortunate in this world's goods as herself.



IRENE CASTLE donates her discarded clothes to the Stage Woman's War Relief. Usually, there is a sale, and the proceeds go to this fund, and she is so universally a favorite with the women that her sales bring more, in proportion to the value, than the donations of any other woman.

"My wife," said a man, with indignation, "paid five dollars for a pair of Mrs. Castle's pumps. They didn't fit her; she knew they wouldn't, but she wanted them because Irene Castle had danced in them. Of course, I roared, but I'd have roared louder did I not know that the proceeds go to making life more comfortable for our boys over there." When Captain Castle was killed, she gave everything she possessed in the way of clothes to this sale.

Geraldine Farrar receives \$1,500 a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, which means \$102,000 a season. To eke out a living she acts for the movies at \$2 a minute, and gets an income from the records of her voice. She cannot spend her money on luxuries for her table. If she eats as one might dream of eating with such an income, her stomach is disordered. If her stomach is disordered, her voice is affected, and if her voice is affected, whizz, bang, away goes her income.

Denied the comfortable joy of a luxurious meal, she has a greater sum to spend on clothes, and in her clothes she takes supreme satisfaction, holding that when a singer appears in public her raiment is as important as her voice.

She has no sisters, nieces, nor cousins who look with longing eyes. She has a kinship with all the world in a broader sense, and sends all these garments to the Jumble-In. The Jumble-In is a storehouse where garments are received and sold, and the proceeds devoted to buying luxuries for the soldiers. Miss Farrar has a personal maid, but the maid's duties are made light by her mistress' generosity. Every few days she sends something to the Jumble-In which shows not a sign of wear or tear.

The same story is told of every actress' wardrobe. It reaches an honorable and useful old age. Pride and a needle and thread make the change the garment demands for more humble, or less romantic, circumstances, and many a woman, after patronizing one of these sales appears in a becoming and handsome garment that cost her less than a fourth of its original price.



THE wives of millionaires make similar disposal of their discarded garments. Naturally, a blue satin cannot be given to the scullery maid, and a pink velvet is not appropriate to wear when preparing turnips. Barred the privilege of giving to the "help," a story told in humbler walks of life, the women of wealth sell to a dealer in second-hand garments, and he re-sells to women in moderate circumstances. Or, which is told oftener, and to their credit, they hold sales at regular intervals, the proceeds given to some charity.

The woman who said as she walked out of the theatre, "I wonder what she does with her old clothes?" may, perhaps, have sat next to one of these garments on the way home. To the good taste of the buyer, the stage costumes rarely appeal, unless they are street clothes, in their original form. Often a complete transformation is essential, for the dress worn by the inn-keeper's saucy daughter, in a scene laid in Paris, will hardly do, without complete ripping and altering, for the Bible-class teacher in New York.

Yet a simple frock you might see on Fifth Avenue worn jauntily by a dainty debutante may one day have graced the sinuous person of a stage vampire. You would never recognize it with its added frills, its ribbons and its furbelows. Then again you may stop with a little gasp to admire a smart hat that really adorned the heroine in a show that failed and went to the storehouse after a week.



Geisler & Andrews

(Left)  
MARTHA MANSFIELD

(Right)

DOROTHY LEEDS

(Center)

FLORENCE CRIPPS



Johnston



Johnston

**T**HE chorus girl cannot be passed over lightly. She is by far too important a personage. Who else is responsible for the success of "The Follies"? And is not the New Amsterdam filled even on dog days (and nights) with audiences eager to view her beauty?

Here are three of the pretty maids who have done their bit to make "The Follies" what the press agent aptly terms "a national institution,"—Miss Mansfield, petite and summery, Miss Leeds, slender and tailor-made, and Miss Cripps, blonde and lovely

T H R E E   G R A C E S   O F   " T H E   F O L L I E S "

# MY FIRST PLAY

*Some suggestions on how to prepare a manuscript for the worst*

By LISLE BELL



**A** YEAR ago I decided to write my first play. The first thing that I did was to take a mental inventory, to make sure that I possessed all the needed qualifications. I found that I had everything necessary but the technique. So I set about acquiring the technique. At the present writing, I still have everything necessary, plus the technique, plus the play.

Externally, my play is a little the worse for wear, but when you consider that it has had a long run on Broadway (in producing offices from Thirty-ninth Street to Forty-eighth Street), it is really remarkably well preserved. To put the history of my play into a nutshell, it is sufficient to say that it has been accepted by the copyright office, and rejected by everyone else. The Government and I against the world, so to speak.

As for my technique, it is like silver stored in a safety vault: it's nice to know that you have it and maybe can use it again, some day. I dare say that my play is like many other plays, but my technique, I feel confident in saying, stands alone. It is unique. And not the least of its services is that it has taught me where to place the emphasis in the dictionary's definition: "Technique—a method of *execution* in fine art."

My hopes were high when I began the pursuit of technique. The first thing that I did was to surround myself with all the available text-books on the subject. There are a lot of them, and I don't believe I missed a single one. I read every line of "What Every Young Dramatist Ought to Know," and studied diligently such works as "First Steps in Playwriting," "Dramatic Technique in Words of One Syllable," and so on.



**A**T the start, I got a delightful stimulation, immersing myself in these text-books. They seemed so adroitly adjusted to my needs. They told me just what I should know. And they did it in such a way as to make me feel it was nothing less than slander to refer to them as text-books. For there was nothing dictatorial in them, nothing harshly worded. Everything was in the spirit of "Come, let us reason together."

These volumes, in short, made me feel as if my play were as good as written—if not better. I acquired the faith that moves mountains—if not managers. I burned with eagerness to put my technique (12mo, \$1.35 net) to the test of actual creation.

When one authority assured me that the theatre "is a democratic institution, and co-operation on the part of the audience is the first essential of success," I closed the book, closed my eyes, and saw my name in electric lights. I actually began to worry for fear the "lightless nights" might dim my glory. The thought that "co-operation on the part of the manager" might be quite an important factor in my success never crossed my mind. Apparently, it didn't disturb the author of my text-book, either. At any rate, there was no cloud on my horizon—not then.

I may have been just a little troubled when I read that "congenital endowment" has something to do with the making of a dramatist.

My family tree boasted no dramatic branches. I had about made up my mind to hobble along without any congenital endowment, when I learned that one of my aunts taught "elocution" before her marriage. I drew a sigh of relief. Aunt became my "congenital endowment."

The rules seemed admirable and concise. I learned them all by heart. For example: "See that the play (*i. e.*, the play which I intended to write) is always moving straight toward its goal; divagation is usually death."

Surely nothing could be simpler than seeing that my play was always moving straight toward its goal. To be sure, the rule sounded a bit like a city traffic regulation, but I linked it up with that phrase, "the two hours' traffic of the stage," and felt quite secure. As I look back now upon my experience, however, I think perhaps the fellow should have defined goal. Maybe he didn't mean what I thought he meant.



**D**IVAGATION, I will confess, sent me to the dictionary, where I discovered that it means nothing more nor less than "wandering about." The trouble was, when I actually came to doing the thing, I discovered that it apparently is a synonym for managers' offices.

There was always this to be said in favor of those text-books: they were most flattering to the intelligence, or so I thought at the time. When one of the writers spoke of the "thirty-six fundamental situations counted by Gozzi and Schiller," he never stopped to tell me who or what Gozzi was. So far as the context showed, he might have been an adding machine. Again, when I came across the "twenty-four situations announced by Gerard de Nerval as fit for the theatre," no one troubled to identify de Nerval. I assumed that I was supposed to know, and did nothing at all about it.

In the concluding chapter of one of my guides, I came upon this: "It is now time to be about writing your full-length play." This was the assurance that I had been waiting for. It certainly was nice to be told that it was time to be about writing my full-length play.



**W**ITH renewed confidence, I applied my mind to the final summing up of the rules. They were brief and to the point:

"Decide on a theme or foundation incident. (I already had done that.) Outline your plot, sketch the grouping of characters by description for your own guidance, determine on their relative importance, and assign the space to be given each act. Take plenty of time to revise and re-revise; study the stage-books of successful modern plays; and lay your work aside to cool."

I found all this decidedly stimulating, even if the wording did resemble the culinary directions for turning out a custard.

"Why not?" I said to myself. "Why shouldn't technique resemble a cooking recipe? Plays, like cookies, are made."

And with this original contribution to the

philosophy of dramatic technique, I closed the volume and started to work—on my cookie.

Outlining the plot, as suggested, was a bit difficult. I outlined mine in black, before I got through. Black is not my favorite color, but it seemed more appropriate, somehow. As for sketching the grouping of characters, I couldn't be quite sure the fellow didn't mean to draw a picture of them. At any rate, I omitted that.

One of the directions which bothered me considerably was in regard to assigning the space to be given each act. I didn't know whether to do it upon the basis of the number of pages or what. I think I finally decided upon "what."

As for taking plenty of time to "revise and re-revise," the advice was really superfluous. I have had generous co-operation along that line. I took quite a little time myself, and the managers have given me all the rest.

I am now at work on a text-book of my own. When it is finished, it will be more detailed—I might even say more frank—than any of its predecessors which guided me. I shall call it "Preparing the Play for the Worst."

So far, I have completed but one chapter. It is on "The Manuscript." All the text-books which I used, and which have led to my play being "laid aside to cool" for quite some time, devoted one chapter to "The Manuscript." They told how the manuscript should be prepared, what size and style of paper to use, what type spacing, and how the title-page should be hand-illuminated. They told everything, in fact, except what kind of play to put on the paper. If they had told me that, I probably wouldn't be at work on a text-book of my own.



**P**REPARING the manuscript is a topic which, it appears to me, has been treated in a somewhat too skeletonized manner. My method has been, therefore, to set down the rules which appear in these older authorities, and then to elaborate upon them.

All the text-books start out with this admonition:

"In the first place, your manuscript should be typewritten."

What they should do is to go on and explain that they mean typewritten in both senses of the word. If a manager doesn't discover "types" in your play, he will decide that it is no good, and file it away for his own use next winter, in case his coal supply runs short. Be sure your play is "type"-written.

"Write on only one side of the sheet."

The reason for this rule is obvious. The manager, if he accepts your play, will need to use the other side upon which to re-write it.

"On the second page, give the cast of characters."

For Broadway production, the cast of characters will vary from pure to off-color. Purple tints are always in great favor.

"These details attended to, take the play to the managers' offices. Don't worry if it doesn't come back promptly."

This last rule does not permit of much elaboration. I shall merely add, out of the fulness of my experience:

"Don't worry; it will."

Peggy O'Neil as "Patsy"



Peggy O'Neil

Victor Moore

SCENES IN EDWARD PEPE'S NEW COMEDY, "PATSY ON THE WING," WHICH HAS BEEN RUNNING ALL SUMMER AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE IN CHICAGO AND TO APPEAR IN NEW YORK NEXT MONTH

## AMATEUR DEPARTMENT

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs, and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

## THE AMATEUR PRODUCER

By CHRISTINE HOPKINS

*Member of the Strollers, State University of Kentucky.*



**D**O you ever manage an amateur play? No? Then what was responsible for your need of a rest-cure? Merely overwork? Oh, dear! Well then, you don't know what real nerves are like! You see, it's this way:

A group of enthusiasts—organized or disintegrated—the Something-or-others, merely a group of arters for art's sake—decide they will have A Play. In the Stone Age, excuses were sometimes hard to find, but now they are as plentiful as knitting needles or second lieutenants or applications for next winter's coal. The Red Cross, Liberty Bonds, the Red Star, W. S. S., all excellent causes, so intensely patriotic! After much discussion, the charity most socially prominent at that particular time wins, and the society column announces that in the near future the event of the season will be produced, its exact nature not yet determined upon.

\* \* \*

Then the trying ordeal of choosing a performance to be performed. Ibsen and Shaw are considered, but discarded because they aren't quite nice, at least some of the paying husbands might think so. But stay! Why not choose a "coach" first, and let him earn some of his easy money by helping in the selection? Just decide on a certain sum for his services, and turn all responsibility over to him? Of course, he must find good parts for the Chairman of the Committee, and select a piece in which there is an opportunity for some incidental music and vocal, (not for any one person's benefit, of course, but just to add variety), and one which commands no royalty, and has rosy scenery, and no costuming, that is, beyond the wee bit necessitated by after-dinner acts in the modern drawing-room comedy.

\* \* \*

On third thought, as this performance is for charity, why should not the "coach" give his services? Mr. — or Miss — of the University is up on these things, and such social prominence this direction would give, besides the patriotism of the thing, should secure absolutely grateful free and gratis assistance.

It is done. You being Mr. —, or Miss —, consent. For various reasons of your own, per-

haps, but still, you do. Maybe you've always had a sneaking hankering to go on the stage, and this is the nearest you can get to it! And maybe the charity game really, sincerely appeals. Anyway, you agree, and the cooing young things who've come to persuade you, triumphantly depart.

You feverishly hunt through catalogues, drama league lists, old manuscripts, the Public Library, actor friend's old plays, until you find—the very thing! *Ecce homo!* But oh, dear, no, that won't do at all. There's a line in it about the heroine's wearing a "buttercup satin," and couldn't you see, (with politely veiled impatience) that the incipient leading lady couldn't possibly wear that shade, with her color hair? You couldn't, but after due persuasion, you do.

\* \* \*

You try again. This time the time of day doesn't give opportunity for attractive gowns. You try several times more. When you are about to suggest, more or less civilly, that one of the young aspirants write a play, herself, the brilliant idea of an evening of the act-plays strikes you. W-e-l-l, perhaps—at least it would be original and varied, and they might try some of the subtle one-act Little Playhouse things, mightn't they? They might, but by this time you're inclined to doubt whither such a trial might lead.

They are finally chosen—a short drama, broad "a," please; a folk play; a half-hour masque, too picturesque for anything; a brief modern comedy. You tactfully suggest you'd like an expression of opinion in choosing the cast, but you are diplomatically, albeit with some asperity, reminded that you are only the coach, and are to train the cast after they are chosen, not before!

\* \* \*

Rehearsals begin. Yes, indeed, seven-thirty sharp! Because there's so much to be done, you know, and in such a short time. On the third night or so, well, of course, when the cook's late with dinner, what can one do? One can't offend her, merely to keep an engagement on time, for she's really very economical and in these days when it's one's first duty to conserve

—what's that—her cue? She never could remember that line—

You plead with them not to rush in, procure the exact center of the stage, and proclaim; you urge them to forget their hands and feet; you suggest, by every means in your power that they neither stand rooted to one spot nor waft hither and thither aimlessly about as "inspiration" moves them; you insist that some glimmer of intelligent comprehension light their countenances when others are talking and they are still. Your meek advice is disdainfully ignored; they are there to express their feeling as the emotion of the thing demands, not to be bound by hard and fast movements on certain lines. Set "business"? Ridiculous!

\* \* \*

The night of the performance arrives. So do you, laden with hand props telephoned for at the last moment. The scene shifters and stagehands are loafing on the job, their humble services, like yours, having been "donated"; and when the actual sets are up, you set the stage yourself, call the overture, ring the curtain, grasp the prompt book, utter a prayer, and prepare for the worst.

The first piece gets an appreciative laugh, even a hand or two; the audience is kind. The drama—broad "a" and all—interests them; really, your amateurs are steaming up unexpectedly well. The folk play, not too subtle, is different, it's high-browness appeals. Things are going fairly well. And the closing comedy is good, the cast remember what you told it, they do not merely walk thru their lines, they act; there are curtain-calls, plural.

\* \* \*

You ring down the last time. Excited and congratulatory friends—of the performers, burst thru the stage door to fall on their necks and exclaim. Little animated supper-parties drift off. The promoter hails you a careless note of thanks over her shoulder as she importantly marshals her debutantes toward a late dance.

You dazedly and tiredly collect your outer garments, and go home. Never again! And yet—and yet— If one only had the chance! Oh, the very smell of the theatre—!



# DRAMATICS AT PURDUE UNIVERSITY

By BERNARD SOBEL, Lafayette, Indiana

**U**NIQUE in the history of University Dramatics has been the record of the English Players of Purdue University, an organization of student actors who have been successfully presenting dramas of real merit during the last four years and who, up to now, have given out no public statement in regard to their work. The achievements, however, of the English Players are of such importance in relation to the history of the American drama that they are worthy of serious consideration.

The English Department Players were organized about four years ago by a group of Purdue students who were interested in studying and acting plays. They worked, at first, under particularly trying circumstances as their auditorium was large and their stage very small, without a rear exit and overshadowed by a pipe organ. These mechanical disadvantages they overcame by covering the instrument with a large curtain and by forming scenery from building board. Their stage properties consisted of several chairs and a table, borrowed from the fraternity houses, rugs and cut flowers, donated by the Horticulture Department. This was all; what was missing was left to the imagination. Costumes were designed by the Household Economics Department and a few simple electrical effects were designed by students in the School of Electrical Engineering.

**F**ROM the first, one-act plays made up the programs, and this policy, with but two exceptions, has never been changed. The list of plays given up to the present, includes several performances of Dunsany, four years ago, when he was scarcely known; and a performance of "Thompson," by St. John Hankin, who, even now, is known almost exclusively to the reading public. The plays given the first year were "The Fifth Commandment," by Stanley Houghton; "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," by Alford Sutro; "A Gentle Jury," by Arlo Bates; "The Workhouse Ward," by Lady Gregory; "By Ourselves," by Fulda; "On His Devoted Head," a play written for Coquelin; and "The Lost Silk Hat," by Lord Dunsany.

The second year the plays presented were "A Doctor in Spite of Himself," by Molière; "The Ghost of Jerry Bungler," by W. W. Jacobs; "The Dear Departed," by Stanley Houghton; "In Hospital," by Thomas H. Dickinson, and "Thompson," by St. John Hankin.

The third year the plays included "The Twelve Pound Book," by Barrie and "Marse Covington," by George Ade. In addition, two pageants were also presented; a Shakespeare pageant, in honor of the centenary, with scenes from ten plays, and an Indiana pageant, showing dramatic incidents in the history of Indiana. For this year

the Players have in preparation Molière's "The Miser."

In addition to furnishing a direct acquaintance with the foregoing list of plays and authors, the Players have influenced the community in a worthy way. The student body has been aroused to the cultural and inspirational value of the theatre and have been directed to the voluntary



Scene from Molière's "A Doctor in Spite of Himself"  
Esther Evans, Charles Downs, La Cegale Bone

study of good plays. The local public has been made so eager for good plays that the Players have been invited to appear off the campus. They tour from one high school to another giving performances of Molière and Dunsany to audiences made up of representative public gatherings. Clubs, well content to use their imaginations have invited them to give performances without scenery. The Players have



The English Department Players in a rehearsal of Molière's "The Miser"  
Ruth Whitford, Cordy Hall, J. C. Young, Homer Reprogle, Norbert Wagner,  
Virginia Stemm, Frank Ferguson

become so well established, as an organization, that they have been able to bring theatrical organizations and speakers to the University. At one time they brought Indianapolis Little Theatre Players to the University for a performance of "Suppressed Desires," "The Maker of Dreams," and "The Lost Silk Hat." At another time they brought the Maxincuckee Mummies, with Miss Marjorie Vonnegut, now of the Washington Square Players for an evening of one-act plays. At the invitation of the Players, Prof. Thomas H. Dickinson gave a university lecture entitled "The Modern Idea of Tragedy."

A unique feature in the development of the organization has been the manner in which the various departments of the University are gradually contributing toward its growth. The students in Electrical Engineering provide the electrical effects. The students in Mechanical Engineering built the curtain. The Department of Household Economics makes and designs the costumes. The School of Education has informally incorporated play-coaching in its course while the Purdue Summer School, composed largely of superintendents, principals and teachers, carries the message of good plays to the rural community. The students in Journalism provide the publicity and the students of the School of Pharmacy provide chemicals and cosmetics. Two students, Mark Liddel, Jr., now at the front, and R. J. Krieger, have designed scenery and posters.

**W**HILE devoting themselves to repertory, the Players have been able to develop several promising amateur actors and playwrights. Charles Downs, now "somewhere in France," has done excellent work in character rôles. Frank Ferguson, though a young man in his teens, has been able to give a noteworthy interpretation of "Harpagon," while Mary Agnew has shown original ability as a comedienne. Henry T. DeHart has written several one-act plays and the annual college musical production for last year.

The success of the English Department Players may be never competing with the professional stage. Their performances are attributed to the fact that they have been content to present plays informally. Their performances are always called "Readings in Costume" so that the general public may understand that their purpose is artistic and not professional or financial. Sometimes the plays are given free of charge; sometimes for a small fee that will help pay expenses. The Players prohibit favoritism. The student assigned a rôle must be fitted for it and capable of the proper interpretation. If he needs criticism or correction, he gets it. This arrangement is regarded as highly significant, for it can be duplicated scarcely anywhere else in the stage world.

# THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUISVILLE PLAYERS



**T**HE University of Louisville (Kentucky) Players, who recently sprang into national recognition by contributing twelve hundred dollars to the Permanent Blind Relief War Fund, the profit on their two performances of Sir James Matthew Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," are an interesting and progressive group of amateur producers, players and scenic artists.

The Players were founded first as a dramatic club of the University in 1911 and composed forty members. During the theatrical season of 1914-'15, Boyd Martin, dramatic editor of the *Courier-Journal* was secured as director and the club, under his guidance, has become an efficient and well supported organization of eighty-six active members, composing a regular credited class in Dramatics in the college. The Players make one public appearance each year, at a local theatre, and at least three minor, but equally complete, productions in their work shop, an

auditorium seating about two hundred and fifty, to which the public is invited. Each week when the class meets with Mr. Martin for an hour, a one-act play is presented in the work shop and the play is directed, acted and staged by students appointed by the director. Rehearsals for public performances are held during the evening and so well is the class organized and trained that twenty rehearsals of two and a half hours each are all that have been found necessary for the production of any of their plays of an evening's length.

The first public appearance of the Players under Mr. Martin's direction was on April 29, 1915, in George Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell." The following year Madeleine Lucette Ryley's romantic comedy "Mice and Men" was revived and in 1917 Sardou's "A Scrap of Paper" was put on. This year "The Admirable Crichton" was the major play and it excelled in every way any previous performance given in Louisville by amateurs and rivaled in completeness many pro-

fessional productions seen in "The Gateway to the South."

The Players have also presented two original plays in their work shop, Mr. Martin's "The Cradle-Snatcher" and "Phidias," a Greek tragedy written by Rolla L. Wayne, president of the players, who also built the scenery for the production, designed the costumes and acted the title rôle. Other plays in the repertoire of the Players are "Who's Who," "Sunset," "Miss Civilization," "Engaged," "The Bishop's Candle Sticks" and "The Fatal Message." George Henry Boker's "Francesca da Rimini" is now in preparation and a one-act melodrama by Mr. Martin called "The Thirty-Four."

The University of Louisville Players are "keeping the home fires burning" in dramatics, producing for the students of the college and the public and reflecting great credit upon their college, their chief patron Dr. John L. Patterson, Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, themselves and their director.



Boyd Martin, Dramatic Editor of the *Courier-Journal* and Dramatic Director of the University of Louisville Players



Virginia Moremen, whose Lady Mary in "The Admirable Crichton" was her first part with the University of Louisville Players



Horace Seay, who won distinction as Cheviot Hill in "Engaged" and Lord Brocklehurst in "The Admirable Crichton"



Scene from the University of Louisville's production of W. S. Gilbert's old comedy "Engaged." Staged and played in the University of Louisville Work Shop. From left to right: Martha Dietz, W. E. Applehaus and Emma Clark

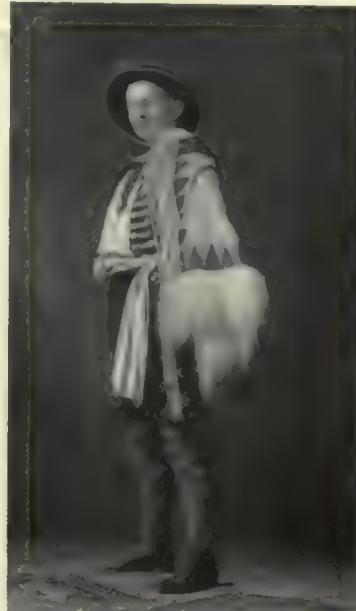
"THE BOHEMIAN GIRL" AS PRESENTED BY THE  
SULLIVAN DRAMATIC CLUB AND SULLIVAN  
HIGH SCHOOL CHORUS OF INDIANA



Queen of the Gipsies  
(Margaret Queen)



Devilshoof, Chief of the Gipsies  
(Claude Merril)



Thaddeus  
(Darrel Brown)



Arline, "The Bohemian Girl"  
(Mary Frances Maxwell)

**T**HE "Bohemian Girl" came and saw and conquered. That is to say, twelve hundred persons witnessed the presentation of Balfe's tuneful opera at the high school gymnasium by the Sullivan High School Chorus and Orchestra, and enjoyed every minute of it. It was a splendid success, and Prof. H. W. D. Tooley, supervisor of music, who directed the play, certainly proved himself not only a genius in handling the two hundred young actors but he displayed an array of professional talent which is exceptionally rare in high school circles. The audience was delighted.

The students and their director had been working unceasingly for days on the presentation of "The Bohemian Girl," and the parts were well prepared. The stage settings were beautiful and the lighting effect added much to the high-grade production.

The leading characters were taken by young people possessing talent which promises great things for them, and the singing was remarkable.

In spite of the fact that nearly two hundred persons were necessary to stage the play, they were handled in a masterful manner and there was hardly a hitch in the entire performance. The chorus singing was spirited, and the solo work was near the professional standard. The costumes were especially imported for the occasion, and the young folks looked most attractive in them.

One of the pleasing features of the entertainment was a dance by the Noblemen and Ladies in first act. They danced the Rye Waltz, which

brought back pleasant memories to many of the older ones in the audience of the days when they were young and gay. The fair scene was a mirth producer. It looked just like a real one with Skinny the Clown, Samson the strong man, and all the rest of the coterie arrayed on dry-goods boxes and other improvised pedestals.

"The Moonlight Scene" in act two was one of the most beautiful portions of the play and the chorus singing of "Silence the Lady Moon" was splendid in its effect.

The high school orchestra did much to make the evening's presentation a success. The score was difficult but the young musicians were equal to the task, mastered it without difficulty and rendered

the music in a manner beyond criticism.

The Ballet showing devastated Belgium should not be forgotten. Miss Keitha Ward, as Miss Columbia, came to minister to the stricken children of Belgium. Miss Ward's dancing was the feature of this scene.

The pantomime showed the suffering of the children of this unfortunate country. They were praying for help and finally fell, exhausted from hunger and cold, to the ground. Then enters Miss Columbia in a very happy mood, but this quickly changes to one of pity when she discovers the children. She decides to help them and dances among them, dropping flowers representing the money of the U. S. The children were revived by this help and they all knelt to give thanks to that Giver of all good things.



The Ballet between Acts II and III



Count Arnheim  
(Jesse A. Dix)



Florestein, nephew of the Count  
(Ira Long)

(Right)

The fairness and wide blue-eyedness of Miss Winwood's type are exquisitely and strikingly set off in the frame of this hat of blue batiste, the shade of Ragged Robins embroidered in white, with a soft swathing of white mousseline around the crown and a flange of the same haloing the brim. With the hat was worn one of the simple round-necked blouses so justly popular now, in white Georgette and a string of beads in the Ragged Robin blue tone of the batiste



(Below)

The end of the summer has made smart wraps of grey chiffon and net trimmed with grey squirrel. Miss Winwood's wrap is of grey silk net lined with grey chiffon and is worn over an evening frock glittering with iridescent paillettes in mother-of-pearl lights. Flesh pink satin slippers and stockings finish off the lovely ensemble



## TYPES—

### MISS ESTELLE WINWOOD AN ENGLISH BEAUTY

By ANNE ARCHBALD



UNQUESTIONABLY English, Miss Winwood! I don't think you could mistake her for anything else. A splendid example of English beauty of the blonde type, with her large blue eyes, vivid yellow hair, Cupid's bow mouth, and those regular classic features that are peculiarly the property of the English race. You know? Not only a fineness and delicacy in the modeling of the bone structure, especially around the chin line, but a certain distinct harmony in the relation of the features. Miss Winwood is medium in height and of a slenderness! All of which you may see for yourselves when her new play—Arnold Bennett's "Helen With the High Hand"—opens, which it is to do shortly. We take great pleasure in showing you here some of the ways in which Miss Winwood garbs her individuality.



(Below)

For a house gown Miss Winwood has chosen this pinafore model, kimono-sleeved and falling in resolutely straight lines from shoulder to hem. It is of a rich black fibre silk embroidered all over, back as well as front, with a lovely design in peacock blue. The little border that you see running around the neck and down the sleeves is worked in a fine, dull gold thread

(Below)

Miss Winwood has found that white is one of the most becoming shades she can wear and her next preference is for blue in all its shades with dark blues for the street. Here her two favorites combined have been made up for her into a sports suit. The material is that new knitted, worsted fabric, that is to be popular Paris says, in a soft old blue with collar, cuffs and wide band on the hem in white Angora. Those ball-finished ends to the tying belt are a new note for the Fall



(Above)

A favorite peignoir of Miss Winwood's in cream-silk tulle with loose three-quarter length jacket, embroidered on the hem with old blue, lines of little steel beads, and flowers of dark crimson. It is worn over a slip of palest blue chiffon which has a most pleasing touch, in that the wide casing that runs around the body at armpit height is threaded with pink satin ribbon which emerges at both centre front and centre back in a pink satin bow and long streamers



# THE FURS I SAW IN THE BIG FUR HOUSES

By ANGELINA



Imagine yourselves, first of all, in one of the charming and spacious English-atmosphered salons of Balch, Price in Brooklyn, with a young and good-looking member of the firm to do the honors, an Englishman as chief showman and instructor, and a pretty *mannequin, très aimable*, on which to display the furs.

\* \* \*

We are shown to begin with a series of long cape-wraps which we are told are to take the place, even in the daytime, of the more fitted coats of last season. They all have deep cape-yokes coming well down over the shoulders, big collars, and slits or semi-sleeves for the arms to come through. There is one in mole with an amusing collar that wraps round the neck and falls in taupe-tasselled points at the back (see the sketch at the end). There is a beauty all of Hudson Seal, the black of its pelt peculiarly deep and rich and velvety, since "the American dyes are getting better every day." There is a squirrel (I should say Balch Price specialized in squirrel, so soft in color and so plumage-like are their squirrel skins) day and evening wrap lined engagingly with a tan and blue Batik silk.



*If you want something quite new and original, choose this cape-wrap of mole, taupe-brocaded-lined from Révillon, with its single armhole for your left hand to come through. The idea seems to be that with the left hand you anchor the cape to your person and with the right you accomplish graceful and Toreador effects amongst the folds*

**A**ND that is practically the same as saying "the furs that are going to be worn by smart American women this Fall and the coming Winter," isn't it?

It was great fun "doing" furs, I found. And luckily the days on which I had my appointments with the Fur Houses happened to be the hottest days we had during August, so that... Don't interrupt! I know what you wish to exclaim. "Why lucky, the combination of heat and furs?"

\* \* \*

Because the homes of the furs turned out to be the coolest places in town. Naturally, poor dears, like the Polar Bear at the Zoo, they must be provided with an artificially cold climate. So, in large, airy, shaded rooms we reviewed and savored the new models at our leisure and in the greatest comfort. Besides, the psychological effect of merely considering furs and cold weather has a lowering effect on one's temperature, don't you think?

\* \* \*

But let's get down to business. Has everybody got a comfortable chair? Yes? Well, then....



*Gunther tells us that Hudson Seal is to continue holding its own in popularity especially for long coats, but it must be made up on the new semi-fitting lines like this cape-wrap, with its deep yoke and half-sleeves. Here Kolinsky forms the wrap's big collar and cuffs, but, of course, one may have Skunk or Chinchilla, or any combination one likes*



*This Russian Sable wrap from Balch, Price combines a stole and a cape, the belt of the garment running around in the back underneath the cape which is fringed with sable tails. Lift up an end of the stole and see the beautifully finished details of the green and brown lining, the little pocket, the silk flower at the corner*

But then all of the Balch Price linings are most unusual,—that's another of their specialties.

\* \* \*

After the coat-wraps we are shown the coatees, which are to continue their popularity for the winter; the stoles, some of them combined with a cape-back (such as you may see in the sketch of the Russian sable garment shown here) to make a fur piece new and original; and the fox skins, which are being brought back in much larger shape and spread flat over the shoulders. Lastly, as a great treat, the wonderful Russian sable coat that had been "in work" for Mrs. W. E. Corey, in years past the musical comedy prima donna, Mabelle Gilman, since early spring and was now all complete save for the choice of a lining.

\* \* \*

Now bring your chair with you over to Gunther's big shop on Fifth Avenue. We are equally at ease in its dim interior. Not too dim, however, to see the rich quality of the furs used in the very latest thing in coat-wraps. Note the deep cape-yokes again, the large muffling collars



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NEW YORK

(Continued from page 168.)

on top of them, and either the arm slits or half sleeves, as in the upper right hand sketch.

See the long coat of Persian moiré with chinchilla collar and cuffs, the moiré supple and fine as a piece of velvet or silk. I should like so much to have one of those suits of Persian moiré, short skirt of the fur and little jacket, if Father could be induced to "come across." Persian moiré, broadtail, Persian lamb, are all to be very popular this year, the courteous gentleman tells us. So is Hudson Seal, he adds. "It will continue to hold its own in popularity and we are making up many seven-eighths coats of it."

Isn't that a stunning Hudson Seal model the *mannequin* is just showing, with its Kolin-sky collar and cuffs? So smart! So adorably becoming! And one could wear it anywhere, anytime. Let's take a sketch of it.

Take a quick leap from lower to upper Fifth Avenue. Set the imaginary stage at Révillon next. What an original wrap that long one of mole (you see again that the definitely sleeved coat is *not* to be *grand chic*) with egress for only the left arm. The right clutches the wrap from inside and draws it into graceful folds. Slim Désirée Lubovska, the Russian, who dances in the new Revue, "Everything," should have such a coat. She loves those different-sided effects in her costumes. I am sure she would wear with it one white pearl and one black pearl earring, and whoever buys the coat should adopt such a harmony.

Révillon will feature, they said, soft sable stoles, made of four or five skins fastened to each other end to end and each joining finished with tails and claws. We saw such a one in Hudson Bay sable. Another com-

posed of two skins, the joining brought about by having the skin of the one sable held clasped at right angles in the small jaws of the other.

At Shayne's, on Forty-second Street—yes, we're over there now—we find the most wonderful assortment of muffs, large as those of the Eighteenth Century, small as those of the 1880 period, oblong or pillow or the new canteen shape, any shape and any fur or combinations thereof you may have wished for, and several that you have never thought of.

And we hear fisher, though scarce, is to be exceedingly popular—if you can reconcile such statements.



*Ermine, like that other aristocrat Sable, like old furniture and real lace, never comes in or goes out, it just stays. Though it does change its shape with every season. C. C. Shayne shows for the coming one this graceful stole and muff,—muffs by the way in every shape and size and felt to suit the heart's desire being one of their specialties*

Next month I shall take you to A. Jaeckel and Co., who have promised to show me some lovely furs "specially" for my readers.



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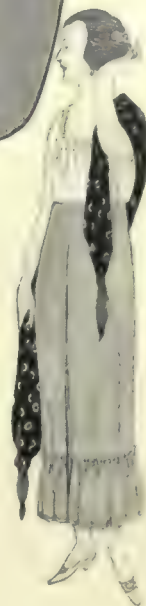
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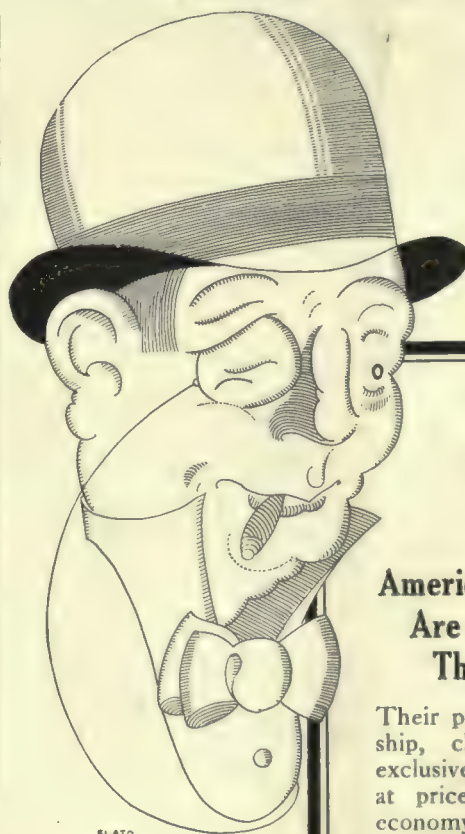
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Though the routine should be varied from time to time, Miss Gail Kane says:

"I have a pet theory gained from my stage and movie experience," she told me recently, "that the skin needs variety, a change in its environment every so often, just as much as the whole human being. If you keep using the same kind of treatment or the same cream on the face month in, month out, you lose the full benefit of it. The first fresh stimulus wears away, just as it does with everything else.

"So I use several kinds of creams—not just any creams, of course, haphazard, but those that I have tried out—and different schemes of treatment.

"And I like to be open-minded about trying a new wash or cream or powder, if it comes to me well recommended through a source that I have found reliable. Chemists and beauty people are working and experimenting on the subject all the time and constantly discovering ingredients or new combinations of ingredients to aid and abet nature; and if a woman insists on sticking conservatively to the same cosmetics forever she loses out in the race for beauty—a race that has more competitors and gets keener, I might almost say fiercer, every day.



"Only last week an English actress was expressing to me her wonder and admiration over American women." "In England," she said, "if one is pretty it is something to be noticed. Everybody crowds round and you get singled out for a lot of attention. But over here *everybody* is pretty or good-looking or noticeable in some way, because you give so much clever attention to your appearance and take so much pains over it."

Miss Kane was looking extraordinarily fit when I saw her, especially considering the fact that she has been constantly at work, even through the hot weather, on moving pictures, with many "outside locations" to take her out of doors.

"How do you manage to keep your skin looking so pink and white, so free from the effects of the sun?" I asked her, with an eager personal curiosity—since it is the face problem we're all most concerned with just now.

"Oh, my moving picture make-up with its underlayer of cream takes care of that," she replied. "And if the sun has been particularly scorching and I find when I get home at night that sunburn has crept underneath my make-up I use a combination of oil with a few drops of lime water added.

"A life guard on one of the beaches where I was spending the summer once told me about that remedy. It's what the life guards themselves use. And I've heard they keep such a preparation on hand in factories that manufacture inflammatory materials, where the operators are likely to incur burns."

Witch-hazel is another good old-fashioned stand-by of a remedy for sunburn. And an English actress tells me that the English women who are out in the open so much and yet retain their beautiful rose and white complexions are very fond of a compound of lemon and glycerine, or lemon and rosewater. The combination must be mixed however, a few drops of glycerine and a few drops of lemon juice, as glycerine used alone on the skin is not good for it.



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The Government is sending broadcast—not an S. O. S. signal, but a request for conservation in all sorts of business and in all walks of life. The cost of paper is going up—and the supply going down.

The new postal rates for magazines which went into effect July 1st, means an increased expense for postage to all publishers, of from 50% to 300%!!

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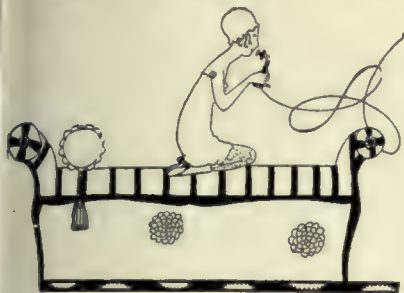
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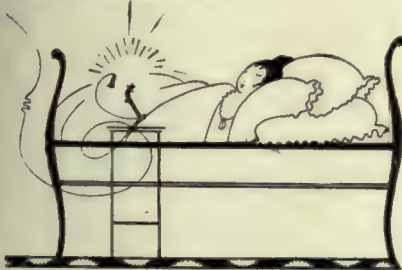
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"Stakes of the War" is by Lothrop Stoddard and Glenn Frank, is warmly recommended by Ex-President Taft, and is published by The Century Co., New York. It is at all book stores. Price \$2.50.

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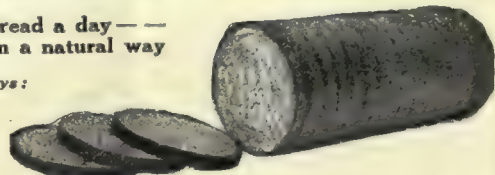
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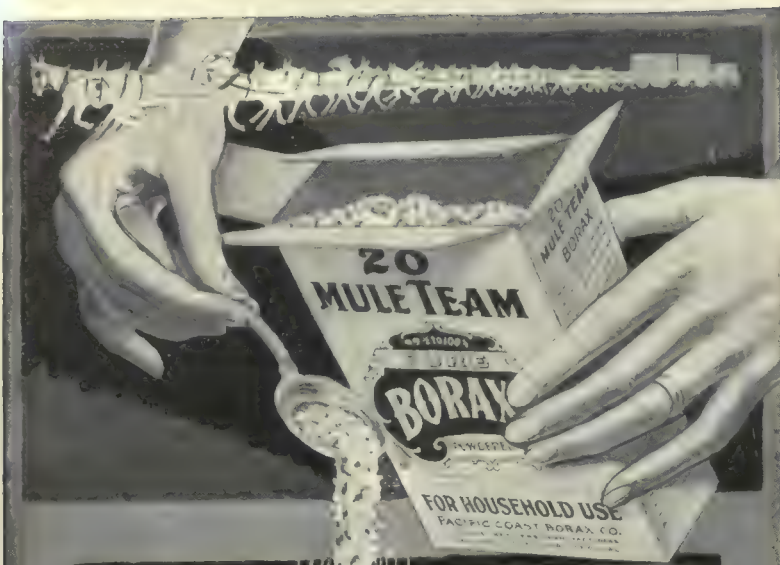
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## OBITUARY

### ANNA HELD DEAD

**A**FTER making a long and brave fight for life, Anna Held, the well-known actress and singer, died in New York on August 12 last of pneumonia, aggravated by pernicious anaemia.

Miss Held was born in Paris of Polish parents in 1873, and made her stage debut in London at the Princess Theatre. Subsequently, she sang at various music halls all over Europe, and returning to London in 1895 appeared with notable success at the Palace Theatre. She first came to America in 1896, appearing at the Herald Square Theatre in "A Parlor Match." At the Lyric Theatre, October 20, 1897, she played the part of Alesia, in "La Poupée" with great success, and at the Manhattan, in 1899, she was seen as Anna, in "Papa's Wife." Other successful rôles were Niniche, in "The Little Duchess," Ma'm'selle Mars, in "Napoleon," Mimi, in "Higgledy Piggledy," and Mrs. Trimley Dazzle, in "The College Widow." At the Opera House, Philadelphia, October 2, 1906, she was seen for the first time as Anna in "The Parisian Model," and in the same city November, 1908, she originated the part of Miss Innocence. She was married to Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the well-known theatrical manager, but subsequently they separated.

The actress' funeral, which took place on August 14, was attended by 1,500 persons, most of them friends or associates of the popular comedienne.

### HARRY GILFOIL

**H**ARRY GILFOIL, the well-known comedian, died at his home at Bayshore, Long Island, on Saturday, August 10th. For some time he had suffered from heart and kidney disease.

Mr. Gilfoil, whose family name was Frank B. Graff, was born in Washington, D. C., fifty-three years ago. At seventeen, he made his stage debut, and later was identified with a number of Charles Hoyt's plays. Klaw & Erlanger featured him in "The Liberty Belles," and for one season he appeared in "The Strollers." He was leading comedian with Blanche Ring for four years. While appearing in the Hoyt pieces, he went to Europe three times. Of late years he has been appearing in vaudeville, his expert

whistling serving him well in comedy rôles.

Mr. Gilfoil was a member of the Lambs Club, Actors' Fund, the Elks, National Vaudeville Association, and Hyatt Lodge, Masons, in Brooklyn. His widow, Mrs. Louise De Rozas Graff, survives him.

### MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 144.)

**PLAYHOUSE.** "SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP." Farce in three acts, by Mark Swan. Produced August 12th.

**T**HE only inspiration that came to Mark Swan when he wrote "She Walked in Her Sleep," concerned somnambulism as a farce motif. That being duly set down, he proceeded to write a very laborious and mechanical farce. It is all the old familiar story of the young people trying to deceive wives, husbands, and mother-in-law, and incidentally to conciliate a fire-eater, about suspicious-looking circumstances.

The acting for the most part is distinguished by no unusual exhibition of talent. And the direction includes every time-tried trick of the *farceur* that has been used since the days of good Queen Bess. The whole affair struck me as an intensive campaign for laughter at any price, with much silliness and inanity as inevitable by-products.

Alberta Burton was a lovely vision as "La Somnambula"; and Eva Williams, as the slavey, proved a hard-working and occasionally successful grotesque for farce.

### VICTOR RECORDS

**O**VER THERE," the song for which George M. Cohan was paid \$25,000 by a music publisher, is undeniably the most popular war song in America to-day. It is as sweeping a favorite with the American people as "Tipperary." And because "Over There" is "the people's choice" as the best American song produced by the war, the public is now afforded the opportunity of hearing it sung by the world's greatest tenor on the Victrola. Never before has Caruso made a Victor Record of one of the so-called "popular" songs. A song by George M. Cohan sung by Enrico Caruso is something new in the musical world. Every American who hears the record will thank Caruso mentally when the great tenor's stalwart voice rings out, "We won't come back till it's over 'Over There.'" Caruso has sung the second verse of the song in French as a touch of homage to that great people.

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# Theatre Magazine

OCTOBER, 1918

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THE MAGAZINE  
VOL. XXIII NO. 114



by Marilyn Miller

Helena Public

Illustration by  
Marilyn Miller



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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1918



**D**O you want to get away from yourself for a couple of hours?

Do you want real amusement—real entertainment?

No—we're not going to advise you to go to the theatre. Maybe you're too tired to get out of your dressing gown, or you have a hard day ahead of you and must retire early.

Let us be your guide to the popular plays through the columns of the THEATRE MAGAZINE. We'll pass by all the "flivvers" and let you peep in only at the plays that are displaying the S.R.O. sign.

Get acquainted with us. You'll start well by reading the November issue.



**D**ID you ever study the psychology of stage clothes?

Clothes can be witty and poetic, full of emotional meanings.

Actresses have sprung into fame because of their clothes, or because of their lack of them.

A Salvation Army bonnet earned a fortune for Edna May.

Merode became famous because she wore her hair over her ears.

Maude Adams is the most popular actress on our stage in spite of her preferring to be unfashionable.

Read Mildred Cram's clever article, "Clothes and the Actress" in the November issue.



**W**E all know the splendid work that is being done in this country by the Stage Women's War Relief and the Liberty Theatres in the camps to secure for America's fighting man that amusement and diversion that will raise his morale and help him to forget the horrors of war.

But we do not know exactly the conditions

under which theatrical entertainments are given in the trenches. Can you imagine the unusual and very many difficulties the khaki-clad stage manager and uniformed thespians labor under before they can give a performance?

Read in the next number the article entitled, "Say, Let's Have a Show," written by a man who has really been "over there" and taken part in a performance.

It's an eye opener to the way the drama thrives in No Man's Land.



**I**N the current number Raymond Hitchcock tells us how he was fired from Wanamaker's, and Irene Franklin describes amusingly her midnight marriage.

But these are only two experiences. Next month Nazimova, Leon Errol, Blanche Bates and others will tell you in their own words "The Most Striking Episode of My Life."



**H**OW has the war affected the drama?

The majority of our plays nowadays concern the crushing of the Hun. Yet no one pretends it is good art. It would be unnatural for such a period of storm and stress to bring forth first class art in any form.

Read "War and the Drama" in the THEATRE MAGAZINE for November. An article with a "punch" that's sure to interest you.



**W**HEN you see the matinee idol make love on the stage doesn't it all seem real? Don't you think the leading lady the luckiest woman?

When you see the villain in the melodrama cheating and murdering his fellows, don't you just clench your fist with indignation?

Well—if you do feel like this you're all wrong. The matinee idol doesn't love his leading lady. The villain, too, is far from being as black as he's painted.

Read "His Letters Home" and learn the true feelings of the "love sick" leading man.

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER

Publishers

ARTHUR HORNBLow

Editor

THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, Add \$1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, Add 85c.

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# Victor Supremacy

# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 212.

OCTOBER, 1918



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## JEANNE EAGELS

This sympathetic young actress plays the leading feminine rôle in "Daddies," the new comedy at the Belasco

# AFTERTHOUGHTS OF A FIRST NIGHTER



**I**N these war times, when everything connected with the murderous Hun is abhorrent to all straight-thinking Americans, it is interesting to know that the Government is inquiring into the origin of some of the plays which have recently proved money makers on Broadway.

From the office of A. Mitchell Palmer, Enemy Alien Property Custodian, comes the announcement that the American rights to several enemy owned operas, operettas and plays have been taken over, and in the future all royalties collected for these rights will be invested in Liberty Bonds. The operettas taken over include "Her Soldier Boy," played all last year in New York, "Pom Pom," "Sari," "Miss Springtime," another favorite of last season, and "The Chocolate Soldier." The plays include "Madame X," and "The Concert." Among grand operas are "Salome," "The Jewels of the Madonna," and "The Secret of Suzanne."

Are these all? Report has it that a highly successful farce, which ran for months at a leading theatre last season, and whose coarseness and vulgarity might have suggested its Teutonic source, is also an adaptation from the German. Other pieces which had long and prosperous runs in New York last year, are likewise said to be thinly disguised adaptations of plays that had previously been applauded in Berlin.



**W**E are not among those who are indiscriminating in their righteous rage against everything German. We are still able to enjoy the music of Beethoven, Mozart and Wagner without identifying their world genius with the atrocious baby killers who burned Louvain. Don't let us forget that the arrogance and barbarism of the Prussians has never been denounced more bitterly than by their fellow countrymen Goethe and Heine. We should be foolish to deprive ourselves of the masterpieces of German music and literature simply because the nation that produced them has temporarily gone mad.

But emphatically what we should do is to see to it that no present-day German dramatist is allowed to profit by the exploitation of his play on our stage. This is a matter that can be safely left to the United States authorities. There is no necessity why American managers should go to Berlin for their plays. There are plenty of plays by American authors—just as clever and certainly far more wholesome and cleaner—that are only waiting for a chance to be produced. If our managers are so anxious to go to Berlin, let them follow the Flag, and go there, rifle in hand, to avenge the victims of the *Lusitania*.

**I**T'S impossible to be late at the theatre in New York."

A well seasoned playgoer just behind me uttered this sage remark the other evening as he coolly strolled in thirty minutes after the time advertised for the rise of the curtain and leisurely took his seat. According to the time set by the manager for the commencement of the play, the first act should have been half over when he arrived, but, as a matter of fact, the asbestos had not yet gone up.



**W**HY do theatre managers leave themselves open to this sort of criticism? Are their published announcements ever to be taken seriously or are they only Germanized "scraps of paper" which the manager may honor or disregard at his convenience?

Cannot a theatre be run on business principles like any other commercial establishment? If a dry goods store advertises that it will open its doors at a stated time, or a railroad traffic manager schedules a train to leave at such and such an hour, you may lay odds on the doors being opened and the train leaving promptly on time. But when a theatre manager makes any announcement of the kind, you know by long experience that you are perfectly safe in ignoring it.

Why are we theatregoers, who have the decency to come early to the play, constantly annoyed by late arrivals pushing rudely past us, treading on our corns and blocking our view of the performance already in progress? Why are we unable to hear the lines of the actors in the opening scenes of the play owing to the confusion and noise of seating late comers?

Because theatregoers are so tired of being kept stewing in the auditorium for the performance to begin that they arrive late at the theatre deliberately. Because they know you can never be late at a New York theatre, they saunter in at all hours, sure of not missing very much, even if they are an hour late.



**O**N the first night of "A Very Good Young Man," at the Plymouth, manager Arthur Hopkins announced that the curtain would rise at 8:20 p. m. Some patrons were foolish enough to take the announcement literally and, risking acute indigestion, they bolted their dinners, jumped into their cars and raced down on high to the theatre, only to find the auditorium empty and the lady ushers smiling pleasantly at their gullibility. After having been parboiled in a torrid temperature for what seemed an interminable period, the curtain at last rose at a

quarter to nine—nearly half an hour later than Mr. Hopkins declared it would rise.

What is the trouble? Does Mr. Hopkins not know his own mind or has he no authority in his own theatre to enforce his orders? If I were manager of a New York playhouse I would have more consideration, if not respect, for my patrons. The day has gone by when "the public be damned" policy can be followed with impunity. That might have been all right in Commodore Vanderbilt's time, but it won't work nowadays. If I were manager of a New York theatre and I advertised a performance to begin at 8:20 o'clock the curtain would rise at 8:20—not a minute sooner nor a minute later.

Is it surprising that our theatre managers fail so lamentably in catering to the public's spiritual uplift, when they themselves are lacking in one of the most elementary of virtues—punctuality?



**E**VERYTHING is being Hooverized. Why not Hooverize the long and expensive casts of metropolitan productions? A. H. Woods has led the way at the Eltinge. In the new war drama, "Under Orders" there are only two actors—Effie Shannon and Shelley Hull. It's a distinct novelty watching only two players where usually one watches a dozen or more, but I'm not sure that it's an experiment that would bear much repetition. It becomes rather wearisome to see the same two faces throughout the four acts.

To the manager, of course, it would be a God-send if playwrights could be always restricted to two actors (why not one actor doing a monologue). Think of the saving in the pay roll—only two people to settle with on the day the ghost walks! In these days of big salaries the economy would be enormous. The pay roll of a Broadway production ranges from \$1,500 to \$3,500 a week. The price of actors, like the price of eggs (strange how readily one associates hen fruit with the actor!) is steadily rising. Who knows? Very soon the manager, burdened by other heavy expenses, may have to do without actors at all, like some of us have to do without eggs. In cutting down his cast to two, Mr. Woods may be very farseeing. His present salary list at the Eltinge can't be much more than \$400 a week, just about what it cost William Dunlap to run his entire stock company at the famous John Street Theatre in 1798. But for that price Dunlap had a dozen famous players where Mr. Woods has only two, and instead of getting \$200 and \$300 a week each, as most of our leading players do—they were glad to get anything, from the \$25 a week paid to the celebrated star Thomas Abthorpe Cooper, to the \$4 a week paid to the dainty ingenue!



Richard Ross, Andrew Lawlor, Thomas McCann, Charles Whitfield.  
 Penrod and his "detectifs"—Sam Williams, Herman and Verman



Katherine Emmett  
 Penrod's mother with the two culprits



*Photos White*

Helen Hayes                      John Davidson

The "detectifs" spy on the object of their persecution, the beau of Penrod's sister

**BOOTH TARKINGTON'S BOY HERO "PENROD" ON THE STAGE**

# PROHIBITION AND THE DRAMA

*Teetotalism will rob the dramatist of effective scenes and the comedian of his red nose*

By LISLE BELL



**T**HIS is an inquiry into the state of the drama under prohibition. It will be pursued—and possibly overtaken—in two directions. In the first place, what will national prohibition do to the theatre? And in the second, what will the theatre do to national prohibition?

One point is clear to start with. If the nation goes dry, the theatre must follow suit. A moist theatre in an arid land is unthinkable. There must be no hanging back, no mooning at the bar. Wet is wet, and dry is dry; and never the twain shall meet.

Should Congress go dry—in a liquid, not an oratorical sense—the effect will be far-reaching. It would be unreasonable to expect the theatre to remain passive in the midst of this reform. If the drama has been at times a little overstimulated, then the abrupt withdrawal of all spirituous liquors will involve many minor adjustments.

Under the new régime, for example, there is no doubt that numerous dramatists will find themselves stripped of some of their best material. They will discover themselves hampered, cramped for material. Think how many a good situation is founded upon alcohol. And now they may lose their punch, in both senses of the word.

If the nation goes dry, many plays will automatically acquire a purely antiquarian interest. To steal a term from the technicians, they will begin to “date” badly. If no one can drink, no one will be much interested in a play where liquor enters into the plot or the hero.



**T**HERE is the drama “Bought and Paid For,” to cite a familiar instance. Its third act climax, and its fourth act moral lesson will go by default, will drop—as ’twere—from the sublime to the bibulous. And think of “Fair and Warmer” under prohibition. With what mixed feelings will men regard its mixed drinks. With what uncompromising attitudes will women view its compromising situation.

Of course, certain of these plays might be rewritten. It might be possible to do “Bought and Paid For” over and give it a “Daddy Longlegs” flavor. “Ten Nights in a Bar-Room” might be renovated and rechristened “Ten Nights in a Bevo-Bar,” but it would be difficult. Even Falstaff may lose his charm for a non-imbibing audience.

Theatrical criticism will not go unchallenged under the new dispensation—or rather lack of dispensation. Plays may no longer be seen through a glass sparkingly. Do you recall the advice of a New York reviewer during the past season, who urged “some good Burgundy” as a prerequisite for the best enjoyment of “A Marriage of Convenience,” and then embellished the idea by advocating “a couple of Bronxes” to precede the Burgundy? It begins to look as if the critics will have to discover some war-time substitutes for this sort of thing.

As for the actor, he will find his field of endeavor more and more restricted. All comedy of the red-nose variety will become obsolete. The hilarious effect of a carbonated water siphon

will become nil. Going upstairs unsteadily which has been known to evoke the biggest laugh of the evening, will cease to lure the guffaws of reminiscent gentlemen.

Even such a master of the art of mimic inebriacy as Leon Errol may find his following less appreciative. When he begins to plunge and pirouette about the stage in “Hitchy-Koo,” you roar your delight. Each succeeding fall seems more ludicrous than the last. But under prohibition, it is to be feared that this hearty reception may give place to

“A feeling of sadness and longing  
That is not akin to pain,  
And resembles sorrow only  
As the *missed* resembles the rain.”



**T**URNING now to the producing phase of the problem, there is little question that, if what is true of other fields holds good for the theatre, we may look forward to a marked increase in production. At any rate, that is the way the experts size up the situation.

In order to determine just how much of an increase may be expected, it will be necessary to compare the theatrical field with some other industry. Take coal, for instance. (It will be difficult to do, but take it just the same.)

Recently it was reported that in West Virginia, which is a dry State, coal miners have increased their production five-sixths of a ton per man per day. These figures are stupendous, not to say bituminous.

However, upon the same basis, we estimate that prohibition in New York ought to increase theatrical production five-sixths of an actor per act perhaps.

But there are other phases of the situation which do not fall into simple arithmetical solution. There is, to take one instance out of many, the intermission to be considered. If the nation goes dry, the intermission will go begging.

There will be no occasion for long waits bridged by short drinks. There will be no sudden and concerted withdrawal of the male portion of the audience, intent upon discussing the progress of the play, act by act. One may confidently predict the gradual disappearance of the entr’acte altogether. Perhaps that is why, with his unerring foresight, Bernard Shaw composed “Misalliance” with no break in the action from the first curtain to the last. He foresaw the approaching aridity, and with it the atrophy of the intermission. If there is nothing to go out for, why go out?



**A**LL these changes, and numerous others, may be expected to follow in the wake of prohibition. But do not reach a hasty conclusion, just because the theatre may cease to be fluid, in the fermented sense of the word.

The drama is notoriously adaptive. Other days; other liquids. The substitute beverage lies close at hand; it has, in fact, become part and parcel of one phase of the drama already.

You hear a great deal about the “new move-

ment” in the theatre. You hear it so frequently that you almost get the impression that the theatre is some sort of Ingersoll.

You hear that the various community playhouses are turning ’em away, that the Drama League is doing capacity, and that the commercial theatre—whatever that may be—is doomed. Of course, you don’t have to believe all of it; no one expects you to, in fact, but it makes such rattling good conversation.

Do you want to know why the community theatres are thriving, why the Drama League is lusty, why the commercial theatre is doomed—if it is? The reason has been discovered. It was discovered by the Chinese. It is, to be quite brief and monosyllabic, tea. Of course, other influences have had a hand in the affair, but none has played such a large part. Man does not live by tea alone—nor drama, either.

But the “new movement” is steeped in tea, nevertheless. Without tea—and teas—the new movement wouldn’t have amounted to more than a budge. The Greeks poured libations; we pour tea. (Miss de Peyster during the first hour; Mrs. Van Higheborough during the second.)

Every self-starting theatre uses tea to lubricate its bearings. Every Drama League center is christened with a baptism of the same fluid. By their teas, ye shall know them.

In these facts lie our cue. It is significant that there is a pronounced as well as a pronouncing similarity between teetotalism and teatotalism. Verily, the weaker brew shall succeed the stronger.

Why smile at the illiterate New Yorker who speaks of going to the “tee-atre”? He is not so far wrong after all. His error is mispronunciation, but he pronounces truth.



**T**HE working philosophy of the “new movement” is elementary and sound. One must give ’em something—why not tea? Coffee might keep some of them awake, and something stronger might put them to sleep. Tea is the happy medium.

And in truth, it would be difficult to estimate how many plays have been written under the influence of tea. Possibly many a slice-of-life drama could be traced to a slice-of-lemon inspiration. One lump or two, dissolved in the cup, may be chrysolized again in one lump or two, dissolved in the throat.

There are those who believe that they can read their life’s future in tea grounds. If the leaves arrange themselves in the bottom of the cup in a certain way, it means certain things. If the leaves arrange themselves in certain other ways, it means certain other things. It’s a great system.

If the nation goes dry, we ought to be able to read the future of the drama in tea grounds. And no one ever heard of an attempt to read the future of the drama in wine dregs. Perhaps, if we put tea to this use, our findings might be termed a pekoe into the future.

The history of the dramatic renaissance has not been written—not at yet. When it is, it will have one whole chapter devoted to tea. It probably will be an oo-long chapter.





Photos Maurice Goldberg

### MOLLIE KING

From musical comedy to moving pictures, and from movies to midnight revue is Miss King's interesting stage record. From one of our most successful screen stars she has become the hit of the new revue atop the Century Theatre, for she can sing and dance as well as act



### GLADYS SLATER

Being the possessor of that much-prized theatrical asset—beauty—Miss Slater has adorned the chorus of many musical pieces until now she has become one of the shining lights at the Century Grove

# THE CURTAIN CALL

*An annoying custom which has come to be one of the great abuses of the theatre*

By LIDA ROSE McCABE



**N**O custom of the modern playhouse calls for more drastic reform than the curtain call. How its abuse is tolerated by managers, actors and the theatre-going public defies intelligent comprehension.

One of the objects of drama is to create illusion. The play that fails to provide it rarely gets over the footlights. With the objective end of the play achieved—often at the expenditure of much money, labor, talent, time—why destroy all this effort at one blow by revealing the artificiality, the make-believe of the whole?

Nowhere has this theatrical invention of uncertain origin degenerated into such a nuisance as in America. It is merely perfunctory, for the curtain usually rises and rises without the provocation of a single handclap, and no longer is the call confined to the character or characters of the scene upon which the curtain fell. It often embraces a play's entire cast, regardless of a previous appearance. Personally, we have always resented the actor or actress stepping out of the picture and thrusting his own personality between us and the character or atmosphere his art created.

It is not a new grievance—this curtain call nuisance. William B. Wood, the veteran manager of the Old Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, denounces it in no uncertain terms. He says:



**T**HE advent of Kean introduced a custom, which, however tolerable in view of his great genius, led subsequently to much annoyance and to many abuses. I allude to the habit of calling out performers, dead or alive, and after the curtain has dropped, to receive a tribute of extra applause. The absurdity of dragging out before the curtain a deceased Hamlet, Macbeth or Richard in an exhausted state, and solely for the gratification of a few unthinking partisans, or a few lovers of noise and tumult, is one which we date with us from this time. It has always been a matter of wonder with me that the better part of the audience should tolerate these fooleries. Can anything be more ridiculous, than that an actor, after laboring through an arduous character—a protracted combat, and the whole series of simulated expiring agonies, should instantly revive, and appear panting before the curtain to look and feel like a fool, and to destroy the little illusion which he has been endeavoring to create. 'The time has been that when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end, but now they rise again with forty mortal murders on their heads.' This custom, reprehensible as it has ever appeared, even in rare cases of superior talent, becomes absolutely insufferable when seeking to gratify the vain aspirations of common place powers. To such an extent has it of late years obtained, that on some occasions nearly the whole characters of a play have been paraded to receive the applause of their partisans; when they certainly must have received the derision of the more numerous and sensible portion of the house. We are all aware that this custom was borrowed from the French stage, and was doubtless part of the system employed by the

*claqueurs*, or acknowledged hired applauders. Not the least offensive feature is the establishing of a personal communication between the audience and performers; a practice equally indelicate and unwise."

In more modern times theatregoers have rebelled at Effie Ellsler's many curtain curtseys in "Heroine in Rags," Maggie Mitchell's frequent appearances before the curtain in "Fanchon," Minnie Maddern's curtain appearances in "Fog Ferry," and Kate Claxton's many curtain bows in "The Two Orphans," to be fanned down the years by the recollection of innumerable Romeo and Juliets from the tomb, to the Divine Sarah blowing kisses through a consumptive death mask before we had time to dry our eyes or blow our nose.



**T**HEY have worked hard all evening to bring us to Troy," we once remarked as a reluctant curtain rose a third time on a Greek play, "And now they have succeeded in getting us within the walls why couldn't we be left there, so we might take home with us Troy and the Trojans instead of the Provincetown Players?"

"You feel that way?" beamed my neighbor. "So glad! You're the first I ever heard speak out so frankly against actors showing themselves clothed in their right minds at the end of a play. All my life, I've been strong against this calling them before the curtain, but was afraid to say so because everybody seems to think it's the right thing to do."

On the other hand, some theatregoers think different. Roland Holt, publisher and Drama League enthusiast, declares: "When an artist gives me pleasure I like to show my appreciation by applauding, to add my mite towards bringing him or her back to receive my applause. It is a pleasure for me to have them know how I feel." This unquestionably is the attitude of the average normally constituted playgoer.

That approval in guise of handclapping is the crowd's natural outlet of inner feeling is proved by the frequency of applause in moving picture theatres. Applause is contagious as measles in boarding school, smallpox in camp or appendicitis at Newport or Palm Beach. And the germ from which it starts is often as difficult to locate. Happily for the preservation of illusion, the silent drama has no come back! This to some minds is not the least of movie virtue.



**A**CTORS like applause. They live on it. No one who has never faced an undemonstrative audience can know the heartbreaking struggle the actor goes through to overcome its apparent apathy. The terrorizing depression caused by a cold audience is paralyzing to thought and action.

Richard Mansfield was one of the first of American actors to break away from the curtain call tradition. He positively refused to appear before the curtain in the character of the scene in which he had just died. After a death scene he at once removed all his make-up. If the applause became insistent, he would appear be-

fore the curtain, but it was Mansfield, the man, not the stage character, who faced the audience.

Louis Calvert thinks the curtain call is all wrong. He says: "I never take one when it can be avoided. Response to a curtain call at the end of a play is sometimes admissible—when the demand is spontaneously persistent. A curtain call should never be taken in character. During the many years I played with Henry Irving he always took a curtain call reluctantly, and then only by walking across the stage in character."

Edith Wynne Matthison is inclined to defend the custom. "I think a few things may be said for it," she said. "The curtain call has evolved out of a very natural desire of the public to thank the artist for his work and has therefore about it certain elements of the democratic and the courteous. Incidentally it encourages the artist."

Mrs. Fiske shares Miss Matthison's disapproval of the "worked up" call.

"There is no more revolting aspect of the curtain call," said Mrs. Fiske, "than the forced call which a vulgar stage management would extract from an audience which has reached the end of spontaneous feeling. With what distaste all of us in the audience have watched that nervous jumping curtain! But not a little of the call is warming and beautiful and seems to be a part of the old Theatre we like to read about."



**D**AVID BELASCO loves the curtain call. Who so much as he? One of the most pleasant incidents of a Belasco first night comes at the end of the second act when the curtain shoots up and down sometimes half a dozen times without anyone appearing. Then, when the audience has shouted itself hoarse with crying "Author! Author!! Belasco! Belasco!!" the wizard of Broadway comes shyly and reluctantly to the footlights, as if some kindly soul in the wings had pushed him forward, and tugging his curly forelock thanks the spectators modestly for their kind reception of "the play and this little girl"—whoever his leading lady may happen to be at the moment.

"I agree with your objections," said M. Jacques Copeau, Director General of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. "Unfortunately, there are always certain facts which have to be taken into consideration, and which cannot be ignored with impunity. While I am absolutely opposed to making concessions in regard to the high quality of the plays to be produced in my theatre and turn a deaf ear to those who clamor for more 'popular' type, I am of the opinion that a compromise may be made in certain other directions and the public met 'half-way' in their demand for old customs and usages. I prefer to educate the public little by little, step by step toward certain desirable reforms rather than to impose my personal desires and opinions on them all at once. However, this I can promise you: Next season the Vieux Colombier in serious drama will cut out the curtain call!"

It seems only justice that this tiresome custom which came to us originally from France should be abolished here first by a Frenchman.



Sarony

A group of the principal roller skaters



Gerda Gulda (left) and Marion Saki (right)  
Two of the dancing girls



White

Singing "Every Girl  
Is Doing Her Bit  
Today," in front of  
the New York Public  
Library at 42d Street



The acrobatic Gaud-  
smiths and their even  
more acrobatic poodles

“EVERYTHING” IN ONE AT THE HIPPODROME

# THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences



## WHY I WAS FIRED By Raymond Hitchcock



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

THE most striking episode in my life, you ask? Without a doubt it was my discharge from Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. I was "fired" by Tom Wanamaker, personally. And I'll say that I deserved it.

I was No. 839—all the employees of John Wanamaker have numbers—in Department 0, which was then the shoe department. I had been a shoe clerk in Auburn, New York before I went on the stage so when our comical opera troupe was stranded in Philadelphia I took to the shoe game again.

The day on which "the most striking episode in my life" took place, was a hot one. It seems to me that I tried on several thousand pair of boots without making a sale. Nothing that I was able to show customers seemed to suit them. To make a long story short, my last customer was a very stout lady who insisted on trying on at least a dozen pair of high boots. I nearly broke my back over her and finally when she asked me to unlace the twelfth pair of high boots and put on her old shoes the worm turned.

"Madame," I said, "those high boots you have on are going to stay on."

"You mean you refuse to take them off?" she blazed back.

"Madame," I repeated as respectfully as possible, "as far as I am concerned those boots are on for the rest of your life."

And as far as I know the stout lady is wearing them to-day. She couldn't have taken them off herself and I know that I didn't. Tom Wanamaker happened to come along at the psychological moment and I was "fired" on the spot. The funny part of it was that I didn't have a nickel in my pockets. However, I went back on the stage and Wanamaker's was saved from the poorest shoe clerk who ever laced up a high boot.



## MY FIRST REHEARSAL By George Arliss



GEORGE ARLISS

THE greatest moment of my life has nothing dramatic in it, and was of no moment to anyone else. The pushing open of a grimy door that led from a grimy court onto a grimy stage, doesn't sound very exciting, but it was for me the most thrilling moment I have ever known.

I had been "taken on" at a salary of six shillings a week (a dollar and a half) as a real member of a real stock company, and this was the morning of my first rehearsal.

I had been warned, as most young stage-struck men were, that to go upon the stage meant certain poverty, and privation. I remember think-

ing, as I pushed open that door: "I'll do my best, and whatever happens I will never regret the step I am taking, because I can never be happy in any other business." I had no ambition but to be "on the stage." I hoped to make enough to pay my way eventually, but never expected any more.

It was a dirty, ill-ventilated theatre, with scenery known as "kitchen sets" and "palace sets" and "library sets" that had done service for twenty years. The paint-rack was against the back wall of the stage, where a regularly paid scenic artist was always at work touching up and painting special pieces for the next week's production. The stage had its own special smell, that can only be obtained through generations of stagnant "scenic effects," the presence of the well-seasoned "props" of the old stock actor, and the aura of unwashed audiences. To me, it was as the perfume of Araby.

I was shouted at by a stage manager as though I were deaf, and treated generally as though I were a born fool (this was not meant unkindly; it was considered to be the only way to treat beginners), but nothing could depress me. If ever I am admitted into the Kingdom of Heaven, I know I shall feel very much as I felt that morning.



## A RAPID FIRE COURTSHIP By Geraldine Farrar

THE most amazing moment of my life was not my operatic debut, nor my adventures in the films. Before that moment I had considered that my life had been filled with more than its share of thrills, but all those previous "big moments" faded into insignificance, when compared with the episode of which I write.

It happened after a casual entertainment at my Hollywood (California) home about two years ago. There had been dancing, supper, and a maypole dance on the lawn at midnight. The guests were leaving in a body—all except a tall, handsome and distinguished young man, who lingered behind. It was Lou Tellegen, whom I had met but a few times before.

"Good night," I said, holding out my hand, thinking he simply wanted to thank me for a pleasant evening before leaving.

Mr. Tellegen gripped my hand in a cave-man's vise, and, without preface exclaimed with vehemence and conviction, "I am going to marry you!"

Although his unexpected, and under the circumstances, somewhat strange declaration almost took my breath away, I had sufficient presence of mind to answer:

"No. I am never going to marry—I am wedded to my work. I would not even think of relinquishing my personal independence!"

But the amazing fact remains that this more than determined young man chose the most odiferous (unpleasantly so) oil fields in southern California as the setting for his preliminary courtship, in a next day run in his two-seater.



GERALDINE FARRAR

To clinch matters, we were arrested for speeding by an over-zealous traffic officer (how it came about is a mystery, for Mr. Tellegen's arm was about me—and we were only flying in our thoughts)! To the order to appear before the local magistrate, the officer added:

"Who's the lady?"

"My wife," promptly answered Tellegen.

I had no choice. So we were married "and are living happily ever after."



## MY WEDDING DAY By Irene Franklin

THE most striking episode of my life was on the 15th of May—as to the year, I will keep that to myself!

Burt Green and I decided to get married on that day—because I wanted that day and no other. The place was Jersey City.

How to get there was another story, as between my husband-to-be, Maude Fulton, who was to be the bridesmaid, the best man, and myself—all we had was \$1.84.

To be married without a bridal bouquet was another impossibility, and up to this day Mr. Shubert does not know that it was he who supplied it, as we gathered violets and orchids from the Carnival at Nice used in the play "The Orchid."

We all got into a hansom as far as the ferry—then went across the river.

The town was in darkness. The first hotel we came to was in a most dilapidated condition, and what I shall always remember was a large stuffed alligator in the window.

When the manager of the hotel saw the two men in their dress clothes—Maude Fulton and I in evening dress (also borrowed from the show) he stared at us, indicating that his place was respectable, and we'd better fade away. When we flashed our marriage license his expression changed.

By the time the Justice of the Peace had arrived, and we were ushered into a room where hanging on the wall was a large reproduction of a steamer entitled "Henry Peck." My husband-to-be, however, found the similarity to "henpeck" so strong that he insisted upon being married in another room.

The Justice asked my name in full and I replied Irene Lucille Marguerite Franklin, and soon to be Mrs. Van Tassell. When it came to Burt's turn he said—James Eugene Burton Green Van Tassell. We were married.

Returning to New York in the early morning we found that Churchill's was the only place open. There we had a heated argument as to whether it was to be a wedding breakfast or a wedding supper. We compromised. The bridesmaid and groom said it was supper and had lobster salad. The best man and the bride said it was breakfast and had ham and eggs.

And just across the room sat Helen Green celebrating her divorce from Burton Green, granted twelve hours before while we celebrated our wedding.



IRENE FRANKLIN

NEXT MONTH WE SHALL PUBLISH UNDER THIS HEADING EXPERIENCES  
BY ALLA NAZIMOVA, LEON ERROL, BLANCHE BATES AND OTHERS



*From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild*

### BEATRICE BECKLEY

Who created the wife in "Why Marry," is appearing again as a wife this season in Oscar Wilde's play "The Ideal Husband." This is the first time Broadway has seen this charming English actress in a leading rôle, and as Lady Chilton she is being cast true to type

# PITY THE POOR STAGE DIRECTOR

*Players must be both roared at and ca-  
joled as they are drilled in their parts*

By CHARLES BURNHAM



THE stage director, or as he should more properly be termed, the producer, is an individual, quite, if not absolutely, necessary to the success of the theatre. Given the play, there is then needed one upon whose sagacity depends the selection of the proper people to interpret the author's meaning, upon whose intelligence rests the suitable illustration of the play about to be produced. It has been said that the actor's power to represent a passion is a gift, not a deliberate artistic effort obtained by study. It is a faculty, to be developed and improved by practice. The author only affords the actor an opportunity to display his powers. The actor who is built on an author, is merely a mouth-piece, not an artist, for he should obtain his inspiration as the author gets his, out of his inner self. Even when he is possessed of dramatic instinct, the guiding genius of the director is needed to turn the art of the actor into the right channel.

The actor of to-day lacks the schooling that belonged and was necessary to an actor in the earlier days of the theatre, and therefore more reliance must be placed upon the director's ability to inform and assist the actor in the assimilation of the character he is to enact. Time was when the stage director depended upon the actor to help him in his task. He would give the simpler stage directions, considering it the province of the actor to illustrate, to embody, and perfect the meaning of the author by judicious additions and by-play. He would explain the purport of the character or scene, and leave the rest to the actor. The elder Wallack, who in his time guided the minds of more actors than perhaps anyone connected with the stage, always followed this course. At the conclusion of his description of the part he would say, "You must paint your own picture."



EDWIN BOOTH, once in speaking of the inability of many of the actors of his time to assimilate their rôles, said, "We have not the natural aptitude for dramatic action, the inborn dramatic genius, that the French and Italian possess. The poorest and most uneducated of those people have an unconscious ease and eloquence of gesture, and a dramatic delivery of sentences which neither the Englishman, the American, nor the German possess. But we have strong dramatic instincts, nevertheless, when *rightly guided*, and as for gesture and intonation, we readily 'assume a virtue if we have it not.'"

Mr. Booth was far from being a model of patience with the actor at rehearsal and was frequently known to abruptly leave the stage in the midst of a rehearsal, turning over the duties to an assistant with the remark, "See if you can instil in that actor's mind some regard for himself, some reverence for his art, some knowledge"—a speech generally delivered so that the offending actor could make no mistake as to whom it was intended for. In speaking of stage directors, Mr. Booth was asked whom he considered the best director of his day.

"Henry Irving," he replied. "He possesses the necessary patience, a quality which I must confess, I do not possess. He is despotic on

his stage, commanding all points, with an understanding that his will is absolute law, that it is not to be disputed, whether it concerns the entry of a mere messenger who bears a letter or whether it is the reading of an important line by Miss Terry. From first to last he rules his stage with an iron will, but as an offset to this he displays a patience that is marvelous. At rehearsal he will sit upon the stage among his players, watching every movement and listening to every word, and instantly stopping anyone—Miss Terry as readily as the messenger—who does not do exactly right. Mr. Irving rises, explains the fault and gives the proper form, and that part of the scene is immediately repeated. As he is very exact as to every detail, and requires its elaboration to a nicety, you can readily imagine that the scene does not quickly reach perfection, but his patience holds out against every test it receives. Over and over again the line is recited, or the bit of action is done, until all is perfected. At his theatre one sees the perfection of stage discipline and in Mr. Irving the perfection of stage patience."

Stage directors, like other humans, are of many minds and methods in their work. One will call out to the offending actor with an appealing voice, begging him not to ruin his—the director's—efforts, hoping to reach the actor's understanding with a plaintive note. Others are sarcastic and bitter in their remarks, calling down the judgment of heaven on the head of the offender, praying that he may be given a glimmer of intelligence. Regrettable to say, there are also those who so far forget themselves and those about them as to transcend all rules of decorum.



BUT, directors, like artists, have their temperaments, and they are liberally displayed while at work. An eminent director, one of the exponents of the new idea in the art of the stage, who came to this country some few years ago to present his ideas, would frequently stop a rehearsal, while he rended the air with exclamations that would not pass a Sunday-school censor, and berated some unfortunate actor who had failed to grasp his meaning. Again he would frantically pace up and down the aisles, seemingly pulling his hair out by the roots in his anguish of mind, and then, by way of change, would throw himself down on the floor, beating the carpets with his hands, declaring by all the gods of mythology, that he was being driven mad by the stupidity and lack of comprehension on the part of those whom he was rehearsing. But, with all his temperament, and his vagary of action, he was a director of ability and possessed of a thorough knowledge of his art.

One of the most successful managers of to-day, who was his own director and producer, who is frequently referred to as the leader of his time, has reached his present position through ability to so direct a performance as to make it notable. His aptitude in this direction is something akin to genius. He has been known to take a play almost devoid of plot and situation, and develop it into a popular success, solely

through his skill in directing the actor and in properly illustrating the play.

The late Charles Frohman was a most indulgent, yet capable director, with a companionable sort of way and possessing the necessary amount of patience which Booth thought so essential. When explaining to an actor some desired bit of action he would briefly sketch the point and then wind up by saying, "You see what I mean, you understand," thus leaving with the actor some of the responsibility for developing his part. While patient at rehearsals he was wont to display a bit of sarcasm if he failed in receiving a proper response to his instructions. Once when rehearsing a play in which Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the English actress was engaged, he suggested a bit of business to which the actress took exception. Walking down to the footlights, she called to Mr. Frohman, who was seated in the front of the house, "I object to that. You must remember, I am an artist."

"All right," retorted the manager, "I will keep your secret. Now let's get on with our work."



IN former times, the actor-manager, one who directed his performances, and at the same time took part in them, was more in evidence than in these modern days of the drama. Booth, Forrest, Macready, Wallack, Irving, in fact all the great historical figures of the stage, were possessed of the ability to direct. The actor-manager of the olden day was a great stickler for strict obedience in following directions at rehearsals, and autocratic to a degree in their demands upon the actor. It is told of Macready, the once famous English tragedian, and perhaps one of the most arbitrary directors of the old school, that at a rehearsal of the banquet scene in "Macbeth," the First Murderer, in spite of Macready's adjurations, persisted in walking to the center of the stage, until the tragedian called for the carpenter and had a brass-headed nail hammered upon the spot where the actor should stand. "Now, sir," said Macbeth to the Murderer, "stand upon that nail until I come to you." When the night performance came the Murderer entered, walked down the stage and apparently began to search for something he had dropped. The "house" tittered. "In heaven's name, what are you about?" audibly demanded Macready. As audibly replied the actor, "Why, looking for that confounded nail of yours."

While the burden lies heavily upon the director and makes him more or less of a serious turn of mind, he is human and humorous. Mary Anderson and Louis James were appearing in a performance of "Romeo and Juliet," and when the tomb scene was reached and Romeo throws himself upon the supposedly dead body of Juliet, the phial from which he was to derive his share of the poison, could not be found.

"What shall I do," exclaimed Mr. James in an undertone to the director in the wings. Miss Anderson convulsed with laughter could not offer no suggestion. The director, an Englishman, deliberately drawled out, "If I were you, I would swallow the dagger."



Photos White Frank Bacon Harry Davenport Ralph Morgan

Prologue: Lightnin' Bill Jones, who has had plenty of experiences, and is not averse to talking about them, recounts another imaginary tale



Frank Bacon Ralph Morgan

Prologue: Bill: I brought you over these honeysuckle shoots to plant out there on your mother's grave



Frank Bacon Bessie Bacon

Act I. Mrs. Harper: Isn't that trunk heavy?  
Bill: Not when you know how to handle trunks—it's just a knack



Jessie Pringle

Act II. Mrs. Jones: Please, Bill, I don't want a divorce. Will you forgive me and take me back?



Beatrice Nichols Frank Bacon Jessie Pringle

Act III. Millie: Father, are you all right?  
Bill: Sure, I ain't had a drink in a month



George Spelvin Frank Bacon

Act III. Bill: I drove a swarm of bees across the plains in the dead of winter once and never lost a bee

HUMOR AND CHARM IN "LIGHTNIN'" AT THE GAIETY

# WANTED--A LIBRETTIST

*The reasons why, in musical shows,  
the singing is left to the dancers*

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



ACCORDING to the press agents at least, untold—or rather, very often told—millions are spent on annual non-descript shows of the Winter Garden—Follies—Revue type. The money is spent, it would appear, principally for scenery, costumes, and pulchritude. Whatever is left over is invested in comedians, a book, and lyrics. According to tradition someone must sing the songs, of course; but that work is invariably left to the dancers.

Scenically nowadays all our shows, being painted by Joseph Urban, are successful. In many recent instances, too, the costumes have actually harmonized with the background. As for feminine loveliness, it varies inversely with the square of the distance from Mr. Ziegfeld's office. Show girls at present are divided into two classes: those who average in looks above, and those who average below, our well-known conductresses.

Regret it as the producers apparently do, all this eye-banquet has to be unified by some sort of lines and relieved by one grade or another of appeal to the ear. The masque must have its anti-masque. The matter of music presents few difficulties. There are always the good old melodies and the familiar jazzeries to be remoulded as close as possible to the heart's desire by our gifted galaxy of composers. Novelty or the vestige of an idea in show music being a calendered crime, nobody in Tinpan Alley cares to chance a penitentiary sentence.

Naturally it is easy enough for the lyricists to accomplish their object all sublime—to make the punniness fit the rhyme, the punniness fit the rhyme. Anybody in these days who goes to a musical piece and can't predict the rhymes for nine lines out of every ten in the lyrics is indeed a dull-pated-fellow or else one whose theatre-going has been sadly neglected.

The state of affairs is just as well, I suppose, since nobody but the dancers is employed to sing these songs. No one begrudges them their little fling when they experiment *in corpore vili*. That they dance well is sufficient. So long as Marilyn Miller pirouettes like incarnate youth,

it would be absurd to bother about what happens when she lifts up her voice in lyric rapture.

That brings us down to the "book," which in musical shows means the few expository and the many pseudo-comic lines that infest the entertainment. Once in a while at the Winter Garden one of these productions makes some initial pretense at a plot to account for the frequent reappearance of the same characters in one costume or another or none to speak of. But usually this story dies young. Messrs. Ziegfeld, Hitchcock, and Cohan almost never take any chances with anything so fractious as a plot.

Without a story, then, the lines, except when needed to explain the scenery, have nothing to do but to be funny. I daresay if anybody connected with the theatre concerned—any stage-hand, usher, musician, or even librettist—can think of any funny lines while the piece is being prepared, said lines are incorporated. If not, as would probably be the case, the hokum storehouse is ransacked for whatever is oldest and most reliable for setting off the crow-like chanticleer those innumerable lungs that are tickle o' the sere.

Hokum, of course, belongs primarily to vaudeville. That is why managers of musical pieces find it easiest just to transfer not only the stuff itself but its most adept perpetrators direct from the variety stage. That is why "scenery, costumes, girls, and vaudeville" has become the established formula for musical shows.

Personally, I am very fond of all these ingredients, when they are Gradé A. But I can't help thinking that their sum total is always insufficient, that the resultant concoction lacks seasoning, that there is a sad deficiency of salt—Attic salt. There was a Gilbert once—! Ah, but that's entirely too much to expect of the Twentieth Century.

At any rate, the Winter Garden is ever without a trace of anything but the most obvious travesty. The "Follies" are never cleverly satirical except in the scintillant epigrams of Will Rogers, which stand out in such bold relief against the background of routine comedy. Once in a while there is a gleam of true bur-

lesque in what Eddie Cantor chirps; and in the good old days of Bert Williams—but why disinter the past? Hitchcock could do much; but he sticks to his clowning.

The musical showman who makes the greatest pretensions to the satirical is, of course, George M. Cohan. His two revues were supposedly take-offs on the plays of the season. In the first instance, he at least gave much promise. A wit as nimble as the author's feet played about such subject-matter as was afforded by "Marie-Odile," "On Trial," and "Common Clay."

Great hopes were aroused by the first Cohan Revue. A year rolled by and in lieu of a successor we had only a *bon moi* about the impossibility of anything being funnier than the serious plays of 1916-1917. And this last season brought us from our most patriotic of satirist (if not our most satirical of patriots) much disappointment.

The second Cohan Revue turned out to be just another girl-and-song show, with vaudeville by Nora Bayes, *et al.*, music (to say nothing of words) by Irving Berlin, and all the old familiar material. When the author would be satirical, he only repeated what he had given us two years before. Even the mimicry was, for the most part, mere literal reproduction without a trace of the ingenious caricature we so eagerly craved.

So taking things by and large and in the last analysis and all that sort of rot—as Percy Ames would say—when we look for Attic salt in our musical show fare, we needn't look any place else for it except where Fred Stone is. The essence of wit is in not what Stone says so much as in what he does. He not only skates as well as Charlotte, but he caricatures fancy skating. Whatever he does, indeed, he is always making merry with something that deserves and can stand a bit of quizzing.

Will Rogers does it in words; Stone for the most part, in action.

Some day, let us hope, some producer will do without an extra scene or two, and invest some of his money in Attic salt for his musical show. Of course, the first thing to do will be to find a librettist with salt in his attic.

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## THEATRE THOUGHTS



STRANGE that Billy Sunday has not joined the Lambs or the Friars, along with the other actors.

If Julia Sanderson keeps on growing younger each year, the Gerry Society will soon prevent her from appearing on the stage.

Instead of being stuffed with sawdust, the Dolly Sisters seem to be filled with quicksilver.

There has been speculation about George Cohan's middle name. The "M" generally accredited to him is simply a "W" inverted by a

careless typesetter, and stands, of course, for "Washington."

Lenore Ulric, star of "Tiger Rose," used to spell her name "Leonore Ulrich." As her fame expanded, her signature contracted.

Lillian Russell assures the purchasers of "The Lillian Russell Toilet Preparations" that she herself expects to use these aids to beauty—eventually.

Raymond Hitchcock has hope of eventually becoming editor of "The Review of Revues."

It was thought that the climax had been reached when "Under Orders" was produced with only two characters in the cast, but Elsie Janis is now preparing to give an imitation of an all-star cast.

Mary Pickford's coat-of-arms consists of a cash-register and the motto "Cash!"

For years Houdini has broken out of handcuffs and straight jackets, and now he has broken into the movies.

Laurette Taylor never forgets her Manners.





White

First New York actors and actresses, members of the Over There Theatre League, to sail for France to entertain American soldiers at the front

Sitting (Left to right): Roland Young, Margaret Mayo, Elizabeth Brice, Will Morrissey, Inez Wilson, Henry Souvaine

Second row: Helen Goff, Howard T. Collins, Helene Davis, James F. Kelly, Emma Pollock, Will M. Cressy, Blanche Dayne

Standing: Will J. Kennedy, Paula Sherman, Amy Horton, Hal Pierson, Madeline Glynn, Kate Condon, Alfred Armand, Leo J. Donnelly, D. C. MacIver, Tony Hunting, Corinne Frances, Burton Green and Irene Franklin



Photo Marcia Stein

Jacques Copeau and his French players rehearsing on Otto H. Kahn's estate, Morristown, N. J., for the new season at the Vieux Colombier



Rochlitz

MRS. FARRAR

The most recent portrait of Geraldine Farrar's mother



ANDREW LAWLOR

The eleven-year-old boy who plays the title rôle in "Penrod" at the Globe

JOSEPH KLAW

Son of the well-known manager, Marc Klaw, and launching this season into managerial enterprises on his own account, making his début as a producer with a piece called "Some Night." This picture shows him in the uniform of a corporal of the 71st Infantry, U. S. A.



# CHURCH AND STAGE

*Despite prejudice, many well known players the sons and daughters of clergymen*

By HAROLD SETON



**D**URING the Middle Ages church and stage were closely associated. In fact, the latter was part and parcel of the former. There were no theatres, and strolling players were merely singers, dancers, jugglers and acrobats. But Miracle Plays were presented in the churches at regular intervals, principally at Christmas and Eastertime, all the parts being interpreted by priests and acolytes. At a later date Morality Plays were introduced, still under ecclesiastical auspices, although no longer acted in the cathedrals.

Oliver Cromwell, in righteous indignation, closed the theatres, but they were soon reopened, during the reign of Charles the Second, the Merry Monarch. The dramatists of the Restoration wrote brilliant but indecent comedies, and stage-players were naturally eyed askance. Nell Gwynn, the royal favorite, had originally sold oranges at the Drury Lane Theatre. Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist, speaks of seeing women on the stage for the first time, until then all the characters having been taken by men.

As generation followed generation, and the theatre gained in general popularity, the old prejudice against actors was overcome to a considerable extent, but church and stage were still separated as completely as were the sheep and the goats of the Scripture parable. When Queen Victoria came to the throne players lived in a little world of their own, and were seldom encountered in polite society, although then, as now, men of wealth and position sometimes married stage-women.



**B**EFORE long, however, one after another, ladies and gentlemen went on the stage, or persons already on the stage became recognized as ladies and gentlemen. Queen Victoria commanded various thespians to appear before her, and was especially partial to Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Albert Edward, as Prince of Wales and as King of England, was always devoted to the stage and cordial to the players. Knighthoods were bestowed upon Henry Irving, John Hare, Charles Wyndham, George Alexander, Herbert Beerbohm Tree and Johnston Forbes-Robertson. Certain playwrights were similarly favored, such as James M. Barrie and Arthur Wing Pinero.

Many actors and actresses of the present generation are of gentle birth and excellent connections, and quite a number are sons and daughters of clergymen. It is true that these cases of church affiliations have been much more frequent in England than in America, but that is simply because there is an older culture in the land of Shakespeare than on this side of the water. It may prove of interest to enumerate just a few examples, some of which may come as a surprise to the majority of readers.

The famous Vanbrugh sisters, Violet, who married the actor-manager, Arthur Boucher, and Irene, who married the actor-manager, Dion Boucicault are the daughters of the Reverend Prebendary Barnes, of Exeter. Violet's most noted rôles have been in "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "Whitewashing Julia," "The Walls

of Jericho," "Samson" and "The Woman in the Case," and Irene's most noted rôles have been in "The Liars," "Trelawney of the Wells," "His Excellency the Governor," "Letty" and "The Gay Lord Quex."

Lilly Langtry, who was in her day a great theatrical attraction, because of her remarkable beauty rather than her histrionic ability, was the daughter of the Very Reverend W. C. E. Le Breton, Dean of Jersey. Her principal vogue was in England, but she made frequent tours of the United States. Lena Ashwell, who displayed exceptional talent in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "The Darling of the Gods," and "Madame X," is a daughter of Captain Pocock, of the Royal Navy, who in later life became a clergyman of the Church of England.



**B**ASIL GILL, a London favorite, is the son of the Reverend John Gill, of Cambridge. Charles Hawtrey, another London favorite, is the son of the Reverend John Hawtrey, a master at Eton. His best known rôles have been in "A Message From Mars," "Lady Huntworth's Experiment" and "The Man From Blankley's." The late Kyrle Bellew, for many years associated with Mrs. Brown Potter, the American beauty who abandoned society for the stage, was a son of the Reverend J. C. M. Bellew, a clergyman of London.

Charles Brookfield, successful as an actor and an author, was the son of the Reverend W. H. Brookfield. In 1911 he was appointed a censor of the plays produced in England. Percy Burton, who has appeared as an actor, but is best known as manager for Charles Wyndham, Henry Irving, John Hare, and Forbes-Robertson, is a son of the Reverend E. Burton. Matheson Lang, who was born in Canada, but has gained renown in England, South Africa and America, is the son of the Reverend Gavin Lang, a cousin of the Archbishop of York who visited America at the suggestion of the British government. His noted rôles are in "Hamlet," and "The School for Scandal," and he created the title rôle in "Mr. Wu."

F. R. Benson, famous for his Shakespearean productions, having given semi-annual performances at Stratford-on-Avon since 1887, is a nephew of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and his connection with the stage has assuredly not tarnished the family name and tradition. Keble Howard, who has written many novels and plays, is the son of the Reverend G. E. Bell, vicar of Henley-in-Arden, Warwickshire. Anthony Hope, who has also written novels and plays, is the son of the Reverend E. C. Hawkins, vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, London.



**O**THER British novelist-playwrights include Robert Hichens, who is the son of the Reverend Canon Hichens, rector of St. Stephen's, Canterbury, and Jerome K. Jerome, who is the son of the Reverend Jerome C. Jerome. The religious note is struck in Mr. Hichens' play, "The Garden of Allah," and in Mr. Jerome's play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

In America Otis Skinner is recognized as one of the leading players before the public. He is the son of the Reverend Charles A. Skinner, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. His production of "Kismet" was a notable one. Hartley Manners was formerly an actor, but is best known for the series of successful plays he has written for his actress-wife, Laurette Taylor. These plays include "Peg o' My Heart," "Over There" and "Happiness." Mr. Manners was educated for the Roman Catholic priesthood, as was also that excellent character-actor, Leo Ditrichstein, who is the son of Count Ditrichstein, of Austria.

Charles Rann Kennedy, who made his mark as an actor before achieving fame as a playwright, studied for the ministry, and this influence is seen in his celebrated drama, "The Servant in the House." He is the husband of Edith Wynne Matthison. Reginald de Koven, author of many musical comedies, including "Robin Hood," "Rob Roy" and "The Highwayman," is the son of the Reverend Henry de Koven.

Marie Wainwright, for many years a popular player, is a daughter of Commodore Wainwright, United States Navy, and a granddaughter of Bishop Wainwright. Flora Zabelle, who has appeared in many musical comedies, and is the wife of Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian, is a daughter of the Reverend M. M. Mangasarian, of Constantinople. Al Jolson, one of the great favorites of the Winter Garden productions, is the son of a cantor in a Jewish synagogue of Washington, D. C. Carmel Meyers, a moving-picture star, is the daughter of a rabbi, and also has a rabbi for an uncle. Houdini is the son of a rabbi.



**S**O the days are past when the church could despise the stage, or when actors could be regarded as beyond the pale. And yet many of us can remember how "The Little Church Around the Corner" gained its nickname, by extending the hand of fellowship to players who had been slighted at other houses of worship. An actor even abandoned the stage in order to become minister of this congregation. Nowadays many actors and actresses are church-goers and even church-members, and when Mrs. Gilbert, "The Grand Old Lady of the Stage," passed away a church honored her memory with a memorial window.

Cardinal Farley, of New York, has expressed his approval of a society composed of players who are Roman Catholics. The devout adherents of this faith include George M. Cohan, Wilton Lackaye, Fritz Williams, John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore, John McCormack, Andrew Mack, Brandon Tynan, Mary Anderson, Marie Cahill, and Eleanor Robson, now Mrs. August Belmont.

Another religious denomination that includes many stage celebrities among its adherents is Christian Science. Those interested are Emma Dunn, Effie Shannon, Isabel Irving, Nora Bayes, Bessie McCoy Davis, Lillian Russell, Mrs. Richard Mansfield, Henrietta Crossman, Edna Aug and Ruth St. Denis. Also Henry Jewett, Malcolm Dunn, and William Norris.



Photos Bachrach

While DeWolf Hopper amuses audiences at the Hippodrome, his wife and son find entertainment in watching the airplanes that fly over their charming home at Great Neck, L. I.



"It is motherhood that links a woman with heaven," says Blanche Bates (Mrs. George Creel), "and makes the ways of earth a path enchanted to her feet. With earth and heaven in her heart, how can she help being able to give a truer expression to stage ideas and ideals than the artist to whom the crown of motherhood is denied?" That Miss Bates practices what she preaches may be seen by the evidence below.



We are not accustomed to see a première danseuse as she appears in the seclusion of her own library in private attire. But this attractive young woman is no other than Rosina Galli of the Metropolitan Opera House ballet

GLIMPSES INTO PROMINENT PERSONALITIES' HOME LIFE

# IN THE SPOTLIGHT



White

ALBERTA BURTON

**M**ISS ALBERTA BURTON, the young woman about whom all the fuss is made in "She Walked in Her Sleep" at the Playhouse—is one of the minute girls of the stage. She was ready when her chance came. George Broadhurst saw her in "Toot Toot" and next day secured her signature to a contract



White

CHARLES MEREDITH

**T**HIS emotional young hero of "Alliance" literally jumped into Broadway success, for he jumped out of one of the pages of the big stage book in the playlet "The Best Sellers" presented at the Fulton by the Actors' and Authors' Theatre. He is the something good that has come out of the Washington Square Players



© Hixon-Connelly

LYDIA DICKSON

**W**HO has made a distinct hit as Osprey Mandelharper, the man hunter in "A Very Good Young Man," at the Plymouth, came out of the West. She is not a novice. She was a contemporary and rival of Douglas Fairbanks in the Denver dramatic school in which both were trained for the stage. For five years she supported Thomas Ross and frivelled funnily in "Excuse Me." She figured in "Checkers," "The Silver Wedding," "Fine Feathers" and "Good Gracious, Annabelle"



© Hartsook

ALAN DINEHART

**I**T has become "The Thing" to recruit the dramatic stage from vaudeville. Comedy is the door of entrance or the bridge from the humbler to the higher form of entertainment. Alan Dinehart, whose every utterance as the waiter in "A Very Good Man," is a signal for laughter, is one of these recruits. He was best known in the varieties for his characterization in "The Meanest Man in the World," in which sketch he has played all the big-time houses from Coast to Coast

# MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



GAIETY. "LIGHTNIN'." Play in three acts by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon. Produced on August 26 with this cast:

|                      |                    |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Lightnin' Bill Jones | Frank Bacon        |
| John Marvin          | Ralph Morgan       |
| Raymond Thomas       | Paul Stanton       |
| Lemuel Townsend      | Thomas Maclarnie   |
| Rodney Harper        | Harry Davenport    |
| Everett Hammond      | E. J. Blunkall     |
| Nevin Blodgett       | Sam Coit           |
| Oscar Nelsen         | George Thompson    |
| Fred Peters          | Sidney Coburn      |
| Walter Lennon        | William F. Granger |
| Zeb Crothers         | George Spelvin     |
| Liveryman            | Fred Conklin       |
| Hotel Clerk          | James C. Lane      |
| Mildred Buckley      | Beatrice Nichols   |
| Mrs. Jones           | Jessie Pringle     |
| Margaret Davis       | Jane Oaker         |
| Mrs. Harper          | Bessie Bacon       |
| Freda                | Beth Martin        |
| Emily Jarvis         | Sue Wilson         |
| Mrs. Moore           | Phyllis Rankin     |
| Mrs. Jordan          | Minnie Palmer      |
| Mrs. Brainerd        | May Duryea         |
| Mrs. Starr           | Frances Kennan     |
| Mrs. Cogshall        | Ruth Towle         |
| Mrs. Brewer          | Helen Story        |

ACTORS will write plays, and most of the time the product is of the theatre theatrical. It is so with "Lightnin'," which Frank Bacon has been nursing for these many years, and which Winchell Smith has doctored into shape for him. But in this instance, the authors have put into their play something—a character, in fact, that seems to have been drawn from life.

Bill Jones, derisively nicknamed "Lightnin'" because of his laziness, is a combination of the village loafer, the village drunkard, and the village liar. In addition to this, he is witty and fundamentally honest. When the land sharks persuade his credulous wife to sell the old home and divorce her husband, who refuses to sign the deed, Bill, with the aid of the youth who courts his foster-daughter, turns up in time to put a quietus on the whole nefarious project.

Obviously old stuff, this, as you see. But Lightnin' himself is so quaintly humorous and lovable that the rusty plot never for a minute interferes with his comic effectiveness. It is true that the prologue and the first act drag considerably, while Lightnin' is not holding the center of the stage. But the courtroom scene in Act II is more genuinely amusing than anything of the sort I have seen in many a long day.

Mr. Bacon's impersonation of the

central figure is Jeffersonian in its simplicity and understanding. He is satisfactorily aided by a long cast, noteworthy among whom are Ralph Morgan as Lightnin's youthful friend and attorney; Thomas Maclarnie as a sentimental judge; Harry Davenport as a highly plausible villain; Jessie Pringle as the gullible wife; and Beatrice Nichols as the daughter.

A special word of praise is due to Jane Oaker, who characterizes with skill a vaudeville dancer seeking a divorce in Reno.

PLYMOUTH. "A VERY GOOD YOUNG MAN." Comedy in three acts by Martin Brown. Produced on August 19 with this cast:

|                            |                    |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| Mrs. Hannigan              | Josephine Meyer    |
| Pearl Hannigan             | Ruth Findlay       |
| Walter Hannigan            | Frank Longacre     |
| Katie Hannigan             | Fannie Bourke      |
| Dutch Grogan               | Harold Salter      |
| Mrs. Mandelharper          | Ada Lewis          |
| Osprey Mandelharper        | Lydia Dickson      |
| Leroy Gumph                | Wallace Eddinger   |
| Elmer Erdwurm              | Alan Dinehart      |
| Fred Pantzer               | William H. Elliott |
| Birdie Pantzer             | Marion Dyer        |
| Minnie Pintitten           | Grace Knell        |
| George Wemyss-Daingerfield | St. Clair Bayfield |
| Pebolita Berrigan          | Eleanor Boardman   |
| The Roaches' Second Cousin | Clarke Williams    |

BEWARE of the young man with no vices." That is the theme of Martin Brown's clever farce comedy, "A Very Good Young Man"—a piece quite Dickensian in atmosphere and characters which recently provided a capital evening's entertainment at the Plymouth.

Leroy Gumph, a sober, hard-working young chap who is shortly to be promoted to \$17 a week, is engaged to marry Pearl Hannigan, a demure and unsophisticated young person of the East Side. Pearl's mother and sister—always quarrelling among themselves—are inclined to scoff at Pearl's young man, declaring he is altogether too good to be genuine. This view is sustained by Mrs. Mandelharper, a vinegary and socially ambitious undertaker's widow, who loudly denounces all men as imposters.

"Every one of 'em," she declares, "breaks out sooner or later and no doubt Leroy is only waiting an opportunity to sow his wild oats."

This kind of talk convinces Pearl that her sweetheart is hiding his true character, and when he runs in

jubilantly to tell her that the expected \$2 raise has come at last, the announcement leaves her cold. She takes him to task for his conceit. Bewildered, he demands an explanation, and when he finds that she is ready to break off the engagement because he does not drink or stay out at nights like other fellows, he makes up his mind to be a bouncer like the rest.

So Act II finds him going the pace at Pantzer's Pier Pavilion, Sheepshead Bay, where he has gone with Mrs. Mandelharper's daughter, a desperate husband hunter who has lines out for every male she meets—a delicious part. Here the fun waxes fast and furious. Leroy opens champagne for the crowd, hugs, and dances with all the girls and makes a general ass of himself. A feature of the act is a quartet of singing waiters, who at a signal from the head waiter, suddenly stop in the act of serving and burst into song.

Leroy is hopelessly compromised and returns to Pearl confident of her approval, but to his amazement she refuses to have anything to do with him, complaining that his conduct has broken her heart.

"But didn't you tell me to do it?" he asks.

"Yes—but I didn't expect you would," is the inconsistent and quite feminine answer.

The foregoing brief outline of the plot fails to do justice to the wit and sparkling quality of the dialogue, the fun of the situations, and the cleverness of the character drawing. Mrs. Mandelharper, a Malaprop of the East Side, as played by Ada Lewis, is a sheer delight. While she is on the stage the audience is kept in convulsions of laughter. Wallace Eddinger is always the same, but this performance ranks with his best which is saying a good deal. Ruth Findlay makes a pretty and sympathetic Pearl, Alan Dinehart is capital as the head waiter—a character worthy of Dickens—and Lydia Dickson was the little feminine bouncer is the hit of the play.

The public failed to appreciate the play and it only had a short run—which is a reflection on New York's judgment.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "THREE FACES EAST." Play in three acts by Anthony Paul Kelly. Produced on

August 13, with the following cast:

|                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Kugler                | Joseph Selman     |
| Helen                 | Violet Heming     |
| Colonel Von Ritter    | Fred J. Fairbanks |
| Captain Luchow        | Otto Niemeyer     |
| George Bennett        | Charles Harbury   |
| Lieut. Arthur Bennett | Frank Westerton   |
| Valdar                | Emmett Corrigan   |
| Thompson              | Herbert Evans     |
| Mrs. George Bennett   | Marion Grey       |
| Dorothy               | Grace Ade         |
| Miss Risdon           | Cora Witherspoon  |
| Hewlett               | Harry Lambart     |
| Yeats                 | Frank Sheridan    |
| Brixton               | David L. Leonard  |
| Lieut. Frank Bennett  | William Jeffrey   |
| Nurse                 | Mary Ilene Mack   |

**THREE FACES EAST** is a sort of combination of "Under Cover" and "Cheating Cheaters," with a war intelligence background. It is a trick play of mystification carried to the nth power, wherein half a dozen spies may or may not originally belong to this or that secret service as the case may be. Need I add that the heroine has nursed her wounded lover back to life in a hospital behind the lines?

The prologue in Germany and Act I in a British cabinet minister's home, flow along as engrossing dramatic narrative about young "Fraülein Helene," who is sent by the Huns to England and received into the minister's household. There she finds a mysterious butler, who greets her with the password, "Three Faces East."

Then begins double-crossing doubly redoubled. The arch Teuton spy, Franz Boelke, is being sought by the British. During the chase so many agents appear now on on this and now on that side of the fence that the spectator at length could scarcely be surprised if the cabinet minister turned out to be Boelke and the Scotland Yard man were the kaiser with a clean shave.

However, there is always the thought that high-priced "heavies" like Emmet Corrigan are rarely employed to play secondary heroes or even secondary villains, and that leading ladies like Violet Heming in melodrama never prove to be hardened adventuresses.

Obviously the play is all intricate Sam Lloyd with scarcely a note of human interest. Its success will depend on the number of puzzle-lovers among our theatregoers.

The acting and the direction are expert throughout. London is bombarded and the audience gassed at the end of the second act. Mr. Corrigan is a model of suavity and forcefulness as the mysterious butler. Miss Heming plays the "fraülein" with appealing skill. Among the

other men Charles Harbury as the cabinet minister, Frank Sheridan and Harry Lambart as Scotland Yarders, and William Jeffrey as the lad who returns from the front just in time to supply Miss Heming with a lover, are all that well-acted melodrama can demand. Marion Grey does nobly with her bit of pathos.

**BOOTH. "WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR."** Play in three acts by Leon Gordon and Le Roy Clemens. Produced on September 2 with this cast:

|                               |                    |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Corporal Greene               | Le Roy Clemens     |
| Commissioner                  | Alexander Loftus   |
| Major Tomms                   | Frederick Esmelton |
| Captain Fielding              | Gerald Pring       |
| Captain Bennett               | Leon Gordon        |
| Sergeant Birdseye             | Stanley Harrison   |
| Edith                         | By Herself         |
| Dorothy Farnham               | Mary Servosa       |
| Mr. Dudley                    | Emil Hoch          |
| Mrs. Patch                    | Ruby Hallier       |
| Comrade Deversalles           | Harold Vosburgh    |
| Karl                          | Dore Rogers        |
| Comrade Olganoff, of Russia   | Bertram Marburgh   |
| Comrade Nagle, of Germany     | Dodson L. Mitchell |
| Comrade Pastorelli, of Italy  | Edward Colebrook   |
| Comrade Beaubien, of France   | John De Briac      |
| Comrade Bergstoff, of Austria | Charles Fisher     |

**A DELUGE** of spy plays has swept the stage early in the new season—most of them thrillers of the penny dreadful order. Yet, artless and crude as these hastily constructed pieces may be, they all appear to interest and hold audiences. The reason, of course, is not far to seek. Any subject connected with the war is so timely, so perfectly in tune with what is uppermost in everyone's mind, that the theatregoer swallows every war play greedily and cries for more.

"Watch Your Neighbor" is easily a winner among the sensational dramas of its kind. It is thrilling and what is better—it is amusing. Improbable it is in spots—what self-respecting melodrama isn't?—but the hero, apparently a "silly ass" Englishman but really a nimble-witted secret service man, at all times commands our respect and never fails to tickle our risibilities.

English, American and Italian pacifists, lured on by German spies, agree to call on their nationals in the trenches to throw down their arms at a given moment, the understanding being that the Germans will do the same. It is, of course, only a trap, the Germans planning to attack in overwhelming force directly the Italians, French, British and Americans have thus voluntarily dis-

armed themselves. This nice little plot is hatched at a secret international meeting in Switzerland, but the German conspirators have reckoned without Captain Bennett, V. C., of the British Secret Service. After a number of daring adventures, during which the auditors grip their seats from sheer excitement, he frustrates the conspirator's nefarious schemes and puts them where they belong.

Leon Gordon rather overacts the rôle of the English dude-detective, especially in his silly scenes, but he is always amusing, and is the life of the piece. There is an American girl, delegate to the Geneva meeting—a part dragged in apparently for the purpose of giving the play a quite unnecessary love interest—the rôle enacted with considerable spirit and charm by Mary Servosa. Emil Hoch is excellent as a belligerent British pacifist and Dodson L. Mitchell and Bertram Marburgh deserve mention, the first for a life-like portrait of a Prussian officer masquerading as a pacifist, the second for his Comrade Olganoff, a black-bearded Bolshevik, secretly playing the German game.

**48TH STREET. "THE WOMAN ON THE INDEX."** Melodrama in three acts by Lillian Trimble Bradley and George Broadhurst. Produced August 29, with this cast:

|                            |                  |
|----------------------------|------------------|
| David Maber                | Lester Lonergan  |
| Henri Delcasse             | George Probert   |
| Robert Alden               | Lee Baker        |
| Gen. Sir William Thorndyke | Walter Ringham   |
| Monsieur Deschamps         | George LeSoir    |
| Zetts                      | Bennett Southard |
| Johnson                    | Harry Hadfield   |
| Oki.                       | T. Tamamoto      |
| Helene Maber               | Julia Dean       |
| Lady Millicent Thorndyke   | Alison Skipworth |
| Sylvie Angot               | Amy Ricard       |
| Madam Zenlon               | Eugenie Blair    |
| Madame Deschamps           | Camilla Dalberg  |

**STILL** another spy play, with even less to commend it, is "The Woman on the Index," a most artificial melodrama unadorned by a single shred of probability. This piece has many stirring theatrical situations but it is too much a melodrama concerning a woman and too little a melodrama of the war.

It is amazing to find Mr. Broadhurst with his long apprenticeship of the theatre, permitting such an absurdity as that in the prologue where a police captain, who looks and talks more like a naval officer, enters a den of thieves and digs

\$50,000 out of the ash can without first taking the precaution to search for the crook who lies dead under the clothes on the bed. Another childish device is in Act I where the marked passenger list is conveniently placed just where it will fall into the hands of the spy.

There is a more or less terrible Turk as the spy and a mysterious Japanese to solve the action. The two principal characters thus being foreign to the verities of the moment, it is not exactly a war play at all, but a melodrama, mainly concerning the distressing difficulties of a woman who is forced to choose between her husband, an American, and the Turk in the personal relation, and at the same time prevent the sending to the enemy of Marshal Foch's plan, the conveying of which would mean the destruction of the allied cause. The Jap is more instrumental in that matter than she is, for he proves to be a spy, but an allied one, in the service of the conspirator.

Julia Dean is a charming and sympathetic actress but as the woman in the case she was as artificial as the play. Lester Lonergan was hopelessly miscast as the new Ambassador to the Court of St. James. George Probert, as the spy, hardly suggested the type of man for whom foolish women are willing to leave home. The best acting of the evening was done by Amy Ricard as Sylvia Angot and Eugenie Blair as the blind Madam Zenlon.

**BELASCO. "DADDIES."** Comedy in four acts by John L. Hobbie. Produced on September 5 with this cast:

|                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Robert Audrey     | Bruce McRae      |
| James Crocket     | John W. Cope     |
| Nicholson Walters | Edwards Davis    |
| Henry Allen       | George Abbott    |
| William Rivers    | S. K. Walker     |
| Parker            | George Giddens   |
| Ruth Atkins       | Jeanne Eagels    |
| Mrs. Audrey       | Winifred Fraser  |
| Bobette           | Edith King       |
| Madame Levigne    | Paulette Noizeux |
| Lorry             | Lorna Volare     |
| Alice             | Aida Armand      |
| Francois & Co.    | The Quinns       |
| Katie             | Mrs. Armand      |
| Nurse             | Mrs. Quinn       |

**DAVID BELASCO'S** first offering of the season, "Daddies," by John L. Hobbie, might just as well have been called "Kiddies" or— even better—simply shortened to "Goo." Goo is there in gobs, and the darling little kiddies help to spread it thick.

Four members of a preposterous rah-rah bachelor club are induced by a hypermaternal old lady to adopt an assortment of war orphans. One

old grouch (John W. Cope), who insisted on a boy, drew a cute little girl who nearly pestered the life out of him by reading aloud about the c—o—w cow.

A second, more youthful bachelor was awarded a seventeen-year-old girl, who made things so miserable for him that he fell in love with her. A third ascetic had to marry his petite ward's aunt to keep the child. And a fourth was rewarded with triplets. Never did the heart-melting influence of a little child wreak such havoc.

Although sugar and sentimentality were unhooverized throughout the piece, there was a decided thinness as to both interest and plausibility. In fact, the burden of the comedy fell upon John W. Cope as the woman-hater and a remarkable child-actress, Lorna Volare, as the tiny minx who quite enslaved him.

Few demands in the way of histrionism were made upon the other children. Of the remaining grown-ups Jeanne Eagels distinguished herself with her quaint, pathetic characterization of the seventeen-year-old ward whose heart was partly with Bruce McRae, her Satevepost author-guardian, and otherwise with the orphaned children of France. Her landsick scene, however, was distinctly unpleasant to all save the guffoons. In it she appeared fragile, anemic, and suffering, while Mr. McRae stood by and watched her misery without so much as an effort to aid her. She almost had to stagger across the room to faint where he couldn't help catching her.

Appropriately enough, Winifred Fraser was quite the sugariest stage mother you could imagine, a champion long-distance smirker. George Giddens was the butler, and I couldn't help expecting him to break in at any moment with "You never can tell."

If you like to watch the little dears cavorting on the boards long past bedtime, "Daddies" will tickle you to pieces.

**GLOBE. "PENROD."** Play in four acts, adapted for the stage by Edward E. Rose from Booth Tarkington's stories. Produced on September 2, with this cast.

|                        |                   |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Sam Williams           | Richard Ross      |
| Rev. Lester Kinoshing  | Wm. F. Canfield   |
| Rodney Magsworth Bitts | Bevor Alvarez     |
| Maurice Levy           | Henry Quinn       |
| Georgie Bassett        | Ben F. Grauer     |
| Mrs. Bassett           | May Ellis         |
| Mamie Rennesdale       | Lillian Roth      |
| Marjorie Jones         | Helen Chandler    |
| Herman                 | Thomas McCann     |
| Verman                 | Charles Whitfield |

|                       |                 |
|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Mr. Coombes           | Jack Ellis      |
| Tim                   | Robert Vaughn   |
| Della                 | Flo Irwin       |
| Mary Schofield        | Catherine Emmet |
| Burns                 | Thomas Ford     |
| Robert Williams       | Paul Kelly      |
| Mrs. Laura Rewbush    | Maud Hosford    |
| Jarge                 | Leslie M. Hunt  |
| Henry P. Schofield    | Edmund Elton    |
| Margaret Schofield    | Helen Hayes     |
| Mr. Jones             | George Meech    |
| Herbert Hamilton Dade | John Davidson   |
| Penrod Schofield      | Andrew Lawlor   |

**BOOTH TARKINGTON'S** later "Penrod" stories, as made into a play by Edward E. Rose provide real fun for the greater part of an evening. There is much of the original author's sympathetic observation of childhood in the piece and enough plot to make it coherent.

This plot concerns the shadowing by four boys of a suave young stranger who is bent on robbing their elders in a small community not named in the programme, but doubtless somewhere in Indiana. Eventually a chance pistol shot fired by one of the lads in a fortuitous moment results in the capture of the crook.

The lads believe they have committed murder, and in the last and best act of the play they weave a diabolically ingenious entanglement of prevarication to exculpate themselves. Then to their astonishment the chief of police arrives with the facts, and they suddenly find themselves heroes.

The burden of the acting falls upon Andrew Lawlor and Richard Ross, who portray the eleven-year-old Penrod and his assistant detective Sam Williams with remarkable life-likeness and obvious fidelity to their stage direction. They are ably abetted by two negro lads, Thomas McCann and Charles Whitfield, as Herman and Verman, who live in Penrod's alley.

The other characters merely form a sort of background for the activities of this precious quartette. John Davidson as the suave stranger and Edward Elton as Penrod's father are the principal "feeders" for the younger comedians. Unfortunately these parts, like most of the other adult rôles, are of broadly farcical drawing. The Tarkingtonian observation, keen as it is with the children, seems helpless in the higher altitudes.

"Penrod" begins and ends well, although it sags considerably in the middle. It suffers, too, from the inevitable monotony incident to its theme and its child-acting. Moreover, it is afflicted with a sad case of calf-love feebly re-echoing "Seventeen." But there is enough honest-to-goodness comedy in the antics of the four young sleuths to furnish forth a half-dozen of our ordinary plays.

GEORGE M. COHAN. "HEAD OVER HEELS." Play with music in two acts. Book and lyrics by Edgar Allan Woolf, suggested by Lee Arthur's dramatization of Nalbro Bartley's story "Shadows"; music by Jerome Kern. Produced on August 29 with this cast:

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Mr. Robert Lawson   | Boyd Marshall       |
| Mr. Edward Sterling | Irving Beebe        |
| Mr. Squibbs         | Robert Emmett Keane |
| Mitzi Babinetti     | Mitzi               |
| Signor Babinetti    | Charles Judels      |
| Miss Edith Penfield | Grace Daniels       |
| Mrs. Sarah Montague | Gertrude Dallas     |
| Baron D'Oultremont  | Ernest Marini       |
| Jarvis              | Edmund Gurney       |
| Molly               | Carrie McManus      |
| Toni                | Joseph Dunn         |
| Oscar               | James Oliver        |
| Buxaume             | Andy Bennett        |
| Henri               | Edward Mathews      |

**M**ITZI is Mitzi, and the most diminutive of bodies to be so great a personage, for she is infallible in entertaining if she is not smothered, as she has been more than once, in the inanities of some attempted comic opera plot. She is very human and can act, for she has a strong touch of tenderness in her composition and a telling sense of humor.

But in "Head Over Heels," at Cohan's Theatre, she is hardly more than called on for a little while to be, or pretend to be, suffering unutterable woe from the pangs of love while gaiety is in her voice, manner, song, dancing and prankery. The play then falls into the frivolity of a slightly connected variety performance. Jerome Kern's melodies are spirited and pretty. The best perhaps is "The Big Show," in which Mitzi imitates what we can't help but hear at the circus, emphasizing very drolly the impudent noisiness of the calliope.

Mitzi and Robert Emmett Keane, the principal comedian, burlesque the "turns" that are familiar to that wierd part of the public whose concentration of mind can be held not longer than about ten minutes at a stretch. Of course, in these ten minutes, prodigies of humor and entertainment can happen. Keane was comical enough in a mock military drill of women. Charles Judels has an interpolated song in "Me." The girls are pretty, and the production, by Mr. Savage, has every possible pleasing factor of comic opera as we know it and like it in these days.

REPUBLIC. "WHERE POPPIES BLOOM." Melodrama in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue, founded on the French of Henri Kistemaekers. Produced on August 26, with this cast:

Guido  
Breval  
Charlie  
Lagarde  
Pierre  
Henry  
Velieres  
Brochier  
Theuret  
Bertolle  
Shorty  
Marianne  
Rene

By Himself  
Jean Gautier  
Will Deming  
Laurence Eddinger  
Alfred Hesse  
Percival Knight  
Marcel Rousseau  
Paul Doucet  
Roy Walling  
Lewis S. Stone  
Frank Nelson  
Marjorie Rambeau  
Pedro De Cordoba

**M.** HENRY KISTEMAEEKERS' most recent play, "Un Soir au Front," when produced in Paris last spring proved a gripping melodrama of the war, centering about the world-old struggle between love and duty. Starting with a brief scene of trench "atmosphere" mingling the humorous and the pathetic, it developed swiftly into a simple, dramatic tale, wherein a woman's heart was torn between love for a true soldier of France and loyalty to the memory of her husband.

Friend husband, Marianne believed, had given his life for her country. But it speedily developed that he was not only alive, but a German spy wearing the French uniform. I was the soldier-lover who discovered this fact, and she implored him to save the traitor from the firing-squad so that she would not have to tell her son that his father was sent to his death by his wife and her lover.

A. H. Woods purchased the rights to this piece and eventually turned it over to Roi Cooper Megrue. Its fate was that which nine-tenths of foreign plays meet at the hands of American adaptors. Mr. Megrue introduced a group of low comedy soldiers and started each act with about fifteen minutes of "gags," all wholly unrelated to the play, its theme, its atmosphere, or its tone.

"Where Poppies Bloom"—as it is absurdly called—might have survived even this treatment. But for some occult reason the adaptor threw away all the emotional possibilities of the central situation. In the original the hero, after his love had made him sacrifice his duty, went into battle to atone. Mr. Megrue sends him there in a fit of disappointment because the prospective widow won't promise to marry him.

Percival Knight contributed his familiar Cockney soldier bit. Pedro de Cordoba, as Marianne's lover, was customarily melancholy. Lewis Stone missed his opportunity by not making the German spy cold-blooded and matter-of-fact.

Miss Rambeau was a disappointment. Her performance was utterly without *nuance*; and when she should have been emotionally impressive, she merely ranted like a virago.

HIPPODROME. "EVERYTHING." Musical spectacle by R. H. Burnside; music by Lieut. Philip Sousa, Sergt. Irving Berlin and others; lyrics by John L. Golden and others. Produced on August 22 with this cast:

|                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| The Toymaker           | DeWolf Hopper      |
| The Amateur Magician   | Chas. T. Aldrich   |
| The Little Stranger    | Helen Patterson    |
| The Good Fairy         | Belle Story        |
| The Terrible Tiger     | Arthur Hill        |
| The Rag Doll           | Will J. Evans      |
| The Tin Soldier        | Albert Froom       |
| Captain Inbadsky       | "Bluch"            |
| Night                  | Desiree Lubovska   |
| The Moon               | Peggy H. Barnstead |
| The Rainbow            | Gerda Gulda        |
| The Village Postmaster | Tommy Colton       |
| Lazy Luke              | William A. Weston  |
| Jack Rough             | J. Parker Coombs   |
| Mr. Smart              | Albert Alberto     |

**T**HE Hippodrome show is always an event of every new season. This year the big show is entitled "Everything" and everything it is, if one may judge by the number and brilliancy of the many acts and scenes. There are fifteen "Things," and for spectacular effect and beauty of color, the Toy Factory, in Lamlan, and The Hall of History easily lead them all.

The show lacks a real thriller, however. There is no sensational scene such as the Ice Ballet of a couple of seasons ago. There is a roller skating scene, but this can scarcely be called a novelty.

DeWolf Hopper heads the list of performers which includes such established favorites as Belle Story, Houdini, Bluch Landolf and Lubovska, the dancer. As Uncle Sam, Mr. Broadway, and the Admiral of the Bad Ship Bolsheviki, Hopper is always entertaining.

The patriotic note is dominant in the entertainment and furnishes the motive for some beautiful coloring. Taking all in all, "Everything" lives up to its name.

BIJOU. "DOUBLE EXPOSURE." Play in three acts by Avery Hopwood. Produced on August 27 with this cast:

|                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Jimmie Norton   | John Cumberland    |
| Baba Mahrati    | J. Harry Irvine    |
| Maggie          | Grace Hayle        |
| William         | William Postance   |
| Officer O'Brien | Dan Moyles         |
| Tommy Campbell  | John Wesley        |
| Leeksy Campbell | Francine Larrimore |
| Sybil Norton    | Janet Beecher      |

**A**VERY HOPWOOD'S new farce, "Double Exposure," starts with an act that might well begin a melodrama, an act marked as much by seriousness as by comedy. Thereafter the piece becomes a thing of repetitious silliness and burlesque.

John Cumberland, as the abused husband, was as funny as ever in his familiar impersonation of meekness. When he had lost his ego,





Julia Bruns and Orlando Daly



George Nash and Yolande Duquette

SCENES IN "THE BLUE PEARL," A COMEDY DRAMA AT THE LONGACRE



Photos White

Joseph Selman

Violet Heming

"THREE FACES EAST," A PLAY OF THE SECRET SERVICE, AT THE COHAN AND HARRIS

THRILLS IN NEW BROADWAY PRODUCTIONS

# DO AUDIENCES WANT SERIOUS PLAYS?

*Weary of artificial thrills, theatregoers eagerly respond to problems akin to those in their own lives. Being an interview with*

BERTHA KALICH



**A**MERICAN theatregoers unappreciative of serious drama and of real acting? It is not true. There are nowhere more sympathetic audiences than Americans. They have a quick understanding for every situation on the stage. Nothing seems foreign to their hearts. But you must have the key to their hearts, if you wish to make them feel with you, if you wish to move them to tears and to laughter."

The speaker was Bertha Kalich, who after two years spent in motion picture production, returns this season to the spoken drama in her new play, "The Riddle Woman." The piece opened in Washington, on September 23d, and will come to New York shortly.

"Truth and sincerity," the actress went on, "are the only passwords. American audiences, I think, are tired of the eternal suspense that is supposed to keep them breathless until the curtain of the last act. They are tired of artificial thrills, tired of seeing the evolution of plots that are absurd and improbable. But give them real life, logical and illogical, just as it really is, confront them with facts such as they have to face in their own lives; don't act as a clever stage manager has taught you to, but live for them up there on the stage evening after evening. Don't go through the motions of your part automatically like a phonograph record, but experience the emotions you are expressing, be humbly the person whom you are portraying.

"There is so much romance and tragedy just now in the lives of everyone of us, so much joyful sacrifice, that people are fairly hungry for an outlet for their emotions; they welcome everything on the stage that parallels, even in a slight degree, their own experiences. They want to see a solution to the complexities of their own lives.



**T**HE hearts of Americans do not know distinctions of classes, of social and material differences. Rich and poor are close neighbors at home and at work. Rich and poor, high and low, virtue and vice rub elbows constantly in life. It is immaterial if fate overtakes one in a mansion or in a tenement house; it does not matter if the man who wronged another man's wife wore evening dress or the rags of the slums. Everyone of us carries his own tragedy in his heart as his silent secret; on an evening he meets his carefully guarded secret on the stage. He sees how others act, how they solve his, or nearly his dilemma. He cries tears of relief, he weeps in compassion, he shudders at the violent solution of his struggle, and thanks his Maker who saved him from succumbing to a similar temptation. He gets up a better man, though his problem is far from being solved."

Thus Bertha Kalich defended her audiences. The actress spoke passionately, and with conviction. Her slender hands rested on the arms of her chair. She has wonderful hands. There seems such a lot of latent power about them. Often when I saw Bertha Kalich on the stage I felt that these quiet hands were actually ready to accomplish the deeds of which her mouth spoke. A small gesture of these hands indicate

inexpressible sorrow, threw an audience into the terror of the situation on the stage, showed indignation, commanded obedience, urged silence and invited confidences.



**I**DARE to speak with authority about American audiences. I have made it the business of my life to find out about them, and no matter what managers and others say, the theatre has remained for me, until this very day, my temple. I was born in Poland, of Jewish parentage. My people were Orthodox Jews, and frivolity quite foreign to their natures. My enthusiasm for the theatre, my desire to act, seemed to them my calling in life. 'Her talent is a gift of God,' I remember my grandfather saying. 'And she must go out and do it honor.' And I have played ever since I can remember, leading parts in four different languages in



*Mishkin*

Bertha Kalich in "The Riddle Woman"

Europe. The terrible persecutions of the Jews in Russia developed in them a fine sense for tragedy, not only in life but also on the stage. It was during the height of Jewish emigration to America that I was called here to play in Yiddish in the East Side theatres.

"I met my first American audience. The more sincere I was on the stage, the more I felt the pain and the tragedy I impersonated, the greater grew my influence over them. One day Mr. Fawcett 'discovered' me. It was quite fashionable in those days to go slumming to the Bowery and pay a visit to the Yiddish theatres with their strange atmosphere, where people were sitting in shirt sleeves, eating oranges between the acts, and moaning loudly in deep sorrow or shouting at the top of their voices with joy. He introduced me to Broadway. I selected 'Theodora' for my debut. My English was very poor. I knew hardly anything but the lines I had to speak. Mr. Fiske became my manager later, and I found the Broadway audiences just as responsive as my followers on the East Side. It was under his management that I appeared in the 'Kreutzer Sonata,' I played Marta in the Spanish drama 'Marta of the Lowlands.' In all these plays I had portrayed snatches from real life. My audiences, who knew life, were always with me.



**L**ATER I starred in Percy MacKaye's 'Sappho and Phaon.' This was the tragedy of my stage life. It was my only play that failed. It was a beautiful poetic drama, but had nothing whatever to do with American life, or with real life, as a matter of fact. The critics pronounced it a beautiful work of art, classical. 'The Merry Widow' was playing across the street, and that is where people went. Then I went into vaudeville.

"Between the acts of acrobats and black-faced comedians, I presented one of the tensest plays ever brought out on the stage. 'The Light of St. Agnes.' I needed quiet in the audience, I needed the full attention of everybody. It was a dangerous experiment. I never have had a more grateful audience than these millions of vaudevillegoers from coast to coast to whom I presented my one-act play. I kept them spellbound from the first to the very last minute. I actually could hear the breathing of the people in the first rows in the orchestra.

"About my new play, 'The Riddle Woman'? Who knows? It was very successful at its original production in Denmark. It deals with one of the vital dangers of our times, with blackmail. A woman who loves her husband, is devoted to him and his interests, sees herself confronted with the necessity to lie, even steal in order to keep silenced the man who has taken advantage of her inexperience years ago. Her husband is a business man, a man who says 'Yes' or 'No' and means it. Shall she go on deceiving him, being afraid of risking his and her happiness, or shall she tell him the truth to get rid of the blackmailer and perhaps ruin her own and her husband's life? Fate solves such questions usually in life."



From a portrait by Charlotte Fairchild .

M R S . V E R N O N C A S T L E

A new study head of America's favorite ball-room dancer, who is soon to sail for France, where she will entertain "the boys" with the intricacies of the latest fox-trot, one-step, etc. She is seen here wearing the war decoration of the late Captain Vernon Castle

# IMAGINARY OR REAL HEROES—WHICH?

*Historical dramas fail because playgoers have illusions which most costume plays destroy*

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK



**W**E are becoming unutterably tired of the pseudo-historical play!

Once upon a time, when Bernard Shaw wrote "Cæsar and Cleopatra" for Forbes-Robertson, and that charming English actor visualized with keen intelligence a sort of dress-suited and modern-clubman Cæsar who kicked into a cocked hat some of our preconceived ideas of fabled greatness, we chuckled with huge enjoyment. It was delightful foolery—the sort that Bernard Shaw alone seems able to handle with the deft and subtle touch that such plays require.

Then, many years later, Louis N. Parker wrote "Disraeli," an interesting and mildly dramatic play, in which George Arliss achieved a deserved and lasting success. Then came "Paganini," by Edward Knoblauch, a play of the same genre as "Disraeli"—a play that bored us almost to extinction. Its historical atmosphere and correct data were all there, but its drama was almost as invisible as the strand of a spider's web. It was a wooden transferal to the stage of a dead-and-gone master who lives only through tradition.

Last season we had "Hamilton"—an almost hopeless attempt to convey to audiences of today some idea of the personal charm and winsome individuality of the first Secretary of the Treasury. George Arliss created the rôle of Hamilton and he brought to the task all of the intelligence and sensitive understanding of character that have made him one of the most pleasing actors on the English-speaking stage. But he didn't look like Hamilton, and even his consummate art could not achieve the impossible task of bringing to life a steel engraving.



**N**EXT, we were given a stage presentment of "Madame Sand." Philip Moeller's brilliant comedy was, literally and figuratively, built upon sand, and stage houses erected upon such a foundation are usually as short-lived as the famous house mentioned in the Bible. Moeller's play, based on the life of this literary light-o'-love, gave Mrs. Fiske a wonderful acting opportunity. But there was just a touch of the Eden Musee about her performance; a faint perfume of lavender and old lace; an echo down the corridors of time. It was, in other words, a combination of Moeller and mothballs. And, while Mrs. Fiske succeeded brilliantly in shaking out the mothballs and holding, as 'twere, the Sand up to nature, enough Moeller remained to remind us that it was still the Twentieth Century and not the Nineteenth.

Arnold Daly was the next wanderer through the dead forest of historical drama. This time it was "Napoleon," served to us on a theatrical plate garnished with Daly-Mansfield trimmings. Arthur Forrest being especially hired to aid in the back-to-Mansfield illusion. But it didn't go worth a cent. Of course not. Why should it? We had already seen the Little Corsican in "Madame Sans Gène" and in Shaw's "The Man of Destiny," and Herman Bahr, author of "The Concert" was a temerarious person to challenge comparison with this existing collection of stage Napoleons. But he has had his fling, and now let us cry "Havoc!" and let loose the dogs of

war upon the next dramatist who tries this sort of theatrical entertainment.

Why do historical dramas fail? Why is it that the public never evinces the same interest in historic personages put into plays, that it does in men and women who never existed except in the brain of their dramatic creator? We are going to try to answer these questions to the best of our ability. We have our own personal theory on the subject, and we modestly believe that we are right, but you don't have to agree with us. However, here is our theory:



**D**OWN in their hearts, playgoers have a little nest of illusions, and they guard this nest as jealously and watchfully as a mother bird guards her newly-laid eggs. They may not be aware of the fact that there is such a nest in their hearts, but it is there just the same and they unconsciously pay frequent visits to it—just as the mother bird does. Every year some of these illusions grow old enough to fly, and they leave the nest without ceremony—never to return to it. But there are always a few illusions left and their owner secretly hopes that these will never take flight.

There is nothing that puts illusions to flight, however, quicker than the historical drama. It drags forth from the musty lair of history those personages that we have all read about—and they always look bewildered and bizarre in the blazing sheen of the footlights. They are not at all what we expected to see. So another illusion takes wings and flies away forever.

But there is even a stronger argument against the historical play. It takes the romance out of drama. It is too concrete. Besides, "it smells of mortality." One is always tempted to hold one's nose as if a corpse had suddenly been disinterred and brought out before the footlights.

"Well, well, I never dreamed he would look like that!" is your inward ejaculation when the spotlight falls mercilessly upon the body.

Even if you don't agree with us so far, you must admit that the most damning argument that can be brought up against the historical drama is that it contains no suspense. The audience usually knows the ending before the curtain goes up—unless the dramatist has taken undue liberties with history. Therefore, whatever may happen to made-up personages in the subsidiary love story that the author has dragged in, you know that the main character—the personage de résistance, so to speak—went on to his appointed fate. The real-life ending of Napoleon was upon the desolate sand of St. Helena—and the tragic ending of Lincoln's life story was played in Ford's Theatre.



**I**T was not the story of Disraeli himself that made Mr. Parker's play such a success. It was the apocryphal love story that the author introduced. Without this element, the play would have been an utter failure, despite the splendid acting of George Arliss. And the principal interest in "Hamilton" lay in the love affair of Hamilton with the fascinating Mrs. Reynolds

and its subsequent developments. Nobody cared a rap about Hamilton, the great statesman, but they *did* care immensely about the mixup that followed when our first Secretary of the Treasury imprudently made love to another man's wife—which was, in real life, a mere episode in Hamilton's life. But, although the curtain came down upon the reconciliation scene between Hamilton and his wife, the audience knew that there was another ending—the grim ending in a certain field when the bullet from Aaron Burr's pistol cut short Hamilton's brilliant life.

The reason "Madame Sand" was such a failure—both in New York and on the road—is very easily explained. Mr. Moeller relied entirely too much upon the actual life story of Madame Dudevant—in many instances, using George Sand's own witty lines and the witty lines of Heine. And they were too witty! Too clever! A superabundance of wit, like too many puns, is apt in the end to turn admirers into enemies. Whistler and Oscar Wilde are notable examples of this sort of thing.

Macaulay was one of the most brilliant men of his day, but when he was invited out, he took the centre of the stage and monopolized the conversation. From public interest his hearers merged into polite boredom and then—finally—they wanted to throw things at him—even if he was Lord Macaulay! It is often thus! Genius doesn't give a man the right to turn himself into a human phonograph. Nor does it compel human beings to turn themselves into large ears, just for his especial benefit.



**B**ECAUSE he stuck to historical facts, Mr. Moeller was buried beneath his own cleverness—and Madame Sand's. The audiences grew weary of her, just as men and women in real life grew weary of her. She was a human vampire and great men were her meat. In real life, ironically enough, this blasé French woman grew to be quite old and died, prosaically enough, in the odor of sanctity. But *that* ending wouldn't have done at all for Mr. Moeller's purposes. So there wasn't any ending. It was just left up in the air. But the audience knew full well what was going to happen to poor Chopin. Even if they hadn't read about it before, they could, putting two and two together, foresee his finish.

And it was because George Sand was an insincere dilettante in real life, with no settled convictions about anything; with the soul of a butterfly and the face of a female satyr—that she made no lasting impression upon French literature, although she wrote novels by the ton. She was, to quote Edith Wharton's definition of a coquette, "all things to all men, and nothing to any man." She was a failure as a woman for this very reason—and no one is quicker to discover insincerity than an American audience. Hence the failure of the play. Nothing is so bad as insincerity—in an individual or in a play!

A foreigner tried to describe the hostile reception of a play. He had heard the expression, "Damned with faint praise" but had forgotten it, so when asked how the play was received, he thought for a moment then his face brightened. "It was praised with faint 'Damns,'" he said.



Gardner

**JESSIE REED**  
A vivacious brunette  
in "Sinbad"



Campbell

**ISABEL LOWE**  
The fluffy blonde at  
the Winter Garden



Campbell

**NITA NALDI**  
An Italian type in  
"The Passing Show"



Lewis-Smith

**ISABEL RODRIQUEZ**  
Who dances with Spanish fire  
in the Winter Garden show



Geisler & Andrews

**DOLORES**  
Tall and regal—a real Gib-  
son type in "The Follies"

ALL TYPES OF STAGE FEMININITY

# A GRIPPING SPY PLAY

"Under Orders," acted by only two players, a distinct novelty of the new season



**A** DISTINCT novelty of the new season is "Under Orders" at the Eltinge Theatre, in which four characters are played by two actors. This poignant drama of the war is the work of Berte Thomas, an Englishman, and was first produced in London under the title "My Boy."

The play consists of a Prologue—a long farewell between an American mother and her son who is off for the trenches; two acts, which are "big-scenes," and a concluding act which is non-descript.

Mrs. Ford, the American mother, has a twin sister, Marion, who disappeared years before the play opens and whom she believes to be dead. This sister, betrayed by the German officer Hartzmann had to marry him to save her reputation and, ashamed to communicate with her family, has been living in Germany ever since. To her house comes Arthur Ford, ragged and starving after escaping from a German internment camp. He does not know she is his aunt but notes the strange resemblance to his mother:

FRAU HARTZMANN: Who are you?

ARTHUR: Who are you?

FRAU: It is not for you to ask questions—it is for me to question you.

ARTHUR: Yes—you are quite right. I'm Arthur Ford.

FRAU: I don't know that name.

ARTHUR: I'm an escaped prisoner.

FRAU: Why have you come here at this time of night—is it to rob me?

ARTHUR: I am an officer in the American Army. God—it's cold.

FRAU: Go over to the fire.

ARTHUR: Thanks awfully. (*Frau goes to window.*) There's a wind blowing straight from Siberia, or the Arctic regions or some other blasted place.

FRAU: Why have you come here?

ARTHUR: (*Sits chair left.*) For help.

FRAU: You expect to get help from me?

ARTHUR: I won't say what I expect. I intend to have a good try.

FRAU: You will waste your time.

ARTHUR: It's nice and warm in here anyhow—and that's a help to start with—and you won't refuse to hear me—will you?

FRAU: I will hear what you have to say—yes. But as to helping you—no.

ARTHUR: I have to turn that "No" into "Yes."

FRAU: If you can—always bearing in mind what happens to women here who help prisoners to escape.

ARTHUR: That finishes me—I'm off. (*Rises.*)



**F**RAU: Don't go. There's no harm in talking—even if I have to give you up in the end.

ARTHUR: I can't see you doing that.

FRAU: I could.

ARTHUR: Do you really mean that?

FRAU: I do. I have married a German, and I'm German. Why are you so like my son?

ARTHUR: Carl Hartzmann?

FRAU: You know him?

ARTHUR: To my cost—yes.

FRAU: Then where did you meet him?

ARTHUR: Oh, in Berlin.

FRAU: He came to see you there?

ARTHUR: Every day.

FRAU: Why?

ARTHUR: That's what I've got to find out. Some dirty work.

FRAU: You forget that you are speaking of my son. You have no right to say that to his mother.

ARTHUR: You're quite right. I ought not to have said it. I'm sorry.

FRAU: You are so like my boy.

ARTHUR: You know—at first, I mistook you for my mother.

FRAU: Say that to me again.

ARTHUR: At first I mistook you for my mother—your face is so like—and your hair is like hers, too.

FRAU: Tell me who you are?

ARTHUR: I have told you—Arthur Ford.

FRAU: That tells me nothing—your mother's name—

ARTHUR: Before she was married?

FRAU: Yes—yes—quick.

ARTHUR: Margaret Maddison. (*Sits chair left.*)

FRAU: So? Her boy in Germany! Now!

ARTHUR: I didn't come because I wanted to—I don't love Germany—you can take my word for that. I didn't want to be interned in Torgan—and I wasn't there for my health. I was just sick of it—and I've got out.

FRAU: I have heard it is horrible.

ARTHUR: It's hell. And I've got out.

FRAU: I shall not give you up.



**S**HE procures for him an old German uniform belonging to her son. Presently he reappears before her in his disguise. She expresses surprise at his appearance.

FRAU: It's wonderful. My son might be standing before me.

ARTHUR: I hate wearing their damned uniform.

FRAU: My son wore it.

ARTHUR: I say—I'm sorry.

FRAU: And it may save your life.

ARTHUR: Look here. What am I to do with these things? (*Holding up the rags which he has brought with him.*)

FRAU: Safer to burn them. In there. (*Opens door of stove.*) (*He puts clothes in; she closes door.*) They'll leave no trace.

ARTHUR: I say—what would happen if Carl came home, and asked for these? (*Pointing to uniform he wears.*)

FRAU: I should tell the truth. He wouldn't give his mother away.

ARTHUR: I don't know. He's frightfully patriotic, and all that.

FRAU: Aren't you?

ARTHUR: Of course I am.

FRAU: And would you give your mother away?

ARTHUR: You know that's an awful thing to ask a fellow.

FRAU: Yes, I do know—that's why I asked. Will you answer it?

ARTHUR: Well, then—if it were to save my country from any danger—or anything like that—she—she'd expect me to—she's that sort of woman—and—I—Yes, I would. But, if it were only to pay her out for helping a prisoner to escape—I—No—I'd see anybody damned first.

FRAU: So would he.

ARTHUR: Oh, and what about your husband?

FRAU: That's another question altogether. As regards him, I must trust to—you'd call it luck perhaps—I'll call it Providence. I have been writing a letter to your mother. (*Gives it to him.*)

ARTHUR: I'm glad you've done that.

FRAU: When you see her, tell her what you can of me—and give her my very dear love.

ARTHUR: I will.

He thanks her for what she has done, and he kisses her good-bye. He goes to window and opens it.

FRAU: No—no—let me—(*She follows him to window and looks over his shoulder. A shot is fired from outside. Both jump to one side.*) That shot was meant for you.

ARTHUR: By Jove, he nearly got me.

FRAU: You must have been followed.

ARTHUR: I couldn't have been. I came through the woods—and I crept across the field to the end of the road. I'd have known it if anyone were following me.

FRAU: Then he must have seen you entering

the house.

ARTHUR: If he did—I don't understand why he didn't come in after me.

FRAU: He probably wanted to catch you red-handed.

ARTHUR: Red-handed?

FRAU: Mistook you for a thief.

ARTHUR: Then maybe he's waiting to see what happened before he ventures in. I'll have a shot too.

FRAU: What are you going to do?

ARTHUR: Sh! (*Puts cap on sword.*) Put out the light. (*Frau puts out lights. Arthur puts cap out of the window. Shot from outside. Arthur fires three times.*) He's down. (*He goes into the firelight and looks at the cap.*) Right through the hat, by Jove! Good shot! (*To Frau*) Now, if they question you—remember it was a burglar who got away. Thank God you'll not have to suffer for helping me.

FRAU: I shouldn't have minded it. You are my sister's boy.

ARTHUR: And you are my mother's sister. (*He kisses her on the forehead.*)

FRAU: Now I'll get my things and we'll go at once.

ARTHUR: No—Aunt Marion, you've done enough—I'll take my chance alone. Good-bye—

FRAU: (*As he goes through the door*) God watch over him!

The next scene opens in England in the house of Mrs. Ford. Captain Hartzmann, the German spy, has come home in the stolen uniform of his cousin Arthur, and represents himself to the mother as her own son. She finds him a little stouter, but has no cause to doubt his identity until he inadvertently starts playing the piano, which Arthur could never do. Instantly, she realizes he is an imposter. Quietly, she goes to the door and locks it.



**H**ARTZMANN: What was that? (*Rises and faces her.*) You locked the door.

MRS. FORD: I did. (*Moving slowly to the open window.*)

HARTZMANN: Why?

MRS. FORD: Who are you?

HARTZMANN: Your son, Arthur, of course.

MRS. FORD: No!

HARTZMANN: Mother!

MRS. FORD: Don't call me that—imposter—you are not my son—now tell me who you are?

HARTZMANN: Have you gone mad?

MRS. FORD: For an instant. But not now.

HARTZMANN: Give me that key.

MRS. FORD: No.

HARTZMANN: Mein Gott, I'll have it. (*Advances toward her.*)

MRS. FORD: (*Throws the key through the window.*) (*He looks out of the window.*) I don't think you'll venture—(*He goes to the door.*) If you make a noise you'll arouse my servants. (*He turns and faces her.*) Now if you please, we've done with lying—we'll have the truth.

HARTZMANN: (*Pauses. Moves to Mrs. Ford.*) Why do you doubt me?

MRS. FORD: Fighting in the trenches have proved a wonderful school. When my son left home he couldn't play the piano?

HARTZMANN: (*Aside.*) Fool. (*Moves R.*)

MRS. FORD: A fool for some criminal purpose.

HARTZMANN: Well, I will tell you who I am.

MRS. FORD: If you please.

HARTZMANN: Though in so doing I place my life in your hands.

MRS. FORD: Your life is of little importance to me.

He tells her that it was all arranged in Berlin that if he is captured and executed as a spy her son will suffer a like fate. For a moment the mother hesitates. Maternal love struggles with what she considers her duty to her country.

HARTZMANN: Choose.

MRS. FORD: I cannot—I cannot.



Photos White Mrs. Ford Arthur Ford

Prologue. Mrs. Ford: "Good-bye, my boy. Good-bye, in its truest, fullest meaning."



Frau Hartzmann Arthur Ford

Act I. Arthur: "If I am to go back to Torgan—it's all up with me—it was killing me. They're dying by dozens in the camp—neglected—diseased—filth—starvation—cruelty;—prisoners are expensive luxuries—dead men cost nothing. They are killing us."



Arthur Ford Frau Hartzmann

Act I. Frau: "It's wonderful. My son might be standing before me."  
Arthur: "I hate wearing their damned uniform."



Mrs. Ford Captain Hartzmann

Act II. Hartzmann: "Well, it depends on you whether I am to continue to be Arthur Ford—or whether Arthur Ford dies."  
Mrs. Ford: "Or—whether—Arthur—Ford—dies?"



Arthur Ford Mrs. Ford

Act III. Arthur: "Mother! Mother!"  
Mrs. Ford (after a pause) "Arthur! My boy—my boy—have you come back to me?"

**EFFIE SHANNON AND SHELLEY HULL PLAY DUAL ROLES IN "UNDER ORDERS," A WAR DRAMA FOR ONLY TWO ACTORS**

HARTZMANN: You must.  
MRS. FORD: If—if I am to be your confederate in this treachery to your country—I must know your plans. I must know what you propose to do.  
HARTZMANN: I must stay out my three weeks here, and you must acknowledge me as your son. Then—I shall rejoin my regiment in France.

MRS. FORD: My son's regiment?  
HARTZMANN: Your son's if you prefer it—and then—

MRS. FORD: And then—the great scheme you have in hand. What was it you called it? A veritable Sedan—thousands of prisoners would fall into your hands. Thousands of our men—ours! And you expect me to join hands with you in this? No, no—a thousand times, no!

HARTZMANN: His death will lie on your conscience.

MRS. FORD: My conscience will be clear. His death will be mine. Death is but a small matter so that my nation lives. Those were your words. Are they false? Or are they true?

HARTZMANN (*Pauses.*)  
MRS. FORD: (*Goes to telephone, takes up receiver.*) Give me the Military Exchange, please. (*There is a pause, and they look at each other.*) Is that the Military Exchange? Put me through to Starford Barracks, please. No—no—not the Mess—the Orderly Room. (*Pause.*) Can I speak to the Adjutant? Thank you. It that Captain Murray?—it is Mrs. Ford speaking. Yes, Captain Ford's mother—Captain Ford of the 2nd

Battalion. Send me an escort here—to my house at once. There is a German officer here—a spy. (*She replaces receiver quickly. They face each other in silence. There is a slight pause.*)

HARTZMANN: You have condemned me to death.

MRS. FORD: So be it.  
HARTZMANN: Well, I give my life for my country.

MRS. FORD: I sacrifice my son's life—for mine! (*She has the framed photograph in her hands. Music swells.*)

But the American in Germany is saved. Exchanged, he comes home to find his mother's reason like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh. She plays Ophelia, indeed, for a whole act before she finally recognizes her son.

MRS. FORD: I listened to you before—I'll not listen to you again.

ARTHUR: Mother!

MRS. FORD: I'll not hear you. Why is it that my son is dead and that you still live—why is it that you are free? You came here to spy, and I had you arrested—you are spying still. I see clearly now—the hidden hand of Germany is working—working—working. My son is dead—and you free! Why then there is treachery going on—treachery to my country—treachery—treachery—ah!

ARTHUR: For God's sake.

MRS. FORD: For God's sake—for my country's sake—for my country's sake. (*Takes up*

*scissors and attacks him—a struggle—he disarms her—she sinks in Bench C—she collapses. He stands sobbing. He then kneels by her.*)

ARTHUR: Mother! Mother! (*Hides his face on her knees.*)

MRS. FORD: (*After a pause—recovers—strokes his head—raises his head—looks long into his face. Her expression changes from agony to joy.*) Arthur! My boy—my boy—have you come back to me?

ARTHUR: Mother—have you come back to me? (*Embrace.*)

MRS. FORD: My boy—my boy!

The play is undeniably strong and highly engrossing in the middle but tenuous and frayed at both ends. And after an hour or so of watching two players only, there were moments when one fairly ached to see somebody else appear upon the scene.

Shelley Hull plays the Dromic lieutenants with accustomed vigor and intelligence. Their differentiation is scarcely subtle, though the German's attempt to impersonate the American naturally requires a degree of complexity.

Effie Shannon makes appealing figures of the two grief-stricken and harassed mothers. The rôles as written make for monotony, and it would be difficult for the most accomplished of actresses to do much with the Ophelia business at the end.

## CYRIL IS A PLAYWRIGHT

*A letter from Cyril Hyghbrow, the popular dramatist, to his college chum out west*

By HARRIET KENT



Dear Pal:

I'VE achieved my ambition at last—my play is on Broadway. But lest you conjure up a vision of me riding around in a Rolls Royce, or dining at the Ritz on the fat of the land, hear my tale.

I have seen my name on the billboards, but with it I have also beheld the last of my cherished illusions, my hopes, my dreams—and my bank account. All in four years, too, since I left home to gain fame and fortune overnight in New York as a playwright.

When I reached this town with the play that all the folks back home thought a masterpiece, I fully expected to have my first royalty check within a month. But the Ms. took two years to go the rounds of the managers' offices (I think it's going yet)—and each time the postman brought it back to my three by four room (New York's the only place that has these miniature chicken coops) it was accompanied by the customary "unavailable" slip.

So I diagnosed the "child's" case and found that all its suffering was due to the fact that it was a fantasy—and poetry doesn't go on Broadway. Trying to attract a Broadway manager with poetic verse is like trying to catch fish with a statue of Venus. No one will deny that Venus is beautiful, but she doesn't appeal to fish. Neither does anything that bears relation to poetry encourage managerial advance.

Audiences must be kept awake, the producers say, and what's suggestive in poetry? Nothing but sleep, according to their point of view.

You can't live on rejection slips, Johnnie, especially if you've a healthy young appetite and the price of living goes along with the aeroplanes. Neither can you survive on expectations, without assuming the shape of a string bean.

So I got a job in a manager's office, and have been there ever since. Oh, how I wish that all our embryo playwrights could be on some Broadway producer's pay roll. What a saving of broken hearts it would mean!

I learned the producing business from the bottom up, and believe me, neither the bottom nor the top will bear close scrutiny. Finally, I was elevated to a post in the playreader's office. Ah, I thought, here's where I get my chance. But nothing doing, as they say in this burg. The only opportunity I got was to address envelopes for returned Mss., and now I believe the oft-told tale that everybody from the street cleaner to the stock broker writes plays—or what they think are plays.

One day the boss asked me if I knew anything about French. You remember what a "parley vous" student I was in college. I translated a French drama for him, and as I sat up nights burning the midnight oil, I had rosy views of roast turkey instead of ham and eggs for dinner. But all I got as I passed in the finished product was a slap on the back from Friend—I mean Enemy—Manager and "It's sure to make money, my boy."

And it did. But not for me. It ran for six months on Broadway, but I got no recompense for my labors; and wasn't even rewarded by having my humble name attached as translator.

Why didn't I quit, you ask? Where else was I to get a job—and the weekly board bill coming due as usual? So I stuck of course. But while I was returning rejected scripts to the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker, I conceived an idea for a real money maker. This time it was a farce, with plenty of zip and go. I knew it would prove a winner. So did the Z—s, for they accepted it. Now all I have

to do, thought I, is to picture my name spelled out in tiny electric bulbs, and wait for the first check. But—

The cast was selected, the piece rehearsed, and the out-of-town tryout occurred. Then the trouble began. Oh, no, not with the play—with the star. The Z—s thought her too fat, or too old, or too tall, or too something. I can't remember which. Out of the cast she must go. But then there was her contract to be considered. That's where I came in.

At rehearsals she had put in a word here and half a word there—a couple of "ands" and "buts." To let her down easily the cunning managers talked her into believing she was part author, roused her Egoism (it's spelled with a capital for actresses) and finally amicable arrangements were concluded between manager and star. Her name had been affixed to the play as co-author, and she had resigned from the cast.

I could have withdrawn my play, of course. But was I to go through all the weary months of waiting before some other producer saw its possibilities? Could I endure the agony of more rehearsals, more changes? I decided in the negative.

We have opened on Broadway. The farce is a howling success. Audiences are in love with the adorable leading lady, the charming intimate theatre, and their money fills the managerial coffers. And the former star—now she has discovered that she never really cared for acting. Her forte is writing. Looking over her family tree she has found a branch somewhere that leads directly to Old Bill Shakespeare himself.

Johnnie, I wish I had gone in for street cleaning. I'm sure I would have liked the work better.

CYRIL.





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**JOHN CHARLES THOMAS**  
Undoubtedly the matinée idol de luxe. He is now playing a leading rôle in the popular musical success "Maytime"



Victor Georg

**CYRIL MAUDE**  
Everyone who remembers this English actor's characterization of Grumpy will want to see him in "The Saving Grace" at the Empire



**EMMETT CORRIGAN**

Gives a forceful performance of the mysterious butler in "Three Faces East" at the Cohan and Harris



Dupont

**OTIS SKINNER**

Starring in "Humpty Dumpty," a new play by Horace Annesley Vachell



Matsene

**GEORGE NASH**

Solves the mystery of "The Blue Pearl" in the detective play of that name at the Longacre Theatre

**STARS AND NEAR-STARS IN THE THEATRICAL FIRMAMENT**

# NEW YORK CHEERS "YIP, YIP, YAPHANK"

*Irving Berlin's latest show is fun-coated propaganda and introduces the soldier-actor*



**I**MAGINE this—the Century Theatre jammed to the doors with an audience that included every good American who could get inside, from the latest draft recruit to the man who wrote "Over There," and ringing with a wild, friendly clamor of "Berlin! Three cheers for Berlin! Hey, Berlin!"

No, it wasn't a triumph of German propaganda, in fact, the whole occasion was part of the plan to take Berlin off the map. Every man on the stage carried a gun that he hopes to aim direct at the Kaiser. The cheers were for a boyish-looking little man in a soldier's uniform who stood before the curtain—Sergeant Irving Berlin, who was the first to go over the top with the syncopated rag, when he wrote "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

Then, a few months ago, after a long series of world-wide song successes, Irving Berlin was called to the National Army, and left for Camp Upton, at Yaphank, as a private. Broadway heard little more of its favorite tunes, until news came that he was writing the words and music of a show for a few hundred of his "bunkies" to give at the Century. Finally the town was dotted with posters announcing "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" by Sergeant Berlin, and Broadway was proud indeed.

So that was why the first night became one long cheer for Berlin, a cheer that came not only from his old friends but from new ones in the army and navy who formed a considerable part of the audience.



**B**ERLIN made "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" distinctly a man's show. There was real illusion to the "feminine" cast of "Biff Bang," the earlier naval success at the Century, the "girls" were actually dainty and graceful. But the Yaphank chorus was frankly masquerading.

Of course, the reason is that Camp Upton is a melting pot, and offered entirely different material to work with. It is where Algy Fitzgerald learns that one can eat beans with a knife and still be a gentleman, and where Mike Grogan learns that one can wear a wrist-watch and still be a man.

So the Yaphank ensemble was more to be commended for brawn than beauty, although they disarmed criticism by each admitting their former occupations and habits in pithy couplets—one said he "was a packer, and ate plug tobacco." The rest were quite as evidently intended for anything but show girls, but, oh, what soldiers they will make!

The military atmosphere began on the sidewalk outside, where every few paces a soldier was stationed with rifle at shoulder, and others guarding the entrances inside. But they were all smiling, and gave a reassuring feeling that martial law to ragtime wouldn't be too severe.

A record first-night audience crowded the lobbies, and army and navy dignitaries caught a glimpse of stage celebrities as Ethel Barrymore, George Cohan, Mrs. Castle, Raymond Hitchcock, Jeanne Eagels or Al Jolson passed by. Then, sharply across the clamor of tongues came the military command: "Atten-shun!" People paused in the middle of a word, and programme girls stopped selling, amazed. Broadway discipli-

plined! And at attention they stood where Major-General Bell, through whose consent it was possible to give the show, passed through to his box.

After the opening chorus, which developed into a minstrel show with only the endmen in black-face and the rest in the conventional khaki, Captain McAllister told the men that there was a hard, seasoned enemy on the other side of the footlights, and, although it was completely surrounded and pocketed, it would have to be riddled with riddles, bombed with jokes, and vanquished with songs before it could be annihilated.



**T**HE first raid into No Man's Land was a song about "You Can't Stay Up All Night On Bevo!," for which, they say, the Anheuser-Busch Company has already paid Sergeant Berlin ten thousand dollars. He, in turn, has given it to the "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" fund, to help establish a community house at Camp Upton for the wives, mothers and sweethearts who visit the boys. For Yaphank, being a "boom" town, that a year ago was only a deserted stretch of Long Island, is adding its creature comforts bit by bit.

But the enemy really capitulated first at a quartette which ran something like this:

"Darling, I am not so o-old,  
There's no silver 'mongst the gold,  
I am only twenty-three-ee,  
And the draft is after me!"

After that, the coldest audience in the world became a carefree mob that whistled, shouted and cheered every number, and joined in the choruses after the first encore. The enthusiasm and vigor of the boys on the stage and the stimulus of the songs swept everyone irresistibly into the spirit of the evening. It was more like the last inning of a world-series ball game than anything else.

The minstrel finale, a Darktown wedding, introduced the only real lady in the cast, a colored baby-vampire, who acted as flower-girl, and fairly stopped proceedings with a pair of eyes that would be worth a million dollars in the movies if they were topped with Pickford curls instead of Topsy pigtails.



**A**LTHOUGH there was a chance for the professional dancers, jugglers, and acrobats whom the long arm of the draft has brought to Yaphank to do their specialties, the best part of the show came in the second act, that showed the different sides of a rookies life at Yaphank.

There was a complete syncopated drill, and the theatrical police reserves—the managers, actors, and playwrights who have been drilling all summer to take the place of the regular New York police force when they are needed—watched the ragtime soldiers jig into more and more complicated formations with hopeless awe written on their faces. A few months ago they would have sat through the drill complacently, but after leading their companies into the wall a few times at beginners' pace, they understood only too well what the boys on the stage had

accomplished in their few months' training from citizenship to soldiery.

A wholesale imitation of everyone in the Follies' entertaining the boys was the opportunity to bring in more "girls," all of whom had obviously been exempted by General Ziegfeld. But Kuy Kendall as Ann Pennington, and Private Belles as Marilynn Miller did toe-dancing and buck-and-wing with real grace, and Private Cutner was Eddie Cantor himself shouting "That's the Kind of a Baby for Me!"

Finally, Berlin himself was pulled from his tent, half asleep, to sing his already immortal lyric about the bugler. Of course, there was a welcome that rocked the theatre, but to his credit as a good actor, there he stood, while his friends waited for a nod of recognition, staring dreamily ahead, and buttoning up his coat. Then he sang, in his peculiar, plaintive little voice, the chorus that goes:

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning,  
Oh! how I'd love to remain in bed;  
For the hardest blow of all,  
Is to hear the bugler call:

(Here reveille sounded)

You've got to get up,  
You've got to get up,  
You've got to get up, this morning!  
Some day I'm going to murder the bugler,  
Some day they're going to find him dead,  
I'll amputate his reveille,  
And step upon it heavily,  
And spend the rest of my life in bed!"



**W**ITH each encore he grew more mournful, until finally he "got the pup, the one who wakes the bugler up!" and went back to spend the rest of his life in bed.

But he came out again as one of the dejected Kitchen Police, and sang about how, with his mop and pail, he was making the wide world "safe for Democracy!" Every soldier in the audience who was doing his bit by peeling potatoes or picking weeds from the parade ground howled joyfully in response.

For the last part, Berlin showed what the Y. M. C. A. huts mean to the men in camp, with true feeling and atmosphere. These scenes seemed almost real, with some of the spirit of the hospital scene in "Out There" or the recruiting scene in "Getting Together." He has written a really beautiful song about the Y. M. C. A.—a simple melody and lyric that is likely to be sung at the "Y" huts all over the world. I have heard soldiers singing it already, not carelessly, as they sing the average popular song, but as if it really meant something to them, as they sing "Over There."—It's just:

"You can think of me in the evening,  
At the close of the day,  
Writing a little letter  
At the Y. M. C. A.  
Don't you worry, mother darling,  
For although the skies are gray,  
I can always find a little sunshine in  
The Y. M. C. A."

"Yip, Yip, Yaphank" is not only a good "military mess," cooked up to entertain the company and audience, but it shows those at home that the boys are happy and contented. It is fun-coated propaganda, and that's the most effective kind, after all.



Photos White

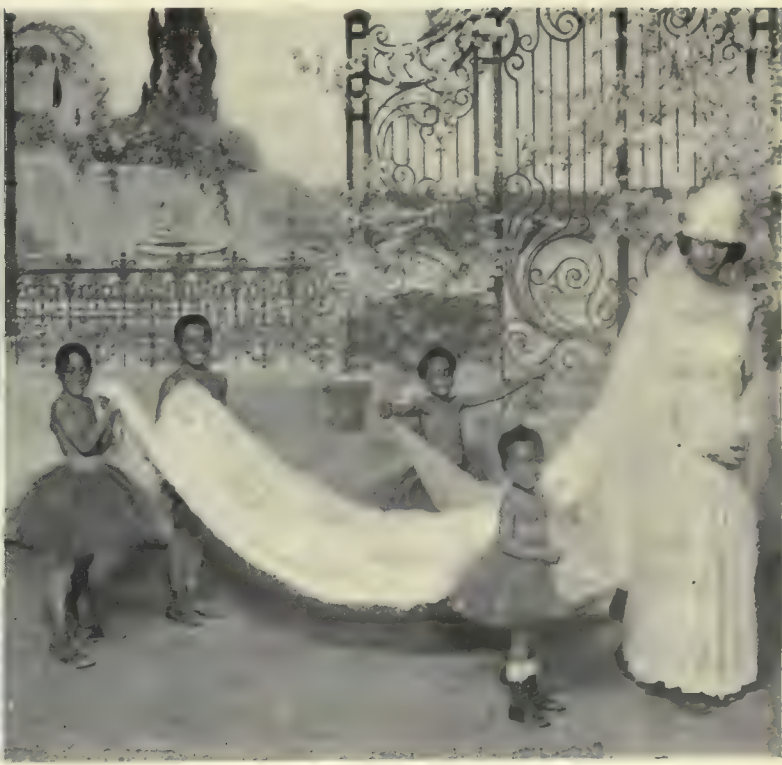
The "Yip, Yip, Yaphank" boys all together for the super jazz band ensemble



Sergeant Irving Berlin singing *Safe for Democracy* and a few "beauties" picked at random from the draft—all lucky numbers!



Some of the Yaphankers bringing the old-fashioned minstrel show up to date



The Darktown bride, three future soldiers and a potential Red Cross nurse

# YAPHANK MAKES A SUCCESSFUL RAID ON BROADWAY

# FASHIONS IN TITLES

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD



**S**CAN the titles of plays produced in New York City during the last twenty years and you will realize the changing fashion in titles that is ever taking place during that period. Slowly but surely the titles testify to the Americanizing of the American stage.

At the beginning of the century, when the dramatic section of the newspaper was all of one column and a half, and the announcements of current amusements, theatre, opera, concert and everything else took less than half a page, then the majority of plays, though written, staged and produced by Americans, were given a foreign sounding title to insure popularity. If the home brewed article were offered to the public, the label had to bear a foreign trademark. It evidently was the day for importations.

This vogue held good for several years. Foreign librettos and operettas were given first place on Broadway just as musical circles welcomed to the platform the artist who bore the hall-mark of foreign training.

But about 1910 a new era began. Perhaps it was due to the wave of organized charity with its systematic research, and social reform with its cohorts swept over the country. Problem plays became the fashion. Every play had a moral and a message. Naturally to be understood and appreciated these plays had to deal with American problems and have American backgrounds. Despite an epidemic of imported actresses the American play came to stay. Even these foreign stars had to learn English to hold their audiences. Only Bernhardt could hold her own in an alien tongue.

A crop of musical comedies a few years later mark another interesting digression from the general order of titles. Exclamatory titles

blazed the way for a series of successful pieces. "Very Good, Eddie," "Good Gracious, Annabelle," "Oh, Look," "Oh, Boy," and "Oh, Lady! Lady!" evidence that American slang has dramatic possibilities.

But to illustrate this gradual Americanizing of titles it will be necessary to check up the plays popular on Broadway a decade or two ago. There was Fritzi Scheff in "Girouffé-Girouffa," Jesse Bonstelle in "Siberia," Marie Doro in a French farce "Friquet," Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry," and "Adrea," Adele Ritchie in "Fantana" and Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleshna." This handful of plays sorted at random would attempt to show the foreign sounding titles of the vehicles in which the stars of the day appeared.

A catalogue of the plays lined up five years later is very much like the preceding list. The fashion for foreign make had not abated. Marguerite Clark was announced in "The King of Cadonia," Christie MacDonald in "The Prince of Bohemia," "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Dollar Princess," "The Merry Widow," "The Girl in the Taxi," all invaded our shores. And whether the subject was "made in America" or not, the label bore a foreign mark.

But the wave of social reform alluded to before left its mark on the titles of the day. Social problems, political and economic reforms fascinated our dramatists. Elmer Reizenstein's "On Trial" saw the light of day, Elsie Ferguson appeared in "Outcast," Robert Edeson navigated "Sinners" into popularity, Richard Bennett steered both "Damaged Goods" and "Maternity" up Broadway, Julia Dean sponsored "The Law of the Land" and John Mason fathered "The Song of Songs," while "The Easiest Way" found an easy path to popularity.

This year's crop of plays are showing many interesting angles as far as the titles are concerned. Naturally the war and its especial problems for us, those of the alien, friendly or otherwise within our gates, is the hub around which many of our plays revolve. Their titles are mild illustrations. One musical comedy seems to herald a new idea. John Cort's "Fiddlers Three" is a romantic picturesque operetta, based on the medieval legend of the three violin makers of Cremona. It stands apart from the general run of musical comedies at present and may be the forerunner of a new period.

But the most striking titles of the season have outclassed the exclamatory headlines of last year. Whole sentences, descriptive and direct, announce these modern farces. 'Tis George Broadhurst who has put his titles in many words and has introduced "He Didn't Want to Do It" and "She Walked in Her Sleep" to the public. They—the titles—seem the beginning of a new era in titles, the peak of American humor and suggestiveness. Not even the French can arouse a visualization more vivid than do these titles. The entire plot is outlined—"He Didn't Want to Do It" and little strain is necessary to follow the plot. That "She Walked in Her Sleep" is assured, no other interpretation is permissible.

The new titles admit of no suspense, doubt or surprise; the public is relieved of any strain. What more can a title do? It is the offering to the tired business man, the war harassed and the weary. Utterly American in this new line, mapped to cheer and relieve of strain and tension in every way, the new titles, crisp with slang, take their places in the history of titles.

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## THE RENEGADE

By MARJORIE PATTERSON



**I**N my time I had a liking for the Devil,  
Yes, a sort of sneaking fondness and regard,  
For his sporty speculations,  
His terse ejaculations.  
I invoked him with the dice box and the  
card.

**I**N my time I had a liking for the Devil,  
Now vague treason in my hero-worship lurks,  
For since Germany turned martial  
I find I'm not so partial  
As I once was to the Devil and his works.

**I** SHALL send this ultimatum to the Devil.  
"Ah, Hell's honor—Ah, her chivalry—All boasts!  
You, a good sport? On the level?  
You lie, you crooked Devil;  
Now I know you and I'll fight you and your  
hosts."

**N**O, of late, I'm not so keen about the Devil,  
Though I still play golf through church time  
with a vim,  
Yet since Wilhelm first paraded,  
Since Belgium was invaded  
I like "Onward Christian Soldiers" as a hymn.

**I** AM getting rather fed up with the Devil;  
I'll go easy with the high-balls for a bit,  
Even, conjuring up the dime  
Can wait over for a time,  
While I face about and pack my soldier kit.



*From a portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston*

J U L I A   B R U N S

**M**ISS BRUNS' dark beauty was her fortune—at least in the beginning. In good time, she supplemented it with cleverness and dramatic instinct. The St. Louis girl, coming to New York to seek her fortune, found it in the studios. James Montgomery Flagg drew many sketches of lovely women, with Miss Bruns as the model. Lee Shubert approved the illustrator's choice believing that her quality was not merely pictorial. He gave her an opportunity in "The Squab Farm." She distinguished herself as the chief of the motion-picture harem in the Hatton satire. Her next opportunity came as the unscrupulous woman of enchantment in "The Blue Pearl"

# THE GENESIS OF A PROPAGANDA PLAY

*Princess Troubetzkoy tells how she and her sculptor-husband came to write "Allegiance"*

By HELEN TEN BROECK



**T**HIS is the hour of the awakened woman, the woman with a new vision, a new grasp on the deeper verities of life and a new voice for the utterance of her new knowledge. It is the hour of woman's recognition as no longer the silent complement, but the articulate aid and ally of those men who have risen by the divine right of personal fitness and power, to leadership among nations.

Lloyd George, little noted as a psychologist, uttered a deep metaphysical truth when he acknowledged with a generosity not always looked for in prime ministers, that woman's aid in winning the present war, was a pronounced factor in the equation of victory. The stage has given more richly than any other profession of its feminine effort in war work—and in saying this I do not except the magnificent profession of which the American trained nurse is the fine flower—and it is quite fitting that an American war play should be contributed to the stage by a woman.



**I**N "Allegiance," Amelie Rives, uniquely prominent among literary women, has given to dramatic literature and to patriotic propaganda a living, breathing document. Interviewing Amelie Rives presents many of the difficulties one would encounter in seeking the views of some great free-flighted bird. Her thoughts have wings—eagle's wings—and her vision owns a sweep difficult to confine to a rigidly spaced and circumscribed magazine article. Nevertheless I scampered gaily down to Huntington, Long Island, to capture a few minutes with the princepsa—for of course you know that Amelie Rives is the wife of Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy—artist and collaborator in her new play.

"When the horror of the 'Lusitania' stunned us," said Princess Troubetzkoy, when I asked her to tell me something of the genesis of "Allegiance," "my first thought was, this crime will awaken America to the fact that this awful thing that has arrayed itself against the world is not civilization of any order; it is reckless wrong and tyranny wearing the helmet of the Hohenzollern.

"It happened that Troubetzkoy, who was in a distant city painting a portrait, saw a newspaper article bearing on a new phase of allegiance, and sent it to me with a suggestion that here was an idea for a play."

In a near-by room, Prince Troubetzkoy was clicking away on a clattering typewriter, copy-

ing a just finished act of "Prince and Pauper," in the adaptation of which he is assisting his wife. A sudden pause in the pattering of the keys came at this moment and a very troubled Italian interrupted the interview with a plea to be enlightened as to the interpretation of certain hieroglyphics in Princess Troubetzkoy's manuscript.

"It wasn't a bare idea by any means that Troubetzkoy sent me," resumed the princess when the matter had been straightened out and her husband had returned to his labors; "as a matter of fact the scenario of 'Allegiance' was almost entirely embraced in the sketchy outlines he based upon the newspaper clipping. And it is quite wonderful how scene by scene, speech by speech, character by character, the play developed itself. Almost before I knew it, 'Allegiance' was finished, and through the medium of Miss Shaw—please notice the feminine factor in all the equations—was introduced to the notice of manager A. H. Woods."

"But Mr. Woods," I interrupted again, "didn't produce it."

"No," said the dramatist with that cryptic smile in which dramatists always mention producing managers, "Miss Shaw sketched the story to him and arranged an interview between us, which Mr. Woods was unable to keep, and again enters the feminine element.

"I told Mrs. Faversham (Julie Opp) the plot of the piece and she asked to read it. This, of course, was some months ago. She read it, approved it, and sent the script to Mr. Faversham who had just started on tour with 'Lord and Lady Algy,' asking him to let her buy the rights to the play.

"Mr. Faversham replied with a wire which is

"And here again enter the feminine element. Miss Maxine Elliott as you know, was acting with Mr. Faversham in 'Algy,' and she too read 'Allegiance,' and insisted that her theatre should be chosen to house the piece for its New York presentation.

"Because my literary agent had communicated with Mr. Woods, I felt that he had a prior claim to the piece since he had seemed enthused with its plot; but after a number of unavailing efforts to see him, I concluded that in the uncertainty of his intention to produce it, I might be free to offer it elsewhere, and so it passed into the hands of Mr. Faversham and as you know was produced by Mr. Faversham and Miss Elliott.

"Oddly enough, the last time I tried to communicate with Mr. Woods, he was out of town producing a new play—the new play being 'Friendly Enemies' which, I am told, is built around a theme quite similar to the basic idea in 'Allegiance.'"



**S**OMETIME," the princess' fine eyes fixed themselves upon a bit of sparkling water that stretched before her windows, "sometime I hope to meet the authors of 'Friendly Enemies' and compare notes upon what seems a clear case of synchronous cerebration. It would be odd—wouldn't it?—if one innocent little newspaper clipping had inspired two people who had never seen each other to think out two different plays upon the same lines?

"But to return to the writing of 'Allegiance'; the character of Von Geier was no newspaper inspiration. It was carefully built up from records of work by our Secret Service in tracing the activities of a subject of the Kaiser who stood as the foremost exponent of German music in America until his internment recently.

"The line in 'Allegiance' in which the young agent of the Secret Service says that it has been found necessary to 'get' many German spies of wealth and position in order that they may be prevented from jumping bail and escaping by a dread of being tried for a crime, is no dramatist's dream. It is an established fact; and over and over again, as in the case of the Doctor of Music, from whom the character Von Geier in 'Allegiance'

was drawn, the United States authorities have been forced to take exactly those steps to prevent interned Germans from seeking to escape—the precautions being taken before the enemy alien charges are formally made."



White

Maxine Elliott and William Faversham (the producers) and the Prince and Princess Troubetzkoy (the authors) at a reading of "Allegiance"

the only contract under which 'Allegiance' is produced.

"It is a wonderful play," ran the telegram, "and I bless you for writing it! I want to produce it myself."

# AMATEUR THEATRICALS

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

## MAKING UP

**M**AKE-UP, as a legitimate art to-day, exists only in the precincts of the theatre. It is a special art for a special purpose, and belongs particularly to stage work.

Externals and their effectiveness play a very prominent part in the success achieved by amateur actors.

But it is axiomatic to repeat that no mask, however perfect, will accomplish much if the gray matter is not working actively behind it. After all, the "make-up" is simply an adjunct to the portrayal of a conception, a very necessary and important one, but still only an element of success.

It was Carl Baudin who made face transformation an art. A member of the Leipziger Stadt Theatre he, like many others, felt the need of something that would hide that demarking line between the forehead and the wig band. His grease paint was first used for this purpose alone, but its possibilities were recognized and he and his associates quickly widened its sphere of usefulness. To-day grease paint can be secured in any shade from corpse-like pallor to the ruddy hue of wind-beaten sailor. The color of any nationality is on immediate tap, and a few dabs from these sticks of pigment and you have an Indian, a Mongolian, or an Ethiopian ready at hand.

A palette may contain all the colors in the rainbow, but it needs the brush of an artist to blend them into a picture. So it is with these sticks of grease paint. To utilize them to the full advantage, study and experience are needed. How to cast shadows, how to bring wrinkles into relief, how to lengthen or broaden the face and all the other phases of theatrical "make-up" are subject to rules as imperative as those employed in the composition of an oil painting or a water color.

The telling force and effect of Richard Mansfield's masks was largely due to the fact that with pencil and brush Mr. Mansfield was no inferior artist.

The American stage is rich in actors capable of making marvelous facial changes, and many women are artists enough to sink their vanity and with the aid of paint and powder turn their pretty selves into veritable caricatures and hags.

## PAINTS

**G**REASE-PAINT is the temporary eradicator of wrinkles, and also the means by which they are acquired—a paradoxical statement, but think for a moment and the meaning will be clear. By its aid the young may become old without waiting for the lapse of time, and the old may secure the appearance of the bloom of youth for the time being.

Grease-paint is made in sticks of various shades, from the alabaster white of the clown, to the weather tan of the mariner, and these sticks are numbered for the convenience of the consumer, certain numbers always representing certain shades. The following list of grease-paints, known as the flesh tints, represent the shades of the complexion required for stage work:

- No. 1. Very pale flesh color.
2. Light flesh, deeper tint.
3. Natural flesh color, for Juveniles.
4. Rose tint color, for Juveniles.
5. Deeper shade color, for Juvenile Heroes.
6. Healthy sunburnt color, for Juveniles.
7. Healthy sunburnt color, deeper shade.
8. Healthy color, for Middle Ages.
9. Sallow color, for Young Men.
10. Sallow color, for Old Age.
11. Ruddy color, for Old Age.
12. Olive color, healthy.
13. Olive color, lighter shade.
14. Gypsy, flesh color.
15. Othello (Moor).
16. Chinese.
17. American Indian.
18. East Indian, Hindoos, Filipino, Malays, etc.
19. Japanese.
20. Negro.

### Forthcoming Articles

*On this page, from time to time, will appear articles on*

*Sceneries  
Costumes  
Properties  
Plays*

*and in the November issue, the second and last instalment on "Making-Up."*

They are made of grease in sticks, half the size of the flesh tints; the colors mostly used are: Gray (in three shades), light brown, dark brown, blue (in three shades), crimson, vermilion, carmine, white, black.

Black is used for lining the eyes, darkening the eyebrows and eyelashes.

White is for blending the wrinkles, for high lights and to secure prominence to certain features.

Blue is also used for lining the eyes, and is preferable to black, especially for blondes.

Red is put to many uses. It may be used for coloring in place of rouge; also for the lips.

Deeper tints of flesh-colored paint can be made by mixing a light shade of flesh tints with red.

For dark, ruddy, sunburnt characters, red rubbed on the face after the complexion paint has been put on will be found useful, if carefully blended.

Dark red is for the cheeks of old men.

Different shades of gray are for producing shadows to secure sunken effects in the cheeks; dark gray is sometimes desirable for wrinkles.

Brown is principally used for lining the face, and is the best color for producing wrinkles. It is used for the eyebrows instead of black, when required by the complexion of the character portrayed.

**C**REDIT is given for the foregoing material, to Mr. James Young, whose thorough-going book—"Making-Up"—should be in the hands of every amateur as well as every professional player.

## CREAM PAINTS

**T**HESE are of a softer consistency than the grease-paints. They are put up in jars, instead of sticks, are more generally used by women. The effect produced is practically the same as that resulting from grease-paint. The different shades are white, flesh, pink, brunette, deep brunette for dark complexions, also Creole, Gypsy, Indian and other shades, which may be made to order. It may be well to state here, to those who have never used these articles, that the application of good grease-paint is in no way disagreeable; in fact, it will be found more pleasant than otherwise, and will not injure the most delicate skin.

## GREASE-PAINT LINERS

**L**INERS are used for other purposes than that which is implied by their name. They are handy, not only for making lines, but are also the paints used for coloring, blending and creating shadows, for sunken effects, and also to produce high lights.

# THE PARTHENAÏA

*Annual masques given by the women of the University of California*

By MAUDE MARIEN

**S**PRING in California! I do not know what that may mean to you, you Easterners and you of the Middle West, but shall I try to tell you what Spring means to us, here on the University of California Campus?

First of all, it means long, scented evenings when, from the hills above the Greek Theatre, one may look out across San Francisco Bay to watch the sun flatten into a crimson disk at the water's edge and sink out of sight within the Golden Gate. It means sparkling pale-gold mornings on the Campus, where the Acacia trees hang heavy with powdery yellow clusters, and Hearst Hall is fragrant with lavender Wisteria. It means that little green babies are appearing on the gnarled gray branches of the Faculty Oaks. But most of all, it means the Spring festival of the women, the Parthenæia.

The Parthenæia is an annual masque presented by the women of the University of California. It takes place each April in Faculty Glade, on the Campus. It is one of the few truly folk performances of which the country may boast, since the masque is written, managed, and produced, and the costumes designed and made solely by the women students, of whom there are nearly three thousand. The masque serves no purpose other than the purely æsthetic one of self-expression. It has always been financially successful, each production being given before an audience of approximately five thousand people. The profit from each performance is devoted toward making the production of the following year more beautiful.



Scene from "The Dream of Dierdre," presented by the women of the University of California

designs for costumes, which will be later carried out in chiffon, cheese-cloth, and tarleton by girls at sewing machines and tables down in Hearst Hall. At the women's gymnasium regular classes are being formed in dancing to train the choruses of the masque. Tubs of dye are bubbling in the

the theme was developed by pantomime and dancing with passages of spoken verse. The masque rises to its climax: Everymaid follows Desire of the World and her rich robed company. Suddenly across the glade flits Shadow of a Dream and in her track walks, clad in heavenly blue, the vision of The Madonna. A shaft of sunlight through the branches of a tree lights up the golden hair of the child in her arms, and Everymaid, leaving behind the gay company of Fame



Dorothy Epping as Ratri



Marylie Krusi as Wildwood

kitchen of the students' cafeteria at Hearst Hall and from the high balcony of that quaint edifice hang newly colored costumes of orange, crimson or rose among the lavender Wisteria blossoms.

The masque for the occasion is chosen from those submitted in annual competition by the students. It has always been a symbolic presentation of the central theme of the Parthenæia—the transition from girlhood to womanhood.

The conception of the Parthenæia came in 1912 to Miss Lucy Prague, then Dean of Women at



Dorothy Riedy as Girija

and Pleasure follows the vision, and the masque is done.

The third Parthenæia, in 1914, changed from Greek to Celtic antiquity. Who has not wept

Every year, as the Spring term commences, preparations also are begun for the one afternoon in April that is the women's own. Up in Architecture Hall girls in art classes are making



with Dierdre of the Sorrows? Helen Cornelius, '14, who wrote "The Dream of Dierdre," brought the wistful airs of ancient Irish mysticism to the grassy slope on the Campus which became "The Enchanted Land of Ideals, where Druid Oaks tower loftily with outstretched arms. A holy silence pervades the place, making it like a temple. Near the center stands an old ruinous Celtic Cross. To the left one sees among the daisies which have sprung up in great profusion a curious ring which seems to have been trodden out in a late ritual by the little folk of mystery."

In this mystic spot the Shadow of Youth Eternal calls to Dierdre. Dierdre importunes the universe for love. But only through sorrow may she know the true depth of its meaning. Our Lady of Tears leads in the great tragic heroines, among them Iphigenia Iseult of Brittany, Heloise, Francesca. At the last, with the vision of her lover Naoise lying dead, Dierdre of the Sorrows learns the tragedy of love.

The Parthenæia was still more pageant than play. In 1915, however, the year of the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, Mary Van Orden, '06, wrote a masque in which the pageant element was made to serve the dramatic side of the production. "The Queen's Masque" was Elizabethan in setting, though half the scenes are laid in fairyland. The play purported to be given in honor of Queen Elizabeth, and the Virgin Queen herself sat on a dais and watched as Margat, half fay, half mortal, appeared like a pink flower-petal on the green slope, for a romp with her playmates, the elves. But Margat, because her father was a mortal, and only her mother a fairy princess, needs must go to the world of men, and teach them the sound of

fairy laughter. So she goes, and meets beggars and a prince, and the beggars rob her, and the prince would marry her, but it is in the helplessness of two small beggar children that she finally finds happiness. "The Queen's Masque" was given twice instead of once, in order to accommodate the exposition crowds.

In 1916 "Aranyani of the Jasmine Vine," by Maude Meagher, '17, was produced. This masque went to Hindoo mythology for its atmosphere, and the action takes place in the Ninth Dynasty of the Hindoo kings. Aranyani—which in Sanskrit means "beloved of the bees," lives alone in the forest with her father, an exiled king. She is very happy with only the nymphs of the wood and stream for company, and the love of Girija, a minstrel. But one day the prince of a neighboring kingdom, Wasuki, wanders that way while hunting. He falls in love with the fresh beauty of Aranyani, and, learning that she longs to see the wonders of the World-without-the-forest offers to show her.

She is gone a year. Spring dances in as a chorus of violets, daffodils, and fruit blossoms. Summer follows to drowsy music. The Spirits of Summer are in the dusty yellow of the Golden Rod, and the crimson of the Poppy. There is a swirl of music and the Autumn Leaves are dancing. Then comes the Storm Dance. The Gray Clouds gather in the glade, growing darker and thicker until suddenly there is a peal of thunder from the orchestra. Lightning dances across like a golden flash. Then the Spirits of Rain come through from behind clad in tinkling crystals.

When the storm is over, a great red and black spider slips down from a tree and weaves a web

in a fantastic sort of dance. On the hill beyond appears a girl with great shimmering butterfly wings. In her dance she falls into the web, breaking her lovely wings. She drags the web behind her as she crawls away.

Then Aranyani comes stumbling back from the prince's court "weighed down with jewels, wearied sick of lies, longing for the peace of her glade and her little jasmine-covered Dream-shrine." The people of the court follow her mockingly—Gauri, the jester; Bhairawi, the prince's jailer; Hasimurti, the dancing-girl. But Girija, her minstrel lover, drives them away, and holds out his arms "hungrily to Aranyani, who moves into them with a weary gesture.

The music was entirely composed and orchestrated by Catherine Urner, a student in the College of Music. It was considered the finest work done along that line in the university. Dorothy Epping, '17, designed the costumes, which were exceptionally beautiful. Ruth Calden, '17, managed the production.

The following year the students produced "Youth's Adventure," by Mariquita de Laguna, '17. The music was written by Sara Unna, and Ruth Cornell, the latter of whom wrote incidental music for two preceding masques, those of 1914 and 1915. The scene is set in early English times, "on the road to Camelot." Alisande longs to be a knight, as was her father, so all in shining armor, she goes to wrest her father's sword from Malcoeur le Noir, the wicked dwarf who stole it. The masque had scenes of wonderful pageantry.

It is to Porter Garnett, of Berkeley, that we owe a debt of gratitude for his directing genius and sympathetic interest in the Parthenæia.

## FETE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH DAKOTA

ONE would not think of North Dakota as being a place of May flowers and May Day dances, yet annually on the campus of the University of North Dakota hundreds of people witness a charming celebration of the spring time. The May fête this year, under the direction of Miss Nell Martindale, director of physical education for women, included a wide variety of dances and some unusual features.

One of the most charming conceptions of the spring time spirit was the discovery of the May Queen. The Fairy Queen, with all her court, gather upon the green at the approach of twilight, awaiting the coming of the May Queen to preside



The patriotic note dominated this year's fête at the University of North Dakota. The dance by the Red Cross girls and Sammies made a distinct hit

over their festivities. Dancing from flower to flower, the Fairy Queen touches the petals with her magic wand, seeking everywhere for the May Queen whom she knows is concealed in a flower. At last she touches a large anemone. The petals unfold disclosing the dainty little Queen of the May, all white and gold in the heart of her favorite flower.

The patriotic note dominated the fête. The Allied colors were everywhere to be seen. One of the most attractive dances was that by the Red Cross girls and Sammies. There were French dances and old English dances and an impressive dance called the Spirit of America.

# "A PAIR OF SIXES" BY THE EVANSVILLE PLAYERS

*A community organization that fills a small town theatrical deficiency*

By REV. WILLIAM McDERMOTT

DIRECTOR AND SUPERVISOR



**T**HE Evansville Players of Evansville, Wisconsin, is a community organization—our hopes to be when Uncle Sam whips the Kaiser—and some of our boys come back. The club was organized to supply the usual small town deficiency for the right kind of theatrical productions. The members are almost all university and college graduates and have made splendid progress in dramatic work. The club is purely amateur and no salaries are paid to anyone.

The ambition of the club is limited only by the enthusiasm of youth. "Anything from the Greeks and Shakespeare to Shaw and Dunsany," may appear on our programs. "A Pair of Sixes" is neither Greek, Shakespeare nor Shaw, but please remember that we are very youthful and need time and experience.

**A** local paper says of the Evansville Players' performance of the Broadway success "A Pair of Sixes":

"What constant, steady training of the right kind will do for a theatrical company was amply demonstrated in the splendid way the Evansville Players presented the comedy, 'A Pair of Sixes.' This little pair of 'spots' not only won the game in the play but they also won the applause and endorsement of all who witnessed its production.

"The play was the best this home company has yet produced, and the experience gained in their former plays gave the snap and a forgetfulness of the audience that tended to place them on semi-professional rating as a company.

After their experience in this play this company need not fear to put on their plays in larger towns than Evansville, for the reputation achieved here will go before them, and there is no question but what they can come up to advance notices.

"While each player individually has exceptional talent, the perfect results attained by this company are due to a great extent to the dramatic training given them."

**A**NOTHER critic speaks highly in praise of the players. He says of the individual performers:

"Roy Reckford and Harley Smith as the partners in the Digestive Pill Company were the shining lights about whom the play itself revolved. They were immense. Their office force, Krome the bookkeeper, in real life J. Spencer Pullen; Jimmie the office boy, Marion Jones, and the stenographer, Miss Sallie Parker, better known to Evansville people as Miss Thelma Clark, were there in full force and left nothing to be desired. They were typical workers in a large city office and kept the audience in a gale of merriment.

**M**ISS JOSEPHINE ANTES, as Mrs. George Nettleton, and Miss Elizabeth Gault as Miss Florence Cole, as the wife and sweetheart of the two partners in the pill busi-

ness, were also fine. They were both artists in their respective parts and displayed very clever acting. The very dignified and staid Miss Gault, one of the instructors in the local high school,

was a revelation to everyone in the audience. Miss Ruth Kumlien, as Coddles, the maid, was another whirlwind who brought down the house. Her costume was odd and wonderful to behold and her acting was in keeping with her make-up.

"Earl Fellows as Toney Toler, the traveling salesman, Bert Holmes as Mr. Applegate, a wealthy, prospective buyer, and Paul Pullen as Thomas J. Vanderholt, the lawyer, were all especially good, and deserve special mention."



T. Boggs Johns, Harley A. Smith; Coddles, Miss Ruth Kumlien in "A Pair of Sixes"

**T**HIS organization has been blest with many of the handicaps and obstacles that are native to amateur dramatic societies the world over. It has no endowment, and no promise of ever having one, which is all to its spiritual and artistic well-being. It has, however, what is of far greater necessity to its progress. It has youth, enthusiasm, a love for the good things of dramatic literature and art, a powerful will to work and a great ambition. What that great ambition is may be best expressed by saying that the Players hope some day to evolve into a community theatre.

**F**OR Evansville and communities of its size the present day theatre is almost an unknown quantity, save for those who can journey to the great centers. These communities never see the real plays, and real actors are as the gods of the mountain to the elect. A first-class amateur organization can help greatly in the relief of this sad condition, by bringing the good plays into the local scheme of things. It's a big problem—too big for one club or one community to solve. The Evansville Players are trying to help.

**A**T present every effort is bent towards the completion of a playhouse for the production of plays, but more particularly as a place for rehearsals. A large hall has been rented and is being furnished with stage scenery, and lighting equipment. All the labor is being done by amateurs. Amateur carpenters, electricians, scene builders and painters are earnestly trying to emulate the great masters of their respective crafts. There is no need to say that their efforts are crude, they know that. Both as actors and as mechanics they have much to learn, and they are very willing to learn. Some of them sat at the feet of Robert Edmund Jones and his skilled associates of the Janny Players during the Milwaukee engagement of that splendid organization. And for all that was beautiful and all that was stimulating and all that was inspiring they would here make grateful acknowledgement.



(Standing) Krome, J. S. Pullen; Thomas J. Vanderholt, P. P. Pullen; Sally Parker, Miss Thelma Clark  
(Sitting) T. Boggs Johns, Harley A. Smith; George B. Nettleton, Royall Reckford



# Columbia Grafonola

**T**HE Columbia Grafonola holds the record for melodious mileage because Columbia Records have really put amusement into music.

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*To make a good record great, play it on the  
Columbia Grafonola*

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, NEW YORK



Photos Ira L. Hill

*An Anglo-Saxon in an angelic frock! Of white chiffon, hand-painted in nosegays of blue and lavender and orange tied with trailing bowknots of turquoise blue ribbon, of which you may get a glimpse on the flowing sleeves. The hand-painting runs symmetrically up the back of the bodice as well, and forms a border for the hem of the looped-up skirt. The frock had to be handpainted on that account, Miss Heming said. No mere printed pattern could have been brought into line at the right spots. There is an unusual girdle for the frock made of three strips of taffeta, two in different shades of turquoise blue and one in lavender, the edges picoted and sewn together*

*For mild October days Miss Heming is wearing this personal frock of navy blue and grey Roshanara crêpe, whose charm needs no further amplification. You would like to know, however, that the slippers that go with it and that you can't see, are grey suede with cut steel buckles, that the hat is blue and grey also, the bag French blue and silver, and that the medallion plaque on its platinum chain is an XVIII-Century-looking bauble of blue enamel set in brilliants. Miss Heming is another actress who votes for blue in all its shades, blue being the most popular member of the spectrum so far*



## TYPES—

VIOLET HEMING

TRUE ANGLO-SAXON

By

ANNE ARCHBALD

**A**ND by right of no less an authority than the British Government, who have selected Miss Heming to represent Britannia in their forthcoming moving picture propaganda!

Were you taught, when you studied English history at school, the legend of the early Britons taken captive during one of the Roman conquests and brought back to Rome? Of how tremendously they were admired for the goldenness of their hair and the blueness of their eyes and the fairness of their skins? And of how on inquiry being made as to who and what the beautiful creatures were, and answer being given that they were "Angli" (Angles)—all hands, of course, speaking fluently in Latin—an ardently admiring high dignitary burst rapturously into the

Latin pun: "Non Angli, sed *Angeli*" ("Not Angles, but Angels"!)

I'm sure the British Government had this traditional tale in mind when they selected Miss Heming as the perfect Anglo-Saxon type, as you have only to cast your eyes across these pages to realize. Paint in the angelic coloring of golden hair, and sky-blue eyes, and peaches-and-cream skin.

But even if you look like an angel you must be careful not to kill your type with unangelic frocks. No question that Miss Heming has entirely lived up to hers here—is there?—in these four frocks she wears in her exciting new spy play "Three Faces East," with the fifth frock that is for her own personal use.

TWO EVENING FROCKS AND—"MY U-BOAT

COSTUME" WORN BY VIOLET HEMING,

APPEARING IN "THREE FACES EAST"



Photos Ira L. Hill

*As to describing this evening frock I'm almost as much at sea as a mere male might be. I think there was a flesh-colored slip to begin on and then over that were draped lengths of pale blue chiffon and pale lavender chiffon; and I know there was a spray of silk flowers at the waist in the same shades, and flesh pink satin slippers and stockings. If that description doesn't suffice you had better go to "Three Faces East" and look up the frock for yourself*



*Another "Three Faces East" evening frock, in which Miss Heming looks particularly angelic—of palest flesh-colored charmeuse with the bodice a mass of pearl passementerie and the skirt showing the length and slimness that are to be the new features of Fall skirts. One end of the silk is drawn snugly around the ankles and tucked under the other directly in back so that the petticoat with its metallic silver bowknots and lines of silver hemstitching may frill out below in its frillies and laciest manner*

*Below is what Miss Heming called with a smile "My U-boat costume," so all of you who are contemplating U-boat trips take notice! It is of old blue broadcloth, faced down the front with red velvet and trimmed elsewhere with black silk braid, silver bullet buttons, a silver buckle to the belt. The hat is of the same blue and red combination. A skeleton vest of white net frillies and a taupe mesh veil soften the severe military aspect*





One of Revillon's main trading stations: Ungava. All buildings built and owned by Revillon Frères. Some are used as homes by agents, others as stores and warehouses for goods, (thus divided to reduce fire risks) and as workshops and mess houses in which Eskimos are cared for on their visits to the post.

## REVILLON TRADING POSTS *in the* NORTH

ALL THE ILLUSTRATIONS IN THIS ARTICLE ARE REPRODUCED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MEMBERS OF THE FIRM OF REVILLON FRÈRES OR BY THEIR EMPLOYEES.

**T**HE growing appreciation of beautiful furs and the increasing scarcity of fur bearing animals has aroused a keen interest in the fascinating business of fur trading. As accurate information about the taking of furs is difficult of access and our organization is the only one of its kind equipped to gather it, we have undertaken at the request of various friends to relate a few of the more interesting facts about the trapping and collecting of furs in different parts of the world. The present article is devoted to Revillon activities in Canada.

As the trapper cannot bring his skins to the market the market must go to him. Small posts are established all through the wild regions where traders, one or more at each post, exchange the necessaries of life for the pelts which the trappers bring in. Many of these traders hear from the outside world only once a year when they get their supplies.

The trappers are a strange army of Indians, Eskimos and adventurers of many races who trap as much for sport as for necessity. They enjoy hunting, and follow with interest everything pertaining to wild animal life. Fur bearing animals even of the same species differ widely according to climatic



The husky dog—the trolley of the north.

conditions, abundance of food and other causes. Sometimes a short distance will show great variation in their development. To get perfectly matched furs it is essential to have skins from animals with a common ancestry. This is impossible when skins are bought in the open market after passing through many hands. It is in order to secure perfectly matched skins coming from the same district that Revillon Frères have established their trading posts in the fur producing regions of both hemispheres.

From Canada they get large supplies of fox, marten, lynx, mink, beaver and muskrat, to mention only a few of the most important species. To obtain these furs at

their best the immense country must be covered from the Canadian border to the perpetual snow and ice of Hudson's Bay.

The Canadian fur trading season must be started early in Summer in order to ship the trading goods to the North. The most remote Revillon posts in Canada are in the Hudson's Bay country, and in normal times are supplied by Revillon steamship going directly to a base post in James Bay. From that point the goods are distributed by a fleet of small schooners to the different posts along the shore. Transportation of freight in this region is a hard task as the straits are open only three months for navigation. A few years ago the Revillon steamship ELDORADO was wrecked on her return trip. Her successor, the ADVENTURE,



Tukalook and his wife.

© 1918 by Revillon Frères



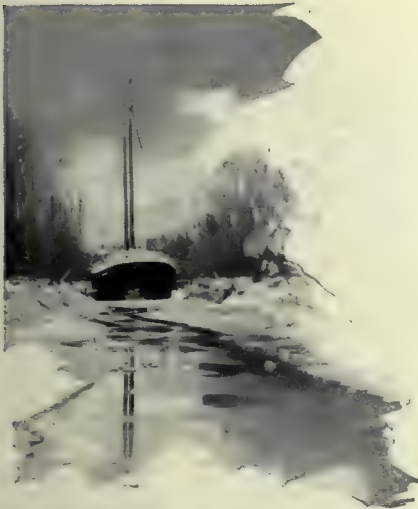
Katalee, an Eskimo lady of quality.



A typical post factor or trader.

was sold to the Russian government in 1916 for breaking ice in the harbor at Archangel. The tremendous demand for Trans-Atlantic tonnage for war purposes made new transportation arrangements necessary for the posts, and a fleet of schooners with auxiliary gasoline engines is now carrying merchandise to the posts and bringing back the furs. In the fleet are the DOROTHY C. SNOW, the ALBANY, the HILDA P., the KING GEORGE, the VIOLETTE, the ANNIE GEELE, the JAMES L., the ROMEO, and the steamer EMELIA. The schooner calls only once a year at each post, but there is communication between some of the posts by dog sledge, and it is remarkable the amount of freight which can be transported in this way in spite of the risky journey among the blizzards of this desolate country.

The only inhabitants of the Hudson's Bay districts are the Eskimos, divided into two main tribes—the Coast Eskimos and the Inlanders. These tribes have a monopoly of the trading. They are hard working and honest, but their mode of living is very primitive and their language is crude and difficult for the white man to learn. These Eskimo



Trading schooner "Annie Geele" in winter quarters.

posts furnish the white furs, the only product from an eternally snow covered land. The Eskimos live largely on flesh and animal fats though there is a great demand now for tea, sugar, tobacco and other such luxuries of civilization. They also trade for pipes and matches, the snow knives with which they cut blocks of snow to build their huts, and for field glasses which enable them to trail the caribou which migrate in large herds and furnish them their yearly meat supply. For hunting they still favor old style muzzle-loading guns with powder and lead balls.

The enormous capital necessary to finance a chain of trading posts in the Hudson's Bay district has limited trading operations in this part of the world to two companies, the English Company, who dispose of

knowing that if these companies did not take care of the Indians in years of famine the burden would fall on the government.

In some districts Indians have sold their claims to the land to the Canadian government and receive in exchange a yearly revenue called the "Treaty Payment". It consists of a certain sum in cash and a specified outfit of provisions. The Treaty Commission makes a yearly trip and is naturally warmly welcomed by the Indians. Revillon Frères Company is often the successful bidder for the delivery of these supplies and the transportation of the Commission which distributes

The "Eldorado" in the ice.



their furs at auction in London, and Revillon Frères, who obtain a good share of each year's catch, which accounts for the beauty of the skins they are able to show at their numerous branches.

Further West in Canada transportation to the trading posts is by river, light draught steamers being used wherever possible. As most of the rivers are navigable for only about ten days in the Spring at the time of melting snows, the main reliance for freight are fleets of scows towed by power boats. These scows make but a single voyage as there is not time for them to make the return trip before Winter. They are usually given to the Indians who break them up and use the lumber for building huts. The scows travel in large groups, a score or more at a time each carrying about twenty tons of freight. The illustration below shows one of the regular Revillon river transports, consisting of about twenty-five scows which left this year on May 15 for the northern posts.

In the Peace River district civilization is rapidly changing conditions, and driving traders and trappers farther north. No later than 1905 this was still a wilderness, but now regular railroad service traverses the section. At



Mr. J. M. Revillon's guide and dog driver on one of his inspection trips to the North.



Dog sled resting at a post.

them, and it is a very interesting sight to see the Indians gather around the posts at Treaty time enjoying real feasts of their favorite luxuries. The Canadian government takes exceptional care of the Indians, absolutely forbidding the dispensation of liquor to them. In most of the territories even the white agents must have a special permit to bring in a limited amount of liquor for their personal use. Revillon Frères having a Federal Charter under the Canadian government enjoy special privileges which enable them to take advantage of the many opportunities of the northern country. They introduced modern business methods in

the fur trading country and treat the Indians exactly as white people. Transportation is organized and regular freight rates are established between the different districts and posts which enable them to help in the development of new fertile belts. In some places Revillon trading posts were the starting points of new towns; in other places railroads were built with the company's help. The Revillon Frères steamships "Ombabika" and "Minawa" on Lake Ombabika were used to transport men and material for the construction of the main road of the National Transcontinental Line. Dominion land surveyors opening up unsurveyed territory were transported with their supplies by Revillon Frères, and many American prospectors and lovers of wild life took advantage of Revillon facilities for traveling through the North. One of them, a well known magazine writer, has given as a reason of the success of Revillon Frères and their large following in the North the fact that the principal stations are visited at intervals by members of the Revillon family, who control the operations of their trading companies as directly as their establishments in large cities.

At the end of their journey the furs collected in the great chain of Canadian posts find their way to New York, where Revillon Frères have large warehouses for raw and dressed skins in addition to their retail establishment and their separate cold storage building. The finished garments made from these carefully selected and beautiful skins are for sale in the Revillon building at Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street, at Revillon Frères in London, 180 Regent Street, and at the original house in Paris, 81 Rue de Rivoli.



A remote post showing winter snow entrance

the time the Police Road was built from Peace River to the Yukon, Revillon Frères had the contract to supply food to the Northwest Mounted Police engaged in the work. Then all transportation was by man power, ten Indians towing a seven ton scow at the rate of about twenty-five miles a day.

The Indians in Western Canada are mainly of two tribes: the Crees in the South and the Beavers or Chippewyans further north. The Crees have a euphonic language very easy to learn. The Chippewyans are a rougher and less civilized tribe. Still further north we again find the Eskimo. Originally the Indians lived entirely on meat, killing moose, deer and other animals for their food and clothing. Under these conditions it was difficult for the trading companies to induce the Indians to trap fur-bearing animals. Gradually they developed the native's taste for such delicacies as bacon, beans, flour, jam, etc., and soon had no difficulty in getting him to work for this more appetizing food instead of devoting all his time to hunting moose and deer. The Indian trapper's business is precarious. Some years furs are very scarce, whole species of animals practically disappearing temporarily. During these times of scarcity the Indians have to be kept alive. For this reason the Canadian government gives their support to the two large companies operating in this district—Revillon Frères and their English competitor,



One of Revillon Frères' fleets of scows leaving for the North, May, 1918.



Miss Pearson has the loveliest head of dark hair, thick, soft, curling, responsive. This is the way she dresses it when she wishes to present herself as a Spanish type, the hair massed around the face, drawn up high on the head into a knot, and held by a large tortoise-shell comb, as you may see in the smaller profile view of the same head-dressing at the bottom of the page



## The VANITY BOX

MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON, that lovely star of the Fox Films, is another of those ardent believers in the significance of hairdressing—in the changes of appearance that one can effect through it. She gave us a most interesting talk on the subject, which has unfortunately to be compressed into this small space.

Miss Pearson's motto for herself, in the first place, and which she suggests for every woman, is: "Take care of your comforts, and your luxuries will take care of themselves." And hair comfort is one of the first essentials. How can you be comfortable, for instance, if your hair is in a poor condition, dry, or overoily, or limp and stringy, so that "you can't do a thing with it"? How can you be comfortable if you are obliged to wear it everlastingly in one fashion because of its deficiencies?

"I should get so tired of looking just one way in my pictures," says Miss Pearson, "and I should get so tired of wearing my hair in just one way in real life. I know I get very weary of seeing certain women everlastingly wearing their hair in the same way year after year. You don't have to make violent or unbecoming changes but out of all the numerous manners, there are at least two or three suited to your type and temperament, and fashion is constantly disclosing new ones.

"But to be master of and not mastered by your hair means constant hygiene, employing the services of a scientific caretaker, daily brushings.

"Two admonitions! Have many brushes—I have no less than twelve—and keep them clean. Keep the hair only reasonably long, for comfort, and clip it, don't singe it. The hairs are hollow and the smoke is drawn up through them to their injury and that of the scalp."



And this is a hairdressing that you have never seen before, because it is absolutely original with Miss Pearson. She parts her hair straight in the middle from forehead to nape of neck, making two separate masses, which she then crosses and wraps around the neck, fastening the ends snugly on the left side. From this dark frame the skin stands out with alluring fairness. Sometimes Miss Pearson adds a jewelled plaque at the fastening



Photos © Lumière

But Miss Pearson insists that the first requisite of all hairdressing is to have beautiful hair to dress. And you never will if you sleep with your hair done up in curlers or fall lazily into bed, leaving it ratted and hairpinned as you have been wearing it during the daytime. Brush it thoroughly for ten minutes, shake it out and leave it au naturel, like this



This shows how one transforms oneself into a beautiful blonde in the twinkling of an eye, not by peroxide, but with a wig, wig. Only that is really unfair, a horrid misnomer for that lovely misty aureole, the modern article is so far removed in artistry from its predecessors. Better call it a transformation, which it is and a marvelous one, at that. Can't the hairdressers work wonders?





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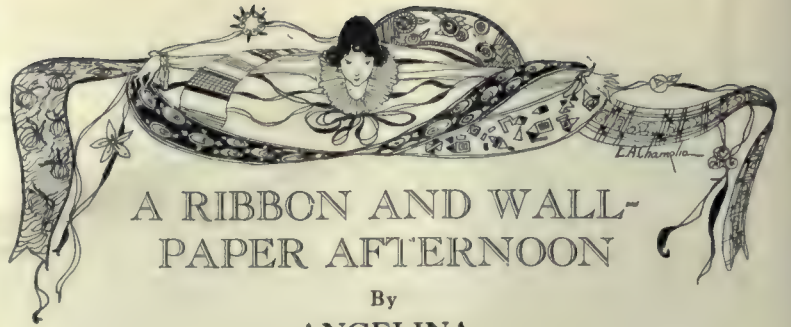
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## A RIBBON AND WALL-PAPER AFTERNOON

By  
ANGELINA



"IS that you, Angelina?" came across the 'phone the other morning from a nice man I know. "Do you like ribbons?"

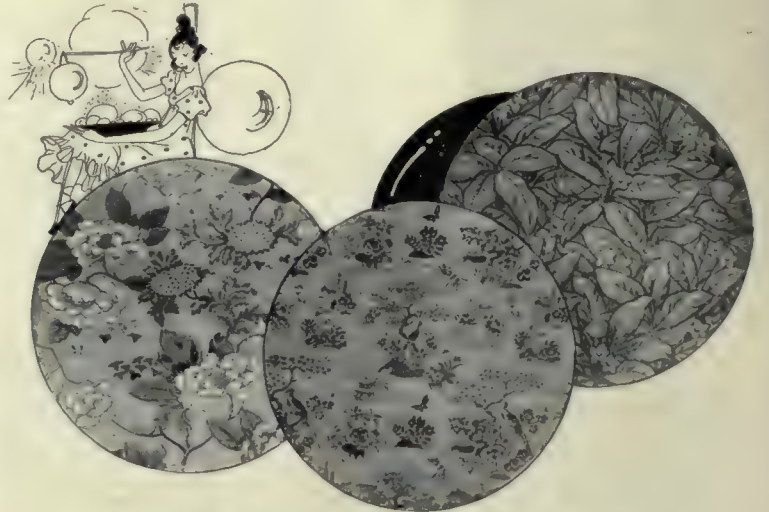
"Did you ever know any woman that didn't?" I responded.

"All right, then," he replied. "Come to lunch with me and another handsome man and afterwards we'll take you where you can see a whole houseful of them, and the most stunning you ever laid eyes on, too."

ance was as strips of hand-made cloth or leather to lace the edges of garments together. And did I know also, the gentleman said, that when ribbons first came along they were worn exclusively by men and for many centuries used by them as adornments for their clothes. Again, no! How interesting! Doesn't that make us all nice and pally!

\* \* \*

After being fortified with food we started on the real business of



A trio of the new wall-papers: a rough grey background on which a flower design of Madonna blue and mauve and red-brown looks as if it had been hand-painted; a Japanese grass cloth in silvery brown printed in dull blues and greens and darker browns; and an all-over pattern of soft brown and blue-grey leaves

You know how quickly I jumped at the chance, don't you?

\* \* \*

We talked ribbons all through lunch. When they first started . . . I didn't know and was told that it was so far back that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." How they first started . . . I didn't know that either, and again was told that their first appear-

the afternoon, walking a block or two from the Holland House over to the big wholesale establishment of Johnson, Cowdin, where I was to see the promised "houseful" of ribbons.

Which I did. They let me loose on the first floor and I ranged around from one long table to the other savoring the ribbons as if I were in a flower garden. Johnson,

(Concluded on page 240)



Two of the numerous uses to which you can put ribbon, a boudoir cap and mules to match, woven of the famous Johnson, Cowdin "Lady Fair." The pink and blue combination of "Lady Fair" was used in these, a pink side alternating with a blue side to make a surface of small pink and blue squares



"Defies Time and the Elements"

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### MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

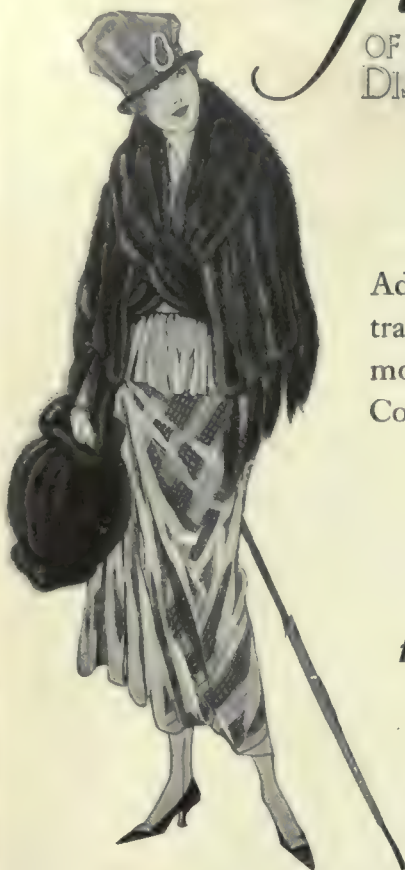
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(Continued from page 238)

*Furs*  
OF SUPERIOR QUALITY  
DISTINCTIVE IN STYLE



Advance showing of attractive Fall and Winter models in Coats, Wraps, Coatees, Scarfs and Muffs

All the fashionable furs

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391 Fifth Avenue

New York

Cowdin, you know, stand at the top in the ribbon field and make the most artistic and individual and—sequentially—the highest priced ribbons in America. There were bolts of ribbons with colorings like Du-lae's illustrations to the Arabian Nights, sapphire blue and gold, rose, and green, and blue . . . ten or twelve different combinations, answering to the alluring name of "Lalla Rookh"; ribbons in the vivid tones of tropical birds; ribbons in Indian patterns and colorings; in tinselled black and gold and black and silver, coming to the call of "Mogul"; ribbons Roman-striped and Bayadère-striped in the most stunning combinations; last but not least the well-known "Lady Fair," a lingerie ribbon de luxe, in all its nine different blue-pink-lavender-yellow-white combinations.

One corner of the floor was perfectly fascinating. It was devoted to glass cases showing everything that can be made of ribbon. And everything can, it seems—dresses and hats and waists and scarves and muffs and mules and dressing-sacks and pillows. I didn't see any ribbon stockings or ribbon gloves, but outside of those trifling omissions nothing was lacking. Don't worry about the lack of wool or cotton, as long as we have Johnson, Cowdin ribbons to dress ourselves in.

\* \* \*

On my way up Madison Avenue I passed the Thibaut wall-paper place and having a half hour to spare dropped in to see what was new in wall-papers. Not that I happened to need any just then, but you never can tell at what moment such information isn't going to be a necessary, even vital matter, in your day. And then I had a special friend at court . . . I mean Thibaut's, who knows all about wall-papers.

"What's new," turned out, for one thing, to be the Japanese grass cloth, printed in soft colored patterns showing a little Willow Tree house here and there, a sacred pheasant, a lotus. The paper is

known as "Okame-San" paper, "Okame-San" (whose head is stamped on the paper) being the Japanese "girl of good luck." She will, of course, bring good luck to any room which she papers. Then there were some enchanting land-



A Maxon frock taken from the Fall showing, "now on," of the Model Gown Shop, blue serge with all the new notes, the straight lines, the machine pleating of the skirt, the blouse-jacket buttoning down the back. Simple but excellent tucked white cambric collar and cuffs are part of the good measure that you can always rely on Maxon to give

scape and tree papers, one of white panels with an upper border of misty grey trees like a snow landscape. And a lovely all-over pattern (see the sketch) of soft brown and blue-grey leaves, a pattern probably suggested by arbutus plants. And a rough grey "made in U. S. A." paper, with a design of double poppies in vivid Madonna blues, mauves, and red-browns, looking as if the design had been painted by hand. And many others . . .

\* \* \*

It's Maxon Fall opening time again, Maxon, the Model Gown Shop. I'm so glad! That's always one of the brightest spots in the new season. Don't you like the blue serge frock we sketched from there? It has so many of the new notes, the lengthened skirt, the machine pleats, the crenellated jacket blouse, the general straight up-and-down lines. The sketch is not only illustrative of this particular frock but symbolic of everything Maxonic, the new, the chic . . . The price? But a bargain, as always, *ma chère!* Have I not said it was a Maxon!



Here is one of the lovely new fur coat-wraps from A. Jaechel & Co. we promised to show you and if you will look at page 238 you may see another on Miss Alma Tell



*Frock of white Indestructible Voile trimmed with "J. C." LADY FAIR RIBBON fashioned by Madame Crone.*



## RIBBONS

**The Ideal Trimming :**

Nothing adds the complete finishing touch and charm to a garment like a ribbon.

There is a "J. C." Ribbon adaptable for your every need—on sale at the better stores.

**SATIN DE LUXE**—The recognized quality peer of all Satin and Taffeta Ribbons.

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**LADY FAIR**—The Ribbon Sensation of 1918.

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SINCE we're not permitted even a tiny curve at the hip—not the slightest suspicion of a wrinkle nor ripple to mar the "six-o'clock" silhouette—the Pettibocker is a life-saver! It's so soft and slimsy, you'd never know you had it on! The elastic just below the knee keeps it in place and you escape the annoyance of an "up-rising" silk petticoat. From its elastic waistband to its dainty hemstitched ruffle, the Pettibocker gives a clean-cut silken line!

You'll want Pettibockers to match your street suits—they come in all the season's best colors and for evening wear there's a shell pink and a pure white.

No matter what you seek in undersilks, Vanity Fair is the name to remember! There's the Plus-4-Inch Vest, the Step-In Envelope, the Double-Back Knicker and the Sure-Lap Union.

*All the better shops carry Vanity Fair  
—if you have any difficulty in getting  
what you want, write us direct.*

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EARLY SELECTIONS ARE EARNESTLY RECOMMENDED

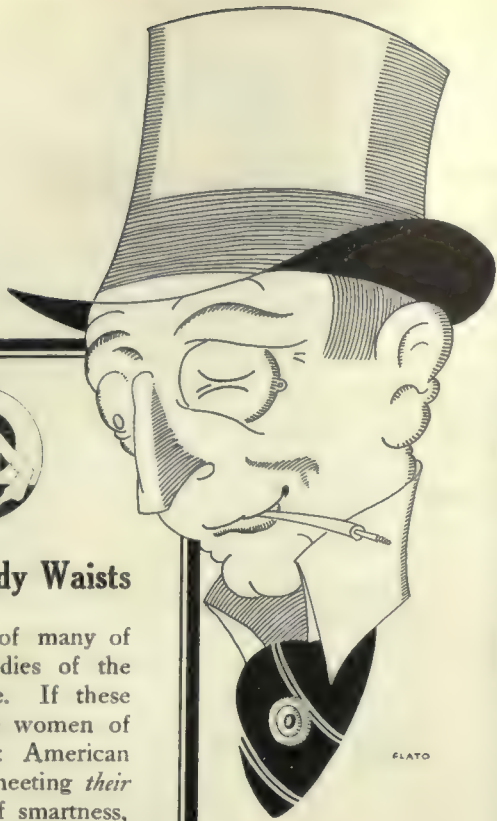
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are the choice of many of the charming ladies of the screen and stage. If these most fashionable women of the world select American Lady Waists as meeting their fastidious ideas of smartness, —there's a hint for clever dressers everywhere.

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### MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY.

(Continued from page 212)

however, and had to imitate the domineering husband (John Westley), he was much less amusing. Janet Beecher, whom I cannot consider particularly adapted to farce, was the coveted wife. More successful was Francine Larrimore as the neglected spouse, another of the cute, though whining, rôles that have been accorded her so regularly in recent seasons.

**BROADHURST.** "HE DIDN'T WANT TO DO IT." Book and lyrics by George Broadhurst. Music by Silvio Hein (based on a farce by Walter Hackett and Mr. Broadhurst). Produced on August 20.

This revamped Broadhurst-Hackett piece never succeeds in being anything more than so-so. It has conventional and uninspired tunes by Silvio Hein, an unusually good-looking chorus, several hard-working comedians, and some still harder-working dancers. What it lacks is a foundation.

Helen Shipman knows something about grotesquerie but greatly overdoes it. Ernest Torrence did his best to eke out with grimaces the slender comedy assigned to him. Percy Ames gave a colorless impersonation of the Englishman, and Ned A. Sparkes contributed his sepulchral specialty as one of the detectives.

Much praise is due to Katherine Galloway. She owns both an attractive stage presence and a pleasing voice.

**CORT.** "FIDDLERS THREE." Operetta in two acts. Book and lyrics by William Cary Duncan; music by Alexander Johnstone, orchestral arrangement by Domenico Sodero. Produced on September 3.

The music of this "modern operetta" is so reminiscent that when the overture had got under way I thought I was listening to a medley of popular airs. As for the wit of the piece, the answer to the question, "How is the world treating you lately?" which is "Not very often," is its brightest line.

The operetta concerns a violin-maker's competition in Cremona, but it never gets nearly so exciting as an old fiddlers' contest at a county fair. The hand of the master violin-maker's fair daughter is to go to his apprentice if the lad's fiddle wins the prize. But alas! she loves another catgut expert, and this latter's opponents are unable to defeat him by fair means or foul.

The first act is in the Mid-Victorian tradition, with the merry villagers assembling on the green and singing the good old choruses in the good old way. Then the comedians trickle in. The first is a very sad stage Englishman, played by Echlin Gayer. The second is a far gayer stage American—an egg-beater peddler—done with much fantastic dance and vocalizing by Hal Skelley. Adding somewhat to the hilarity, is Josie Intropidi as the widow of an American—you've guessed it—pickle manufacturer. Of course, then, Mr. Skelley's number is up, and it is 57.

The second act audaciously approaches the twentieth century. It begins with jazz dancing specialties, contributes unintended gayety in the matter of a dozen or more bare knees, and meanders off into an ultimate happy ending.

By far the most delectable feature of "Fiddlers Three" is the singing of Tavie Belge as the shero. Miss Belge actually has a voice and knows how to use it! All she needed was some good songs. Louise Groody did her bit with much agile and acrobatic dancing.



### For Your Boy and My Boy

You'd do anything in the world For Your Boy and My Boy, wouldn't you?

Certainly!

Then learn and sing the new timely song "FOR YOUR BOY AND MY BOY" by Kahn and Van Alstyne. A song with the wonderful patriotic thrill that will fill your soul with the fire of Victory. It is so designed by these well known American song writers that it will mean to you what the "Marseillaise" means to the French—"The Star Spangled Banner" to the Americans — and "Rule Britannia" to the English. Before long the Allies will be singing it in their own tongue, because *your* boy is *their* boy and *their* boy is *your* boy. Remember when our boys, at the front hear that you are singing this song, it will be like a ray of sunshine from home.

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## PACKER'S TAR SOAP

*Cake and Liquid*

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A RARE exhibition of the sparkling genius of the young wizard of the violin is given in Jascha Heifetz's playing on a new Victrola Record of "La Ronde des Lutins (Dance of the Goblins)."

In this selection Heifetz displays all the technicalities known to the violinist's art.

A remarkable blending of voices is heard in a duet by Caruso and

De Luca presenting the highly dramatic passage, "Is My Secret Then Betrayed?" from Verdi's opera "The Force of Destiny," sung on a new Victrola Record just issued. The voices are well matched in volume and when heard together a singularly well-balanced effect is produced.

Reinald Werrenrath's voice rings out in two soldier songs "A Khaki Lad" and "I Want to Go Back to Blighty."—Advt.



## Pétrole Hahn

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A French tonic which encourages a luxuriant growth of beautiful hair.

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"FOR HUSKY THROATS"

of course!  
"Nobody  
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from  
**Rameses**"  
the aristocrat  
of cigarettes

COLUMBIA RECORDS

ANOTHER Columbia Star makes her bow to the phonograph public this month—in the slender, piquant person of Barbara Maurel, who comes from across the ocean. She is here, singing two well-beloved old ballads in the Columbia October group of new records. "Ever of Thee," and "Long, Long Ago," are indeed worthy vehicles for this gifted mezzo soprano. Hulda Lashanska, beloved American soprano gives us another of her marvelous records this month in her Columbia recording of "Bonnie Sweet Bessie."—Adv.

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*For the Bath*



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FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, SHRIMP to cream on toast, CRABMEAT for Newburg or deviled, SALMON ready to serve, SARDINES of all kinds, TUNNY for salad, SANDWICH FILLINGS and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular emergency use.

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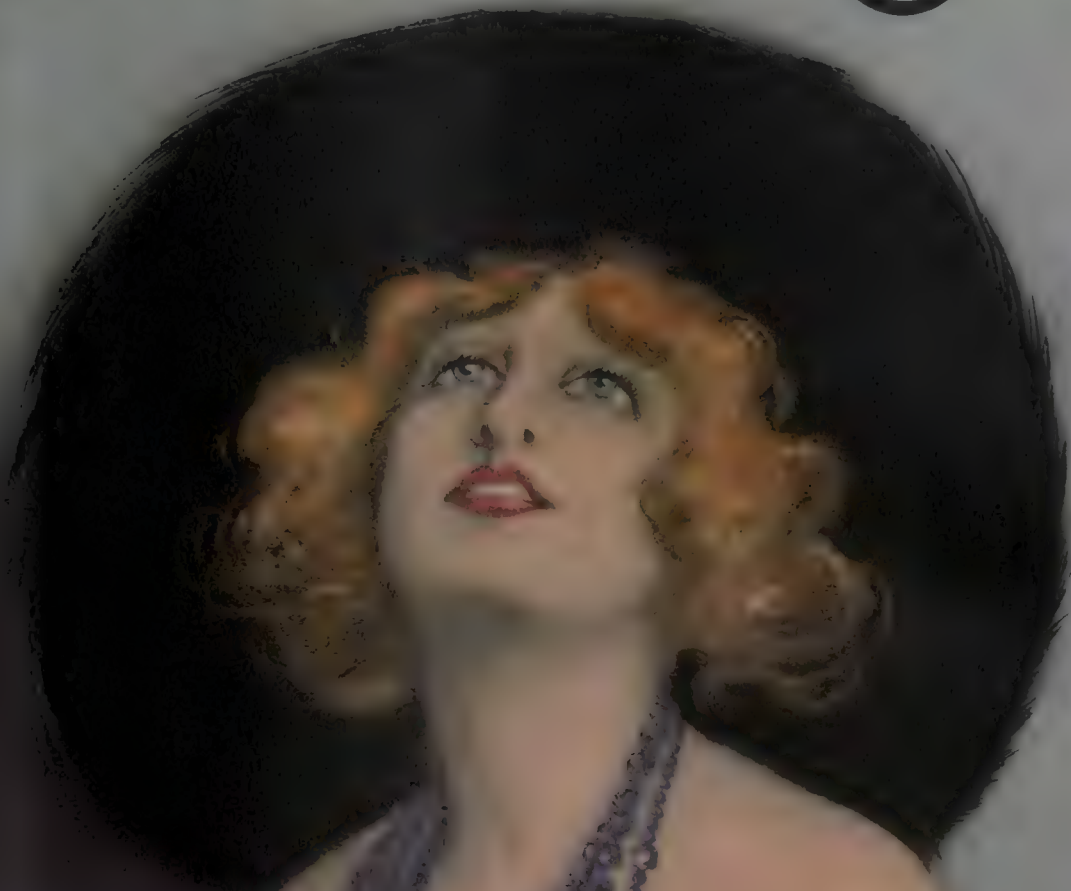


# Theatre Magazine

35 Cents \$4.00 a Year

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VOL. XXVIII NO. 213

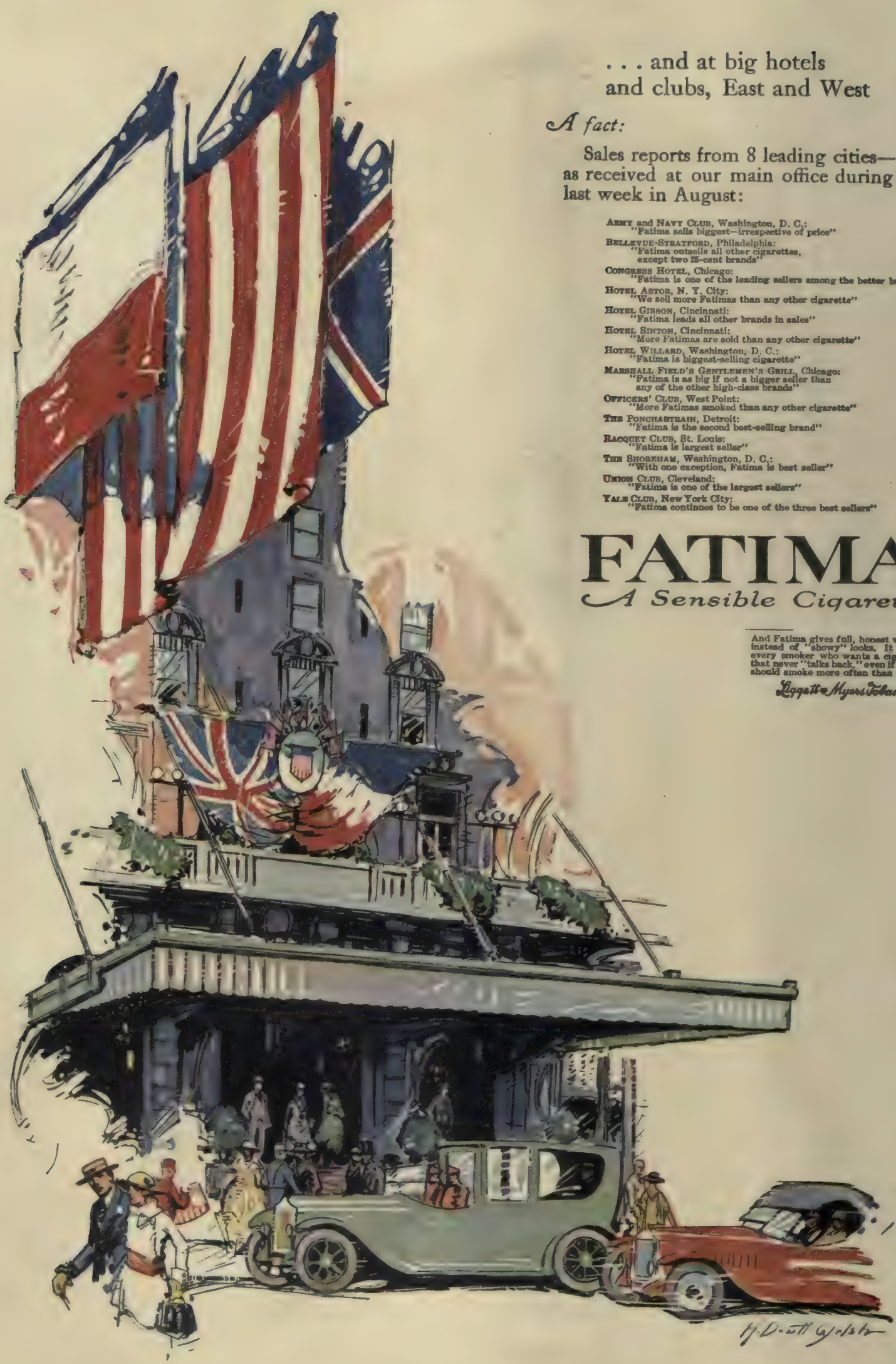
NOVEMBER, 1918



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*A fact:*

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- BELLEVUE-STRAFORD, Philadelphia:  
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"We sell more Fatimas than any other cigarette"
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"Fatima leads all other brands in sales"
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"More Fatimas are sold than any other cigarette"
- HOTEL WILLARD, Washington, D. C.:  
"Fatima is biggest-selling cigarette"
- MARSHALL FIELD'S GENTLEMEN'S GRILL, Chicago:  
"Fatima is as big if not a bigger seller than  
any of the other high-class brands"
- OFFICERS' CLUB, West Point:  
"More Fatimas smoked than any other cigarette"
- THE PONCHARTRAIN, Detroit:  
"Fatima is the second best-selling brand"
- RAOUCET CLUB, St. Louis:  
"Fatima is largest seller"
- THE SHOREHAM, Washington, D. C.:  
"With one exception, Fatima is best seller"
- UNION CLUB, Cleveland:  
"Fatima is one of the largest sellers"
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All of this you will find at the Vanderbilt Hotel, on the direct car lines to both the Pennsylvania and Grand Central Terminals. The Vanderbilt Hotel is noted for its cuisine and its service. Its appointments are beautiful and home-like; the charges are reasonable, and it makes its own appeal to exclusive travellers.

WALTON H. MARSHALL,  
*Manager*

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE



NOVEMBER, 1918

**C**HRISTMAS will soon be with us again!

So, too, the Christmas issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

Both will bring with them cheer, joy and gaiety.

Don't be deprived of your annual treat—the sprightly, entertaining beautiful December number.

There'll be pictures 'n everything.

**S**TAGE women have surely done their bit in the war.

They have worked and are working in France with the Y. M. C. A. and the "Over There Theatre League," they expended their efforts on the Liberty Loan and War Savings Stamp Drives, they have appeared at all patriotic rallies lending their talents to entertain audiences, and their popularity to attract the throngs.

The December issue will contain full-page portraits of a number of our favorite players in strikingly beautiful poses representing America and her Allies.

Each picture will be worth framing—as a glimpse of our next number will prove.

**T**HERE has been a great deal of discussion, pro and con, regarding the theatrical marriage.

In the Christmas issue Zoe Beckley will tell you about famous couples in stardom—how they fare in matrimony, why there are so many failures and some notable successes.

Children, too, influence the player. Jane Grey would never have gone on the stage but for her two youngstars.

Then there is the question of marrying out of the profession. This interesting article will tell you about the

stage as a matrimonial bureau for British, Wall Street and Pittsburgh aristocracy.

**L**AST season the Little Theatre was the talk of Broadway.

It made managers sit up and take notice. Organizations with ideas, ideals and youthful daring produced playlets that were really worth while.

Dunsany was first introduced to us through the little theatres.

But now, alas, the Little Theatre has gone to war. Pierrot has laid aside his frills for the olive drab of Uncle Sam.

If you want to learn what has become of the brave Washington Square Players and the artistic Greenwich Villagers, the Christmas THEATRE MAGAZINE will help you out.

**D**O you know that Nazimova once pushed a wheel cart holding her costumes and baggage through the streets of London—when she was too poor to pay the cartage from the railway station to the theatre at which she was to appear?

If you don't—it's one of the reasons why you sit quietly in the background while the company is being entertained with intimate details regarding players.

Do you know that Tully Marshall, the well-known player, at one time worked for an undertaker, before he became an actor and actually wore the fringe from a hearse on his costume (as a prince) when he made his first stage appearance?

Of course you don't. But you would if you read the THEATRE MAGAZINE regularly. Read these and other snappy, witty bits in the next issue.

The warning this year is "Do your Christmas shopping early."

We add, order your THEATRE MAGAZINE early—before the supply is gone.

Or, so as to be sure of your copy, subscribe now. \$4.00 a year.

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THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; FOUR DOLLARS BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, ADD \$1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, ADD 85c.

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Emery & Beers Company, Inc. NEW YORK  
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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 213.

NOVEMBER, 1918



*From a photograph by Sarony*

**Mlle. GINA RAVINE AS THE SPIRIT OF HEROIC BELGIUM**

At the recent Liberty Loan Rally at the Metropolitan Opera House, Mlle. Ravine, assisted by George Rena-vent, recited the stirring patriotic poem "*La Bataille de L'Yser*" by the well-known Belgian poet Armand Varlez

# THE WAR AND THE DRAMA



**A** SEASON or two back, one of the favorite foolish questions among the *nuts theatricalis* was, How will the war affect the drama?

The answer to the question has long since become apparent. It is:—

Barring propaganda, not at all.



**B**UT, you persist, the majority of our plays nowadays are about the war.

Very true. In spite of our astute producers, nearly all of whom a few years ago were sagely announcing that in war times theatregoers wanted their attention distracted in the playhouse from the horrors of the conflict, and who accordingly prophesied that few war plays would reach the stage—in spite of the relentless logic of these male Cassandras the majority of our plays nowadays concern the crushing of the Hun.

Nevertheless the war has as yet not actually affected the drama. Rather, we may say, the drama has affected the war, in that these martial plays almost without exception have extracted from their subject-matter—as subject-matter involving all that is noblest and most colossal in the supreme effort to make the world a decent place to live in—the merest triviality.

The best that the stage has been able to realize from this subject-matter is its propaganda. And propaganda is really not the true material of art. Plays like "Out There" and "Getting Together" have served a patriotic purpose by encouraging recruiting. Other pieces such as "Friendly Enemies" and "Allegiance" have done their bit toward converting the citizenry of Germanic origin to a purer Americanism.

But however successful in that field, the drama is never at its best when it devotes itself chiefly to the didactic.



**Y**OU will perhaps recall that in the beginning our war plays were mostly pacifist tracts. We had such effusions as "Beyond the Border," and "Moloch," wherein the author assuming that no evil-doing could justify the least act of violence in self-defense, lambasted Mars without mercy.

That such a thesis should have been sustained by playwrights and producers was in itself pathetic enough. The American playgoing public resented the insult to their intelligence. Most of them knew perfectly well that war itself—so far from being intrinsically evil—may be the holiest of human activities, and that only the motive behind war may be questioned as to its righteousness.

We knew that German war, ruthlessly fought

for self-aggrandizement, was the most horrendous thing in modern history. But we knew, too, that Belgian war and French war and British war, waged as much in a spirit of self-sacrifice for human liberty as for self-preservation, was only the supreme expression of that love than which no man hath a greater.

But America was "neutral." For a long, weary time we were "neutral." And there were managers in those days who were stupid enough to think that the public would be pleased to see on the stage Belgium, because she dared to resist, by implication branded with the same mark of Cain that sets apart the Germans from the rest of mankind!

That was the first step in the theatre toward the reduction of the war to piffle.

And the second was like unto it.

The second was the inevitable war melodrama. Obviously it was no new form. It was just the same old melodrama that countless Howards and Gillettes had written about the Civil War, and that innumerable other playwrights had written about all the wars that have ever afflicted humanity.



**E**VEN in Revolutionary days there was a big demand for war plays. Long after the surrender at Yorktown, the victorious Americans liked to see in mimic action on the stage some of the vivid scenes of the real battlefield. One of the most popular of the early American plays—in fact the first piece in this country to have a run, was Burk's "Bunker Hill," a rank melodrama full of what Dunlap probably correctly calls: "smoke, noise and nonsense," but the presentment, crude as it was, pleased the patrons of the Boston and New York theatres, and for a time the play held the stage against all comers.

The plot, incidents and characters, of most of our war plays are about the same. It is necessary to change only the location, the uniforms, and the ordnance. A flash or two of wireless, the whir of an airplane motor, a reference to "Big Berthas" and forty-two centimeter guns, and your "Shenandoah" became your "Under Fire."

To call them war melodramas is to dignify them unduly. Invariably they were nothing more than common spy plays. The war was only the background. And you could safely wager your Panama that either the taciturn butler or the buxom vampire was acting under orders from Wilhelmstrasse, and that there was a secret wireless concealed somewhere in every second act.

Eventually the war melodrama degenerated into a noise contest, with each manager seeking

to outdo his predecessors in gunfire, dust, smoke, and falling scenery.

It is unnecessary to mention the titles. We have been more than drenched with this sort of fatuous puerility, which must have grieved the great god Mars far more poignantly than did all the yammerings of the hen-headed pacifists.



**A**NOTHER favorite way of reducing war to banal nonsense has been exhibited in what might be called the mush plays. In most of them a *poilu* or a Tommy marched away to battle, leaving behind him a tear-spattered bride or bride-elect, only to march back again with a chestful of medals in the last act.

Isn't stage novelty wonderful?

It even extended to that fresh and highly probable situation wherein the shero—separated usually by an impossible misunderstanding from her heroic swain—became a Red Cross (or a cross red) nurse invariably to find her wounded lover dying in the same hospital to which she was assigned.

Naturally it took only a touch of her warm hand to snatch him back from the jaws of death after all the surgeons had failed. We came up against this wonderful situation even in "Out There."

There wouldn't be so much to object to in the mush type of war drammer if more of the sentiments expressed therein would ring true, and if each opus were not so obviously a Hindenburg drive against the tear-ducts of those easy weepers who seem to confine their facial ablutions to the playhouse.

Somehow or other, mush and sincerity get out of step with each other.

When it comes to *comedies* of the war—Lord, how we have suffered! Most of them died young—glory be!—but a few of them were mistaken by a misguided public for actual humor. There was, for instance, "Arms and the Girl," which was founded on the intolerable thesis that the Germans in Belgium were a kind-hearted, if brusque, set of *human* beings!



**M**ORE recently the topic under discussion is loyalty. The authors are worrying considerably about the poor hyphens over here who have to reconcile their German blood with their American allegiance. But the loyalty play, for the most part, gives us a purely machine-made German-American at a time when even real German-Americans have lost most of their interest for us.

Barrie is credited with worth-while war playlets in the case of "The New Word" and "The





Photos White

Bill  
Herbert Ashton

Convict 1408  
Richard Bennett

Richard Bennett as Peter Marchmont



Jewel  
Helen MacKellar Allison  
Frank McCormick Bonnie  
Marion Kerby V. Cromfort  
Richard Bennett

**T**HE UNKNOWN PURPLE" is the story of a wife who wrongfully sends her husband to jail, marries her lover, and profits by the invention of her locked up mate. When the latter is discharged, like the Dantes of the historic "Monte Cris-

to," he sets out in his career of diabolically conceived revenge. Possessed of the power that makes him invisible, this "unknown purple" is the medium through which a series of scenes is evolved that keeps tension to the highest point till the final curtain

"THE UNKNOWN PURPLE" A GRIPPING MYSTERY PLAY

Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Yet they are merely thumbnail sketches of character with the war as a background. Their sum total by no means equals what we should expect of the author of "Peter Pan" with the world conflict for his inspiration.

One of the most laudable efforts of recent days at real war drama was "Her Country" by Rudolph Besier and Sybil Spottiswoode. It was an attempt to portray the actual conflict of ideals and opinions which underlies the great struggle. Teuton barbarism was shown at death grips

with civilization; kultur was matched against culture.

Here surely was the right plan of attack in dealing dramatically with the tremendous problem. But the playwrights neglected their technique, and their labor was largely in vain.

Commencing with a shrewd satire upon the trivialities of German crudity, they switched abruptly to a deadly serious, a savage but realistic picture of Hun brutishness in the home. Inevitably critic and spectator were baffled. In keeping with the earlier portion of the play, the lat-

ter part was taken for merciless exaggeration. Those who knew realized that the portrait was just, but they were in the impotent minority.

And so runs the history of our drama thus far during the Great War.

Perhaps it would be unnatural for such a period of storm and stress to bring forth first-rate art in any form. Nevertheless, it seems characteristic of the theatre in our day that under its influence such vast dramatic material as the war affords should be for the most part mini-fied and reduced to insignificance.

## FAMOUS FRENCH ORCHESTRA COMES TO AMERICA

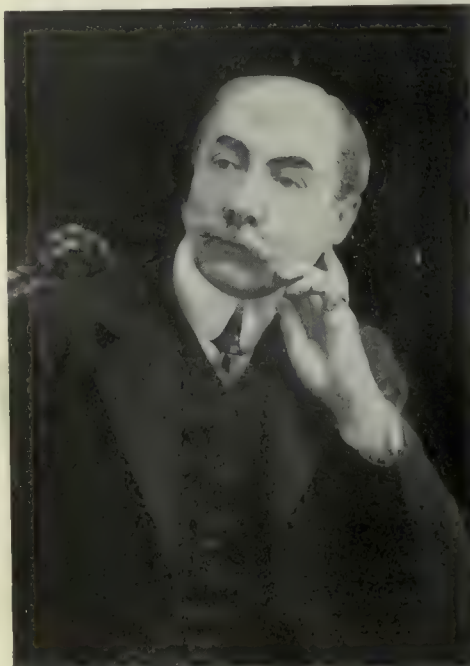
*Celebrated musical organization of the Paris Conservatoire heard at the Metropolitan*



BY the time this issue of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is in its readers' hands, that fraternity between the sister-republics of France and the United States,—long-celebrated, its foundation cemented by the patriots of both countries, which has been strengthened every day since the United States entered the present war,—will have been accorded a new and most interesting proof. For by that time, a French battleship will have entered one of our harbors, bringing one of the most famous of French musical bodies, the celebrated orchestra of the Paris Conservatory (or as it is known there, "La Société des Concerts du Conservatoire") led by a man of international renown, the subject of this article. Sixty of our largest cities are to enjoy the delight of hearing this, an association not only of musicians but of artists; and so enthusiastic have been the responses and guarantees received by the French-American Association for Musical Art, which, at the request of the French High Commission, has taken the matter in charge, that the fifty concerts which began at the Metropolitan on October 15th will probably be added to by a score of additional hearings.

It is good that it should be so. The love and enthusiasm for all things French which is sweeping our entire country to-day, can most profitably be extended to French music. We have, it is true, shown for a long time great interest in the works of the French composers,—an interest fostered in things operatic by the Metropolitan, Manhattan and Chicago Operas, in things orchestral by our symphonic and chamber music societies, and recently again demonstrated through Otto Kahn's agency, in the delight with which the critics and public of New York and elsewhere received the performance of the Société des Instruments Anciens. But we have only begun as a public, to delve in this mine of beauty, and no better opportunity could be offered us for its further exploration than the visit of an organization which is also a French institution; a tradition in its history of exquisite artistic achievement. The Orchestra of the Conservatoire is unique; as an organization, in origin, in history, in training, and in the character of its work. Its personnel, made up as it is almost entirely of men who are instructors at the Conservatoire, includes many players who are classed among the foremost French performers of today of their several instruments,—such violinists as Alfred Brun, such a bassoon as Letellier, such flautists as Gaubert, and such a piano soloist, it may be added, as Alfred Cortot,—all Conservatory "first prize" winners of their time. Many of them have seen service in the present war.

Perhaps an especial interest attaches both to the career and the personality of the conductor, André Messager, a musician of an unusual artistic type, which has manifested itself in the threefold aspects of theatre director, orchestral conductor and composer of music. He is not



ANDRÉ MESSAGER

Distinguished French composer and conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra

young, this man who has achieved distinction on three stages,—M. Messager was born at Montluçon in 1853. But the sixty-five years of his life have held incident and accomplishment enough for twice that time. Personally, he is all that there is of the most charming and elegant. Polish and delicacy of manner are his in all the trying situations that arise in a career concerned no less with men than with ideas, and no less with ideas than with men. It was said of him by a man who knew his Paris and his Parisians well,— "Messager is the man of the world *par excellence*; the man who has learned to adapt himself to any and every contingency." He is much more than that, as a review of his career will show.

Although M. Messager studied harmony and composition with Saint-Saëns, "the grand old man of French music," his original training in music-technique was given him, like Gabriel Faure's, at the Niedermeyer school of classic

and religious music. Like Gounod, again, he began his career as organist and as *maitre de chapelle*; but his subsequent career was totally different from that of either. It has been for him, while receiving less marked distinction personally perhaps as composer,— although success has unqualifiedly been his,—to play a part which marks him uniquely in the history of French music as a man who grew with his epoch; one who used his position as dictator of operas at the Comique and Grand Operas respectively and as conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra, not only to follow the great leaders of French music-thought, but to aid these leaders to develop the French operatic and concert stages in a manner worthy of the traditions of Rameau and Grétry in classic elegance; of Halévy, Gounod and Bizet in romance and exoticism.

As musical conductor of the Opéra Comique, in conjunction with Albert Carré, from 1898 to 1903 Messager gave Paris five of the most brilliant years known to the Comique's clientèle. His first production, for example, was d'Indy's "Fervaal," a work not known, unfortunately, in the United States, but considered by many judges one of the most remarkable of modern French operas. Next, came Charpentier's "Louise," a daring innovation that justified its daring; then his beautiful and notable interpretation of "Pelléas et Melisande." To illustrate the remarkable energy of the man, it is only necessary to call attention to the fact that in addition, from 1901 to 1907, he directed during the grand opera season at Covent Garden, and that these were among his fruitful years in the composition of his own works.

The year 1907 saw M. Messager associated with Brousseau, as chief director of the Paris Opera, that time-honored institution which belongs not only to the Paris which its wonderful building adorns, but to the whole of France in a musical kinship. On the death of Marty, in 1908, he had been appointed conductor of the Conservatoire Orchestra, which position he has retained ever since.

If André Messager's conducting shows him a musician of rare natural gifts, his own compositions also are worthy of serious notice. These count about twenty, ranging from ballet, like his "Deux Pigeons," fairy play, such as "Isoline," though the field of *opéra bouffe*,—in which some of his best successes were made with "La Béarnaise" (1885) and "Les Petites Michus," (1897) to that of the lyric opera. His "La Basoche" (1890) perhaps marked the transition from *opéra bouffe* in his work; the parting of the ways.



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Geisler & Andrews



Carpenter

**LOUISE GROODY**

Whose graceful and agile dancing is one of the brightest spots in "Fiddlers Three"

**KHYVA ST. ALBANS**

Playing a leading rôle in the new piece at the Criterion entitled "The Awakening"



Mary Dale Clarke

Beatrice Maude

Gregory Kelly

The hunchback, Jonathan, sings "Twas on a summer's day," the song they both know, for Susan

**THEODORE KOSLOFF**

The well-known dancer who is appearing in Ruth Sawyer's play "The Awakening"

STUART WALKER'S PRODUCTION OF "JONATHAN MAKES A WISH" RECENTLY AT THE PRINCESS

A R T I S T I C T O U C H E S I N N E W P L A Y S

# THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

*Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences*



## A TRIUMPH OF THE THEATRE

By Blanche Bates

OF all the real and vital experiences in my long years on the stage, the realest and most vital—in a purely professional way—happened only a few days ago. I was asked to speak on "The Work of Women in War" to some five thousand women workers in a munition factory. The scope and immensity of the subject frightened me—the fact that I was to stand before real women war workers didn't add to my courage—and that there were five thousand of them—and outdoors—appalled me!



BLANCHE BATES

And yet, after the first seconds of terror in facing them came such an uplift, such a soul inspiration, as could only be borne by perfect understanding, launched by absolute knowledge of the immensity of their part in this World's War. There stood representatives by blood ties of Poland, Austria, Russia, Italy and that myriad of mid-Europe states that are only names to us—and all of them in their upturned eager young faces bearing America's message of help to those blood-soaked peoples over there—the calm determination, unalterable belief in, all unswerving loyalty, to the Right that is the American Woman's answer to the toll of blood and sweat and sacrilege demanded by Germany's challenge to the civilized world.

And that a mere Stage-Worker, with only sheer belief, guided by the craft of her trade, could carry any message to that group, was a triumph for the Theatre, second to none that I know of. That the Theatre can be of use in influencing one of the tremendous forces of the day—that it can bear a directing relation to Labor—be of benefit in releasing an emotional current to illuminate any phase of true war work—is surely encouraging, gratifying, prideful, to us workers—and lovers of—the Theatre.



## A TRUE FISH STORY

By Leon Errol



LEON ERROL

Jimmy Carter, who remained on the rock alone. The boys were going home to dinner, and we shouted to Jimmy to swim ashore and come with

ABOUT twenty-six years ago, with three or four boy friends, I was swimming in Sydney Harbor, Australia. The water was infested with sharks. We boys were quite accustomed to these wolves of the sea, and their presence did not terrify us. On this occasion, we swam out to a rock about a hundred yards distance from the shore, laid on the rock, basked in the sunshine and swam back to shore—all but

us, but he kept on diving in the water and climbing back on the rock. Finally, I shouted "Good-bye, Jimmy. we're going home."

"All right, fellows, I'm coming, this is my last dive," said Jimmy. It was. He had hardly struck the water when a shark got him. We never saw Jimmy again.

After that, we boys never went into the ocean, but did our swimming inside the walls of a ruined calcium plant whose foundation was built in the water. There were several small openings that let in the water in which we did our swimming. On one occasion I dove in, and felt something grab my left leg. I caught hold of the wall, and screamed at the top of my voice. A workman who had been using an axe came to help me. He found that an octopus had wound its tentacles around my leg, and that I was being held there in a death grip. The workman cut the tentacles with his axe, and I had a terrible time tearing them away from my leg. They took some of the flesh with them. I still have the scars.



## A SHATTERED ILLUSION

By Alla Nazimova



ALLA NAZIMOVA

THAT it should have become comedy to me with the passing of years, a veiled nothing at the moment of tragedy when it occurred,—and shattered forever a cherished illusion.

We all cherished it—we young girls of the dramatic school of Moscow,—the illusion that a great actor must play his part with every fibre of his soul and body thrilled by inspiration. Ah, yes, to be a rea

one must actually LIVE one's rôle always!

There was one great actor, the greatest at the Imperial Theatre, whom we decided to honor on the day of his Jubilee. Our class chose four of us to go to the theatre where he was appearing in his best part "King Richard III," and to present him with a bouquet from his admirers in the school. There was a speech, too—praising him for upholding the traditions of the stage, etc., etc., etc., and I was to be spokesman.

I stood in the wings of the theatre, awestruck by the solemnity of our mission and by the tense interest of the "big scene." I realized that our hero would in a moment stand before us, exhausted by the demands made upon him by his great rôle, but perhaps graciously rising above his exhaustion to listen to my humble praise.

Thrilled, I heard his tragic despair:

"I think there be six Richmonds in the field:

"Five have I slain to-day, instead of him—

"A horse! A horse! My Kingdom for a horse!"

..... and then he strode off-stage, toward us, panting and still trembling with intense emotion.

He stopped abruptly, looked about an empty table crowded with props and said in the most casual tone: "Who in hell took my cigar? I left it right here!"

I dropped my bouquet.

## AN UNFORGETTABLE PREMIERE

By Hazel Dawn



HAZEL DAWN

MY appearance in "The Pink Lady" at the new Amsterdam Theatre in New York in 1911 was the turning point of my career on the stage. But the incident I regard as the most striking of my life took place later in London.

After a most successful run in this country, "The Pink Lady" was taken to London in 1912. On the night of April 8th, of that year, we opened at the

Globe Theatre on Shaftsbury Avenue.

I will never forget the pleasure of that night. I had left London practically unknown. When I returned in "The Pink Lady" I was given an ovation.

After the performance I had to hire a moving van to take my flowers from the theatre to the hotel. And what pleased me the most was that Lily Elsie and other English girls I had known in more obscure days were among those who had remembered me most kindly.



## ELEPHANTS AND THRILLS

By DeWolf Hopper

THE most thrilling moment of my life was not the day I saw my first World Series. Neither was it the day when I recited "Casey at the Bat" for the first time on any stage, nor yet when I contracted matrimony for the first, second, third, fourth, or last time.

It remained for Jennie, the five-ton Hippodrome elephant who is now playing ingenue rôles with me in "Everything," to give me the real thrill, when she first towered above me, sitting on the little red tub on which she maintains a precarious balance.

I had all the sensations of a drowning man going down for the last time. How long could the giant pachyderm defy all the laws of gravitation and remain seated on an object which looked to my excited eyes about the size of a silver dollar, without falling and smashing me.

Only after a dreadful moment in which I vainly tried to recall the greatest sins of my life did I realize that Jennie was onto her job. Firmly as the Rock of Gibraltar she remained poised on her little tub, her paws gracefully in air, while I remained silhouetted against her glowing north eastern facade.

In an excess of gratitude I reached out a shaking hand and gave Jennie two tremendous pats on her exotic tummy—and now the darned old elephant won't get down without those two pats. If I forget them she sits like a graven image on her tub and holds up the show.



DEWOLF HOPPER



William Courtenay as Baldasarre, the bandit chief, disguised as the new Governor of Santo, and Sidonie Espero as Teresa, whom he has come to rescue from captivity

Act II in "The Maid of the Mountains" recently at the Casino



Jennie (Alice Brady) and Ted (Conrad Nagel), the youthful lovers in Owen Davis' play, which opened the new Central Theatre



Photos White

Donald Brian and some of the girls in the musical hit "The Girl Behind the Gun" at the New Amsterdam

MUSIC AND DRAMA IN PASSING SHOWS

# NEW YORK WELCOMES OPERA IN ENGLISH

*The Society of American Singers  
opens successful season at the Park*



**T**HE Society of American Singers, in the first weeks of this season, came, saw and conquered. In a season distinguished for an already great strain financially on the majority of persons, audiences of good size attended performances in English, most of them, and given by Americans or Americanized singers. Also, these audiences manifested enthusiasm, at times a noisy delight, at the work of such well-known and well-loved artists as Maggie Teyte, Henri Scott, Riccardo Martin, David Bispham, Marguerite Sylva; such promising and clever debutantes as Blanche Da Costa, Ruth Miller, Bianca Saroya, and Craig Campbell. The singing of John Hand, the new tenor, evoked perhaps less enthusiasm than his somewhat glowingly worded advance notices led the hearers to expect.

Maggie Teyte's delightful Mignon, like her charming Antonio, is well known to a public which took her to its heart some years ago. "Mignon," by the way, was chosen as the opening opera of the first week, and an excellent choice it was. The proper "opera comique" note was struck and sustained throughout by a cast in the main excellent. Miss Teyte's Mignon, in singing appearance, dramatic skill and diction, added to the admiration which has always been hers for her interpretation of this rôle. Ruth Miller's Filina was charmingly sung and acted; Henri Scott, as Lothario, scored a success, and Carl Formes' Jarno indicated his steady advance as an artist.

Perhaps "Carmen" touched the high-water mark in the excellence of the Society's performances; without doubt "The Daughter of the Regiment" reached the lowest. In the former, the now famous Carmen of Marguerite Sylva, who sang the rôle for the three hundred and fiftieth time, was almost disputed, in its interest for the audience, by Riccardo Martin's Don José. The efficient, yet always artistically subtle interpretations, which



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MAGGIE TEYTE  
as Mignon



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MARGUERITE SYLVA  
as Carmen



JOHN HAND  
(Tenor)

have distinguished Henri Scott's work ever since his introduction to the public, marked his Escamilla and received tumultuous applause. Minor rôles, sung by Florence Mulford, Franklin Riker, Walter Green and Howard White, were capably filled in the "Carmen" performances, and the Micaela of Ruth Miller, in its sweetness and purity of tone, no less than in the attractiveness with which she invested her rôle, deserves especial attention. Richard Hageman's conducting of the performance, marked with spirit as it was, yet regarded always the lovely coloring and the subtlety of the Bizet score. Miss Sylva's Carmen, before referred to, is always one of the finest impersonations of this character before the public.

In the old days of the "star system," it would have carried the performance on its merits alone. The singers departed from the rule of "opera in the vernacular" so far as to give this work in French.

"The Daughter of the Regiment" suffered rather at the hands of the librettist than in those of the interpreters, but the general effect of the performance was in some ways less pleasing than any of the other offerings of the company. Bringing this opera's lines "up-to-date" is a risky process, one attended with a certain amount of difficulty as regards the subsequent interpretation, even by artists not experienced in the rôles; even more, usually in the case of those long experienced in the older version. Not so with David Bispham. That war horse among baritones and operatic actors quite carried the house by storm. In fact, the whole production drew stability and success from his presence, with its splendid authority of song and the perfect ease of his acting. His interpolation of

"The Marseillaise" brought down the house. Bianca Saroya, as Maria, somewhat lacking in the visualization of the rôle, sang with good control though without any extraordinary richness of tone. Craig Campbell's Tony was marked by more dramatic activity than by unusual vocal beauty; but as regards both his and Miss Saroya's interpretation, due allowance must be made for inexperience. Mr. Hadley's conducting showed, as always, his fine musicianly appreciation and an excellent command of his forces.

Comparatively few general criticisms need be made of the Society's work this year. Such defects as marred their performances were more or less inseparable from easily-understood conditions; a few cried for remedy. Long intermissions, for example, were marked as a defect of the Society's productions. That this particular defect has long been the operagoer's bugbear, having disfigured performances of other



White

THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN SINGERS IN "MIGNON" AS PRESENTED AT THE PARK



THE MINUET

(Right)

Kitty Gladney and Charles Derickson



(Below)

Edythe Whitney as June Elvidge

(Below)

Louise Saunders as Drama



THE "revue" has become one of our theatrical institutions, but the management of the Palais Royal has succeeded in putting over something different. The attractiveness of the new bill at this popular "restaurant theatre" is proven by the crowds that flock to see it. "The Spice of Life," in addition to being well staged, is smartly costumed and exudes an atmosphere of elegance, very soothing to the frayed out nerves of the tired business man. One may partake either of dinner or supper served in a way to satisfy the most exacting Lucullus, without being compelled to disgorge in one day his weekly allowance



Photos © Underwood & Underwood

"THE SPICE OF LIFE" ATTRACTS CROWDS TO THE PALAIS ROYAL

companies of greater size and much greater fame, did not alter the effect it produced, as it invariably does, on the audience. A perfection of *ensemble* perhaps could not be looked for under the circumstances; the artists, many of whom were also inexperienced, had not that ease and confidence in one another's support which can only result from years of work together by the same artists on the same rôles, even on the same stages. But, for attention to details of costuming and scenery; for good, or at the least, conscientious chorus work; for an earnest desire on the part of the principals to give of their best to an audience not only kindly but appreciative, the performances were noteworthy.

The second week had promised the "Tales of Hoffman" with Maggie Teyte as Antonia, Bianca Saroya as Giulietta, Ruth Miller as Olympia, with Riccardo Martin and Henri Scott respectively assuming the rôles of Hoffman and Dr. Miracle. An additionally interesting feature scheduled was Kathleen Howard's appearance as the violiniste Nicklausse. This was however postponed to Tuesday, October 10.

Following the example of the Metropolitan Opera Company, a series of Sunday evening concerts has been scheduled, to be directed by Henry Hadley. The first of these took place before a good-sized audience on Sunday evening, September 30, at the Park Theatre. Florence Hinkle Witherspoon, soprano, sang the "*Depuis le jour*" aria from "Louise" exquisitely and with fine effect "*In the Time of Rosès*," Spoff's "*Yesterday and To-day*" and Woodman's "*Lives in My Heart*." Max Gegna, cellist, played several numbers; Craig Campbell sang "*Che Gelida*

*Manina*" from "La Bohème"; and, with Ruth Miller, Viola Robertson and Carl Formes, the famous quartet from "Rigoletto." Besides the Liszt "*Les Preludes*," the orchestra played admirably two of Mr. Hadley's own compositions, "*The Angelus*," a melodious and well-written bit of music from his own symphony; and the prelude to "*Asora*."

A large audience heard the second Sunday concert on October 6, the feature of which was a new suite of Mr. Hadley's, "*Silhouettes*," given for the first time. While the Spanish and Egyptian movements seemed informed with an especial charm, the work as a whole appealed greatly to the audience.

Mary Kent delighted the hearers with the famous contralto aria "*Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix*" from Saint-Saëns' "*Samson et Dalila*"; the singer's voice possessing an especially rich and sympathetic quality. In encore she sang "*Robin Adair*." David Bispham once more demonstrated the reason for his exceptional place in the esteem of American audiences, by his singing of the prologue from "Pagliacci." His addition of "*America*" and "*La Marseillaise*" struck the patriotic note to the delight and enthusiasm of the hearers. Franklin Riker sang a group of songs effectively. The orchestra under Dr. Hadley held to the high standard of work which has distinguished it throughout.

In this connection, it is interesting to note a recent editorial in the *New York Globe*, commending the course of the Society in "putting into execution," as the writer remarks, "its idea of providing New York with a comic opera company similar to the Paris Opéra Comique. Such

a company would take upon itself the production of the lighter and more intimate operas, and, when once established, could relieve the big Metropolitan of the duty of handling many works which are really ill-adapted to performance in a large auditorium. New York would thus possess two lyric theatres dividing between them according to suitability the operatic repertory.

Toward this commendable end the Society of American Singers is shaping its course in wise fashion. Learning from the mistake of the New Theatre venture, the Society has not begun by building a costly theatre and setting up a new rendezvous of fashion. Its first solicitude has been to gather a company and a repertory. While these are being perfected any one of a score of theatres will do. When the venture shall have established itself will be time enough to consider a home for the organization.

Although a belief seems to be general that in the case of a comic opera theatre in this country the performances ought to be in the English language, the directors of the present venture have no intention of sacrificing success to a theory. It is with the public that must rest the final verdict as to whether all performances are to be given in English, or some or all in the original tongues, and the public will have the opportunity to decide.

Altogether the Society of American Singers is going about its task along the lines of discretion and common sense that are likeliest to lead it to success. It is almost superfluous to point out that the project deserves the cordial and active support of the music-loving and theatre-going public of New York."

## HIS LETTERS HOME

*The true feelings of the hero and the villain as revealed in their correspondence*

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE



WHEN he was playing the part of the villain so capably the audience hissed at his every appearance on the stage.)

DEAREST MARY—I am sorry not to send you your full allowance this week, but, hang it all, I just couldn't refuse to chip in to help Smith. After he broke his leg, the baby died, and then his wife took sick and is in a hospital, so when the subscription paper started around I gave half my week's wages. I am going without lunches to break even, but that won't hurt as I was getting too fat to be a good villain. What worries me is that the limited allowance may pinch you and the babies. Well, thank God, we've got them, anyhow. Poor Smith lost his.

With kisses all around,

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(When he was the matinee idol.)

DEAR MARY—I am sending you a lot of photographs foolish girls have sent me. Every girl thinks I have her picture, and hers alone—on my dresser. I thought perhaps you could paste them into a funny sort of scrap-book and give it to Alice on her birthday, as a souvenir of her father's amusing experiences. To think I have a daughter of seventeen! I can't believe it.

Yesterday the manager asked me to make a speech between acts. "Tell them," he said, "that you have never married because you love all of them too well to love one any better than the others. That sort of dope, you know." I did it,

and, by George, the box receipts to-day were doubled. And I'm the father of seven. I can just see you smiling as you read.

Devotedly,

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(When he was the dauntless hero, killing seven men single-handed in the second act.)

DEAR MARY—Just a note. Sorry the plumber is asking so much, but suggest that you pay him in full. It is robbery, but it costs too much to go to law, and I am too much afraid of his fists to try to settle when I get home.

Hurriedly,

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(When his love-making was causing all the women in the audience to rapturously sigh.)

DEAR MARY—I am too tired to-night to write. This love business on the stage sickens me. I said to her to-night, and by "her" I mean that bleached up nut they have made leading lady, "If you don't stop eating garlic I won't kiss you again, even if it spoils the act. You smell like Italy." She complained to the manager, but Hartly's a good old scout and he has ordered her to cut the garlic out. "It's John's love-making," he says he told her, "that makes the act, not yours. He can fold a dummy from a dry goods store to his breast in a way that fills the house with skirts. You just cut all smelly-

food, and put a little perfume on your lips occasionally. It's a tough part for John, and it is up to you to make it as easy as possible."

Dear, I wish I had you and the kids here with me.

Devotedly,

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(When he was the hard-hearted father who drove his daughter from home for marrying against his wishes. This is a night letter.)

MRS. JOHN MANNERS, Detroit, Mich.—Broken-hearted because Alice eloped, but don't let her know it. If she has made a mistake, we have to stand by her, for she is ours, isn't she? Take both of them home, and make them welcome.

JOHN.

\* \* \*

(At the end of a season of wrecking homes.)

DEAREST MARY—Season ends in Frisco next week, and I'll take the first train home after that. I have been so home-sick I just stand around on street corners and watch the kiddies with their mothers and fathers, and want to beller like a school boy because I am so far away from all who belong to me. Home! Why, I could just write tons of poetry about it. It's wonderful how love of home gets under a man's ribs.

Kisses for all,

JOHN.





Photos White

JULIA HAY AND ROBERT HUDSON  
IN "SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE"

EVA WILLIAMS, ARTHUR AYLESWORTH AND  
LEILA FROST IN "SHE WALKED IN HER SLEEP"



Stanley Harrison

Mary Servoss

Leon Gordon

Betram Marburgh

Act III. Captain Bennett, V. C., turns the tables on the German spies  
SCENE IN "WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR" AT THE BOOTH THEATRE

COMEDY, FARCE AND SPIES HOLD THE BOARDS

## IN THE SPOTLIGHT



Matzene

(Left)

CONRAD NAGEL

**W**HO plays Ted in "Forever After" is a native of Iowa, and got his experience in stock. When William Elliott gave up his rôle of Youth in "Experience," it was Mr. Nagel who succeeded him. Later, he went into pictures, from which he was rescued by W. A. Brady who engaged him to support his daughter



Matzene

(Right)

EDGAR STEHLI

**W**HOSE work as Hank in "Jonathan Makes a Wish" attracted much attention, was born in France. Three years ago he joined the Stuart Walker organization. In one summer he ran the gamut that lies between the German inventor in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and the gentle old Sam Graham in "The Fortune Hunter." Before his association with Mr. Walker he was one of "Arsène Lupin" and "The Country Boy" companies



White

JANE OAKER

**W**HO plays the divorcée with such quaint humor in "Lightnin'," came from society to the stage. She was a St. Louis girl, granddaughter of the tobacco magnate, Christian Peper. Miss Oaker made her début with Louis James and Katherine Kidder in Shakesperian repertoire. She was seen in serious rôles in "The Pit," "Love Among the Lions," "The Silver Girl," and "Everywoman." It was in "The Dummy" that Miss Oaker's métier was revealed for in that play her first comedy rôle was granted her. She says she will cleave to comedy as the Bible advises women to cleave to their husbands and for the recommended term



Sarony

MARGARET LAWRENCE

**N**OT a new face on Broadway, but one that has been eclipsed for nearly seven years, by marriage. Not that it shone less exquisitely on the domestic stage, but its lustre was for an audience of one. Margaret Lawrence's dramatic star rose on Broadway as the childlike stage bride in Philip Bartholomae's farce "Over Night." It set when she became the real bride of Orson D. Munn, Lieutenant Commander in the United States Service. Miss Lawrence lends her youthful cleverness and loveliness to "Tea for Three" because hubby is of necessity away from home. Furthermore she is actuated by the general American spirit "Everyone do something"

# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



PLYMOUTH. "REDEMPTION."  
Drama in eleven scenes by Tolstoi.  
Produced on October 3 with this cast:

|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Anna Pavlovna      | Beatrice Moreland  |
| Elizaveta          | Maude Hanaford     |
| Sasha              | Margaret Fareleigh |
| Fedor              | John Barrymore     |
| Sophia             | Zeffie Tilbury     |
| Victor             | Manart Kippen      |
| Prince Serghei     | Russ Whytal        |
| Afremov            | John Reynolds      |
| Ivan Makarovich    | Jacob Kingsberry   |
| Nastasia Ivanovna  | Helen Westley      |
| Masha              | Mona Hungerford    |
| Ivan               | Hubert Druce       |
| Petush'ov          | E. J. Ballantine   |
| Artemyev           | Thomas Mitchell    |
| Voznesenski        | Ernest Hopkinson   |
| Magistrate         | Charles Kennedy    |
| Secretary to the   | Magistrate,        |
| Lawyer             | Eugene Lincoln     |
| Petrushkin         | William J. McClure |
| A Maid             | Arthur Clare       |
| A Nurse            | Ruza Wenclaw       |
| Misha (first act)  | Gladys Fairbanks   |
| Misha (second act) | Helen Gaskill      |
|                    | Lois Bartlett      |

I ADMIT I like unusual plays, not for a steady diet, but the exotic and the bizarre appeal to me. I hope there are a lot of my way of thinking for Arthur Hopkins deserves well of the public for his temerity. The man who produces Tolstoi's "The Living Corpse," these days, certainly has his nerve with him. I wish success to the production, too, on John Barrymore's account, a young actor, who, vivid in his interest of big things, plays the protagonist of this particularly morbid play, now called "Redemption," in the manner of a true artist.

"Redemption" is the story of an artistic sensual weakling told in a series of episodes that show his gradual decline, ending in utter degradation and suicide. Its effect on his wife and friends is collaterally revealed. It is graphic, varied and hectic and psychologically introspective in its study of the lack of will. It contains at least two flashes of propaganda, the futility of the indissoluble tie of matrimony as imposed by the orthodox church and the oppression of stupidly constituted authority. It is impressive in its simplicity and exploited by suggestion rather than by detailed literary analysis.

As a production "Redemption" is quite remarkable in its atmospheric verity, attained too by the simplest means ingeniously devised by Robert Edmond Jones. Throughout, is the absolute suggestion of Russia, heightened by the continuous accompani-

ment of Slavic music. The company, too, is a large one and of unusual excellence.

Fedor is an acting part of the first magnitude. Some of its phases escape Barrymore, but in three scenes he reveals a histrionic grasp that shows the wonderful and impressive strides that he has made in his profession. His drunken scene with the gypsies, his recital in the underground slums of his mordant philosophy of love, hate, life and death, and his outburst of latent decency prior to the suicide he shied at earlier, betokened evidences of the big dramatic manner. Mr. Barrymore is distinctly arriving.

Russ Whytal, as the elderly friend, and Zeffie Tilbury, as mother of the young man who marries Fedor's wife, when he is believed to be dead, were admirable in their natural sweetness and dignity. Hubert Druce, as a drunken egoist, who styled himself a genius, brought a refreshing breath of comic variety to the scene, while the Tzigane parents of Fedor's enslaving influence, were characteristically presented by Jacob Kingsberry and Helen Westley. There was real charm and nobleness in Manart Kippen's rendering of the devoted lover, while two bits of realistic Russian character were contributed by E. J. Ballantine and Thomas Mitchell. As the distracted wife Maude Hanaford was engagingly pathetic. Mona Hungerford was the Tzigane syren.

EMPIRE. "THE SAVING GRACE."  
Comedy in three acts by C. Haddon Chambers. Produced on September 30, with this cast:

|                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| Blinn Corbett    | Cyril Maude         |
| William Hogg     | William Devereux    |
| Ripley Guildford | Edward Douglas      |
| Mrs. Corbett     | Laura Hope Crews    |
| Susan Blaine     | Cathleen Nesbitt    |
| Mrs. Guildford   | Charlotte Granville |
| Ada Parsons      | Annie Hughes        |

BY all means the most captivating light comedy that New York has witnessed in several seasons is "The Saving Grace," which Haddon Chambers wrote for Cyril Maude. It is furnished with a set of characters who are both credible and interesting and whose conversation is constantly amusing.

Blinn Corbett, known in South Africa by civilians as "Fighting" Blinn, by soldiers as "Bloody" Blinn, has been cashiered for eloping with

the colonel's lady and thus rescuing her from a brutal husband. And so the great war finds Corbett without a command and penniless because his business ventures are a trifle too imaginative.

When the purposed marriage of the wife's niece to a wealthy neighbor's son seems impossible, and when Corbett's request for reinstatement in the army has been turned down, he goes off to London with his butler to enlist. Meanwhile, the wife and the niece practice a little diplomacy which restores the rejected old warrior to his former rank. And the saving grace of humor in him wins over the wealthy neighbor so that the young folks may wed.

This simple tale is told with no extraordinary brilliancy of dialogue, but with that good breeding that is so rare on our stage and with un-failing spirit and good humor. The central figure is deftly characterized, a full-length portrait of a decidedly human person whose weaknesses merely serve to make him the more lovable. The rôle affords Mr. Maude a perfect opportunity to display his gifts for subtle and polished character acting.

He is closely seconded by Laura Hope Crews as the amiable Barriesque wife, overflowing with material tenderness and delightful feminine unlogic. As the niece, Cathleen Nesbitt shows unguessed talent as a *comédienne*, and Edward Douglas is a delight in his characterization of the cheerful young idiot who falls in love with Susan Blaine.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "TEA FOR THREE." Play in three acts by Roi Cooper Megrue. Produced on September 19, with this cast:

|             |                   |
|-------------|-------------------|
| The Friend  | Arthur Byron      |
| The Wife    | Margaret Lawrence |
| The Husband | Frederick Perry   |
| The Maid    | Kathryn Keyes     |
| The Valet   | William Postance  |

IN the world of pure comedy one must go back a long way to find an equal for "Tea for Three," which is a big hit at Maxine Elliott's Theatre.

Roi Cooper Megrue, the author, acknowledges that a play by Charles Slaboda gave him inspiration for certain episodes. Be that as it may, the result is one of cheerful delight. The play is a mental oasis in a desert of mediocrity.

As the title suggests, it is simply a variation of the well-worked triangle, but the treatment is so fresh, the handling so expert, the interest so sustained, the dialogue so bright and witty, that it all takes on the spirit of true novelty. There is only one flaw. It's conclusion is obvious ten minutes before the final curtain. What happens in that interim is only anticlimax, and mars an almost perfect piece of its kind.

The acting is of a high order of excellence. As the platonic friend, cold and contained, yet warm and pulsating, the master of himself, of the situation, and of the overlooked and bored wife's admiration—The Friend—suggests a modified Anatole. Arthur Byron acts with a sure and firm touch, a fine sense of comedy, and an authority that carries conviction.

The husband, not bad at heart, but narrow in his view of life, is well sustained by Frederick Perry. In this almost tragic episode between the two men, and in his subsequent scene of mental anguish, he plays with undeniable conviction.

The wife is a perfectly charming creation at the hands of Margaret Lawrence. It is so absolutely true and natural, so spontaneous and genuine, that it gives no impression of acting. She is the real thing.

COMEDY. "AN IDEAL HUSBAND." Comedy in four acts, by Oscar Wilde. Produced on September 16, with this cast:

|                        |                   |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| Lady Chiltern          | Beatrice Beckley  |
| Mrs. Marchmont         | Elizabeth Deimel  |
| Lady Basildon          | Merle Maddern     |
| Viscomte de Nanjac     | George Hayes      |
| The Earl of Caversham, |                   |
|                        | Cyril Harcourt    |
| Mabel Chiltern         | Gretchen Yates    |
| Lady Markbey           | Alice Gordon      |
| Mrs. Cheveley          | Constance Collier |
| Mr. Montford           | S. V. Phillips    |
| Count Strelitz         | Vincent Sartori   |
| Sir Robert Chiltern    | Norman Trevor     |
| Lord Goring            | Julian L'Estrange |
| Phipps                 | Henry Crocker     |
| Mason                  | Alfred Helton     |

IN the makeup of a play I confess that form and dignity of expression appeal to me. That is why I put myself on record as highly recommending the revival of "An Ideal Husband."

Although revised since its original composition, some twenty-five years ago, it proves that dramatic craftsmanship has improved since then. But it is an excellent play, according to the lights of its time, and still is, for it tells a good, human story of man's weakness, detailed by dialogue of a literary quality and punctuated with that scintillant wit of which its author was a past master.

The story concerns a certain Lord Chiltern, rich and powerful. His initial start was due to the fact that he sold a state secret. How this secret rises up at the hands of a polished adventuress to threaten his political supremacy and his wife's love, is the basis of the plot, worked out with a full appreciation of dramatic effects.

The women, to my mind, bear off the honors. The adventuress, as acted by Constance Collier, is boldly conceived, and carried out with dashing execution, while the trusting wife, albeit just a trifle priggish, is expressed with a refined feminine skill that denotes the high-bred woman and the idealistic wife. As Lord Goring, the worthy trifler and *raisonneur*, Julian L'Estrange gives an impersonation fraught with social elegance and a sense of imperturbable humor and common sense, quite irresistible.

I thought Norman Trevor's rendering of Lord Chiltern somewhat hard and monotonous. The gossipy, anecdotal and detached Lady Markbey was capitally presented by Alice Augarde Butler. My masculine mind grasped the fact that Miss Collier's last costume was something exquisitely beautiful, while I wish to pay a tribute to the man who redecorated the Comedy Theatre. The true artistic sense is his.

LYRIC. "THE UNKNOWN PURPLE." Play in a prologue and three acts by Roland West and Carlyle Moore. Produced on September 14, with this cast:

|                  |                  |
|------------------|------------------|
| Jewel            | Helen MacKellar  |
| Bonnie           | Marion Kerby     |
| Peter Marchmont  | Richard Bennett  |
| James Dawson     | Earl Brown       |
| Phelan           | E. L. Duane      |
| Bobby Dawson     | Arthur LeVien    |
| Ruth Charleton   | Lorraine Frost   |
| Richard Bradbury | Edward Van Sloan |
| George Allison   | Frank McCormick  |
| Johnson          | Herbert Ashton   |
| The Stranger     | V. Cromport      |
| Burton           | Curtis Benion    |

TRY to be discreet in my use of adjectives, and employ only words which really convey the impression I want to express. Therefore, when I say "The Unknown Purple" is a thriller that thrills, I mean just that. It is a "corker" in its particular line, a gripping, moving melodrama, with a picturesque touch of the supernatural. Roland West wrote the original story, and Carlyle Moore helped him lick it into the acting version that will undoubtedly hold the stage at the Lyric for many a month to come.

An outline of the story is given elsewhere in this issue, and it would be manifestly unfair to tell anything more. Go to the Lyric and see for

yourself how ingenious the authors have been in the gripping, exciting exploitation they have made of their original premises. It is splendidly acted throughout, and the electrical effects are managed with a skill that convincingly enhances the illusion.

Richard Bennett is the sweet, amiable, gullible inventor of the prologue and the suave, polished, implacable nemesis of the later scenes. In either phase he is finely successful. An impressive bit of emotional work is contributed by Earle Brown, as the lover. The ex-convict butler is impressively personated by Herbert Ashton; Bradbury, an imposed on friend with nice feeling, by Edward Van Sloan, while the "society" detective becomes a real figure in the hands of Frank McCormick. Helen McKellar, as the selfish, faithless wife, and Lorraine Frost, as her antithetical sister, are eminently satisfying.

SELWYN. "INFORMATION, PLEASE!" Comedy in three acts by Jane Cowl and Jane Murfin. Produced on October 2 with this cast:

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| Morrow              | Helen Salinger   |
| Sir John Desmond    | Orme Caldara     |
| Lady Betty Desmond  | Jane Cowl        |
| Ivy Druce           | Viola Compton    |
| Simpson             | Hetty Graham     |
| Edith Bacon         | Blanche Yurka    |
| Sir George          | Henry Stephenson |
| Gerald Forrester    | Robert Rendel    |
| Smithers            | Clifford Brook   |
| Meggs               | Harry Hanlon     |
| Ralph Morse         | Malcolm Duncan   |
| Bell Boy            | Jack McKee       |
| Tom Morgan          | Alan Brooks      |
| Frederick Coningsby | Cecil Owen       |
| Pierre              | Jules Epailly    |

LONG since assured of her ability to move audiences to tears, Jane Cowl, at the new Selwyn, is now out to prove that she is equally proficient in the art of comedy.

Her new medium, of which she herself and Jane Murfin are the authors, is frankly farcical and deals with "high society," for she of the lustrous orbs plays the petulant, whimsical but truly feminine wife of a titled Irish M. P., so engaged in his political duties that he neglects his better half.

To cure him, she engages in a desperate flirtation and after a quarrel with him, elopes. Compromising as it all is, she, nevertheless, after considerable farcical intrigue, clears her skirts and all ends happily.

Always suggesting "Divorçons," "Francillon," "The Case of Rebellious Susan" and "The Benefit of the Doubt," it is of its kind alone in the very marked spirit of its American treatment. It is often amusing and has bright lines; its general rendering, however, hardly suggests the milieu intended.

Miss Cowl is American to the core, but she plays Lady Betty with sure and sound comedy effects. As a middle-aged polite rounder, Henry Stephenson acts with distinction and fine humor. The new theatre is one of unusual beauty and splendidly appointed as to physical comfort and convenience.

**CRITERION.** "THE AWAKENING." Drama in three acts and an epilogue by Ruth Sawyer. Produced on October 1 with this cast:

|                    |                   |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Prince Alexis      | Wilton Lackaye    |
| Mikail             | Theodore Kosloff  |
| Ivan               | Henry B. Walthall |
| Rupert Leighton    | Leonard Willie    |
| Roger Penfield     | Oscar G. Briggs   |
| Lucien Thibault    | Howard Boulden    |
| Chas. Saurel       | Edwin Beryl       |
| Louis Le Cleve     | Harry Sothern     |
| Maurice De Brissac | Bennett Kilpack   |
| Zametoff           | Luray Butler      |
| General Petain     | G. R. Post        |
| Pierre             | Chas. Eaton       |
| Sergei             | Harry Sothern     |
| Flora Tamar        | Khyva St. Albans  |
| Fitzgerald         | Frederick Walter  |
| Princess Maria     | Gilda Varesi      |
| Mrs. Lewiston      | Laura Burt        |
| Sybil Lewiston     | Shirley Carter    |
| Louise Saurel      | Agnes Ruge        |
| Vigee Delvair      | Betty Prescott    |
| Clarice            | Mary L. Wilson    |

THE only way I can explain "The Awakening" is to assume that Khyva St. Albans and Theodore Kosloff wanted a play written around their well-known Russian dancing abilities, and they decided that Ruth Sawyer might as well do it. At all events, the net total of the transaction is the most lugubrious chapter in the history of metropolitan drama since "Mother's Liberty Bond."

It isn't necessary to relate the nebulous plot. Incidentally the piece seemed to possess all the elements of an up-to-date popular success, viz., kiddies, spies, and amnesia.

Wilton Lackaye made a forbidding Russian prince. H. B. Walthall did most of the real acting as a Siberian exile. Mr. Kosloff and Miss St. Albans are excellent dancers.

**HARRIS.** "SOME NIGHT." Musical comedy in three acts by Harry Delf. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

|                |                     |
|----------------|---------------------|
| John Hardy     | Forrest Winant      |
| Robert         | Charles Welsh-Homer |
| Mrs. Hardy     | Camilla Crume       |
| Marjorie       | Grace Edmond        |
| Daisy          | Anna Fredricks      |
| Bobby          | Harry Lambert       |
| Joe            | Louis Simon         |
| Dorothy Wayne  | Roma June           |
| Madden         | Thomas H. Walsh     |
| Joe Scanlon    | James C. Marlowe    |
| Henry Spiffens | Charles W. Meyers   |

"SOME NIGHT" must be classed among the early season plays that missed fire. Described as a

comedy with music, it was a non-descript production of the usual hackneyed type. The plot was fairly interesting but there was much forced hilarity in the humorous situations. The only novelty was the chorus, the individual members of which did individual stunts on their own initiative. The music, while not original, contained some catchy numbers.

**KNICKERBOCKER.** "SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE." Melodramatic comedy in four acts, by Larry Evans, Walter Percival and George S. Kaufman. Produced on September 9, with this cast:

|                         |                  |
|-------------------------|------------------|
| McVeigh                 | Joseph Woodburn  |
| Snowie                  | Edwin Redding    |
| The Deacon              | Wm. B. Mack      |
| English                 | Dudley Digges    |
| Jimmy Burke             | Robert Hudson    |
| Halloran                | Sidney Toler     |
| Peter Spencer           | Robert Barrat    |
| Freddie Vanderpool      | Rex McDougal     |
| Tom Hargraves           | John Blair       |
| Gerald Fenshaw          | James Dyrenforth |
| Molly Brant             | Julia Hay        |
| Mrs. Glendenning        | Lynn Fontanne    |
| J. Percyval Glendenning | Hassard Short    |
| Higgins                 | Basil West       |
| Roberta Rollings        | Mona Kingsley    |
| Malone                  | John Sparks      |
| Anderson                | James Henderson  |
| Coffery                 | George Andrews   |
| O'Brien                 | Henry Lawlor     |
| Olson                   | Thomas Larsen    |

ONCE it was written, *Omnia gallia est divisa in tres partes*. Now it is the local drama that is divided into three different kinds—mystery comedies, spy plays, and pieces in which the protagonist is a boy.

Of the first *genre* an excellent example is on view at the Knickerbocker, "Someone in the House." Three authors were concerned in its composition. It is a crook play, and the element of suspense is so ingeniously contrived that the final curtain is needed to solve the real status of Jimmy Burke, a thief, whose social graces give him entrée to the best circles. The plot revolves about the theft of a fabulously valuable diamond necklace, brought to a head by an amateur theatrical production.

The satire of this feature is bright and amusing, something on the lines of "The Pantomime Rehearsal." The vacuous importance of the author and the complacent adulation of his adoring wife make for some excellent farcical scenes, acted with rare comic adroitness by Hassard Short and Lynn Fontanne.

The crook is played by Robert Hudson, a young actor, thrust into almost stellar importance by the exigencies of the dramatic profession. He plays it nicely. One with more presence could have made it more fascinating; convincing. His valet,

however, was acted with fine nervous intensity by Dudley Digges, and the Deacon, a pawnbroker fence, fell to the capable hands of W. B. Mack. Sidney Toler, as a Police Inspector, and his associate, McVeigh, by Joseph Woodburn, had quite the genuine flavor of Mulberry Street.

The cast throughout was entirely competent, and the settings elaborate.

**BELMONT.** "CROPS AND CROPPERS." Comedy in three acts by Theresa Helburn. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

|                  |                    |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Annie            | Irene Daly         |
| Janie Wimpole    | Eleanor Fox        |
| Margot Marbrook  | Louise Cook        |
| Peter Weston     | Ben Johnson        |
| Allison Marbrook | Eileen Huban       |
| Ray Parcher      | Thomas Mitchell    |
| Stetson          | J. M. Troughton    |
| Jean             | Georges Flateau    |
| Mrs. Bradley     | Madeline Valentine |
| Dr. Truesdale    | Vernon Kelso       |
| Stephen Marbrook | Henry Stanford     |
| Mrs. Spencer     | Helen Westley      |
| Mrs. Pray        | Maud Sinclair      |
| Pete Cobb        | Charles Kennedy    |

THIS comedy, now off the boards, was a satire on the enthusiastic but impractical farmerette, the young woman who would help win the war—at least by her good intentions. Romance was supplied by the employment of a French soldier on leave, suffering from shock, who becomes the man of all work on the little farm.

Although the play failed to please Broadway, Mrs. Helburn shows herself a writer who is to be reckoned on. The story was told with genuine wit and with a very nice appreciation of what really goes to make up life. If this is her first attempt, to my mind it is an admirable one.

Miss Eileen Huban was not at her best as the venturesome farmerette. Comedy is not her forte. Louise Cook, as her sister, gave an admirable interpretation in both spirit and effect, while Georges Flateau brought a real Gallic charm to the part of the farmer poilu.

**39TH STREET.** "ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES." Comedy in three acts by Laura Hinkley and Mabel Ferris, based upon a story by Miss Hinkley. Produced on September 12 with this cast:

|              |                  |
|--------------|------------------|
| Dick         | Lionel Atwill    |
| Miss Podmore | Ethel Wilson     |
| Mrs. Wolfe   | Lucia Moore      |
| Anne         | Carol Lloyd      |
| Hughes       | Paul Porter      |
| Dora         | Elsie Mackay     |
| Dr. Worrall  | George Backus    |
| Slade        | Richard Taber    |
| Mr. Wolfe    | Aubrey Beattie   |
| Dawson       | Erville Alderson |
| Miles        | Cyril Raymond    |
| Mrs. Milson  | Gilda Leary      |

**A**NOTHER MAN'S SHOES" is another play that had a brief and inglorious career on Broadway.

A crack on the head changed Richard Trent, a Nebraska newspaperman, to Richard Craven, who, though he had lost his memory, reared a fortune and a home in New York City. Then a railroad wreck gave Richard another crack on the head, and he reverted to Trent with no recollections of Craven. Convalescing in his Craven home, he insisted on his Trentian identity to no avail. The doctor merely looked solemn, and said the poor chap would be all right eventually.

Meanwhile, Trent, having Craven's beautiful young wife on his hands, fell desperately in love with her, but resolved with a breaking heart to do the right thing by Craven. It appeared to the self-denounced impostor that the rightful husband had fled with stolen money, perhaps to another woman; and so for the wife's sake the unwilling intruder had to stay on in the household for upwards of a year.

Finally an old sweetheart of Trent's turned up—herself married for these twelve long years—and helped to demonstrate that Trent and Craven were one and the same.

It was all fairly interesting, but it ran the gamut from farce to near-tragedy, and was further baffling because of the ineptitude of much of the dialogue.

**BIJOU.** "ONE OF US." Comedy in three acts by Jack Lait, in collaboration with Joseph Swerling. Produced on September 9 with this cast:

|                          |                    |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| David Strong, Jr.        | Arthur Ashley      |
| Elsie Strong             | Helene Montrose    |
| Cyril Roswell            | Murray Stevens     |
| Tony Watson              | Millard Vincent    |
| Harry Miller             | Frank Livingston   |
| Marie Foley              | Ruth Donnelly      |
| "Frisco" Molly           | Isabella Jason     |
| "Jazz Joe" Falk          | Harry Hart         |
| Joan Grey                | Bertha Mann        |
| "Parson" Smith           | Harry C. Bradley   |
| "Coast-to-Coast" Taylor, |                    |
|                          | Charles Gotthold   |
| Mullen                   | Wm. Balfour        |
| Egan                     | Stanley Jessup     |
| Barry                    | Frank Raymond      |
| Mrs. David Strong,       |                    |
| A Butler                 | Mrs. Edmund Gurney |
|                          | Williston Haggard  |

**T**HIS piece had an old idea with more of the new in it, in treatment, than of the old. Efficiency it had, but it lacked sufficiency. A young man of means and social position, announces his intention to marry a girl of a cabaret and to reform her. He has observed her and been attracted to her, without being acquainted with her. It was not wholly clear whether he wanted to reform her from actualities or rescue her from possibilities. The cabaret

scene in the opening gave the atmosphere with two specialties that were spiritedly unique. The types and characterizations were to the life as well as of the theatre. Arthur Ashley, the young marrying reformer, adopts Petruchio's methods with Katherine. It was good foolery. The girl is tamed, but does not know why and how until the end, when she discovers that her husband is altogether somebody else, in name as well. An odd character is "Parson" Smith, played by Henry C. Bradley, a waiter by profession, at the cabaret, and a preacher by vocation, with a bottle in one hand and the Bible in the other. The "reformed" wife was played by Bertha Mann, who made all the points.

**FULTON.** "OVER HERE." Play in four acts by Oliver D. Bailey. Produced on September 10 with this cast:

|                               |                          |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------|
| Keever                        | George Schaefer          |
| Haines                        | Elmer Grandin            |
| Daggart                       | Harry Sherwood           |
| Kenneth Merrill, Jr.          | Ralph Kellard            |
| Adolph Von Hellar             | William Ingersoll        |
| Johann Berg                   | Fred W. Peters           |
| Kenneth Merrill, Sr.          | Harry Leighton           |
| Beth Grayling                 | Lily Cahill              |
| "Cupid" Little                | Earle Mitchell           |
| Mrs. Kenneth Merrill, Sr.,    |                          |
|                               | Evelyn Carter Carrington |
| Karl Von Hellar               | Leo Lindhard             |
| An Officer of the U. S. Navy, |                          |
|                               | Frank E. McDermott       |

**I**N the long list of this season's many failures must also be included this piece seen for a short time at the Fulton. The idea of the play is a good one and tolerably new. It has become necessary to show certain young persons who have been inoculated with pacifism what the consequences of the triumph of German frightfulness would mean to themselves. There is a plot within a plot and we see how the lesson is brought home. During our short period of ignorance that it is all make believe for a good purpose those of us who like stirring melodrama and for whom the arm of coincidence never stretches too far, will enjoy the piece.

**LYCEUM.** "HUMPY - DUMPTY." Comedy in four acts by Horace Annesley Vachell. Produced on September 16 with this cast:

|                       |                  |
|-----------------------|------------------|
| Albert Mott           | Otis Skinner     |
| John Delamothe        | Fleming Ward     |
| Hon. Henry Delamothe  | Morton Selton    |
| Viscount Loosechanger |                  |
|                       | Robert Harrison  |
| Higginbotham          | Ernest Elton     |
| Jopling               | Robert Entwistle |
| Puttick               | William Eville   |
| James Wallop          | John Rogers      |
| Sinkins               | Walter Scott     |
| Lady Delamothe        | Maud Milton      |
| Nancy Delamothe       | Ruth Rose        |
| Mrs. Mott             | Beryl Mercer     |
| Crissie Parkins       | Elizabeth Risdon |
| Mrs. Rogers           | Clara T. Bracy   |

**O**TIS SKINNER is the type par excellence of the romantic actor. In "Kismet," "The Honor of the Family" he was inimitable. I do not mean that he should not try other rôles, but from former successes to "Humpty-Dumpty" there is too wide a breach. The part demanded a young comedian with a very light touch. That is not his any more, or maybe never was. In the second act, for instance, when the hairdresser of Swashcombe is transplanted suddenly into the rôle of a Lord of the House, the situation is preposterous. Mr. Skinner is too fine an actor to lower himself to such buffoonery.

But what a delightful actress, how sympathetic and heartrending, was Beryl Mercer as the mother. Nothing finer has been seen in New York in many a day. The rest of the cast were very good indeed.

**CASINO.** "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Musical play in three acts. Book by Frederick Lonsdale, lyrics by Harry Graham, music by Harold Fraser-Simson, additional lyrics by Clifford Harris and Valentine, additional numbers by Jas. W. Tate and Lieut. Gitz Rice. Produced on September 11 with this cast:

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Baldassarre       | William Courtenay |
| Tonio             | Bert Clark        |
| Beppo             | Carl Gantvoort    |
| Carlo             | Jackson Hines     |
| Andrea            | Victor Leroy      |
| Pietro            | M. La Prade       |
| General Malona    | William Danforth  |
| Crumpet           | Al Roberts        |
| Lieutenant Rugini | John Steel        |
| Mayor of Santo    | William Reid      |
| Zacchi            | Louis Le Vie      |
| Teresa            | Sidonie Espero    |
| Vittoria          | Miriam Doyle      |
| Angela            | Evelyn Egerton    |
| Gianetta          | Gertrude Hamilton |
| Maria             | Mina Davis        |
| Marietta          | Marguerite May    |
| Beppiria          | Eva Newton        |
| Pepita            | Patricia Frewen   |

**W**HAT London could see in "The Maid of the Mountains" that is now in its second year there, is only another example of what war can do.

New York, particularly, is ahead of time and the popular musical comedy has long since replaced the old time comic opera.

In "The Maid of the Mountains" we have the reincarnation of the band of brigands with its amorous, fearless, careless chief who is ready to risk imprisonment for the sake of his love. Notwithstanding the fact that the Maid of the Mountains does not hide her love, he falls to the charm and beauty of the governor's daughter. Of course, everybody knows that he will finally come to his senses and find out who is who and what is what.

(Concluded on page 312)

Mabel: "You silly Arthur! It's a public scandal the way I adore you."

Gretchen Yates     Julian L'Estrange



Mrs. Chevely: "Even you are not rich enough to buy back your past. No man is."

Constance Collier     Norman Trevor



Photos White  
Beatrice Beckley     Norman Trevor  
Lady Chiltern: "Yes, write the word dishonest. She knows what that word means."



Julian L'Estrange     Norman Trevor     Cyril Harcourt

Lord Goring: "But it is after seven, and my doctor says I must not have any serious conversation after seven. It makes me talk in my sleep."

OSCAR WILDE'S "AN IDEAL HUSBAND" AT THE COMEDY THEATRE

# CLOTHES AND THE DRAMA

*Actresses who have sprung into fame because of individuality in dressing*

By MILDRED CRAM



**I**S an actress pretty? Is she young? Is she well-dressed? Ah, then her battle is half-won. Nowadays you may be *jolie laide*, you may have only an ounce of the pure essence of genius, but if you possess the secret of the *chic* you can go far, very far indeed. Ugliness in itself is not alluring, but witty ugliness, well-dressed ugliness, is irresistible.

Mistinguette will go down in our theatrical memories as a tiny monkey of a woman who made capital of her ugliness, as La Polaire and Ethel Levey do. Fritzi Scheff understood the lure of her tip-tilted nose. And Yvette Guilbert—who will ever forget her gaunt plainness and the long black gloves and that inspired “*débutante slouch*”—curved back, swinging arms and sagging knees, the weary, tragic, vastly humorous insouciance of the Parisian *gamine*? If Yvette’s modern red curls and cap are not so famous, it is the fault of a public too lazy or too hurried to cherish such divine foolishness.

Not a few actresses have sprung into fame because of their clothes or their lack of them. Some happy trick of originality or daring or beauty has elevated many an obscure player to stardom. Every one remembers Irene Castle’s dizzy leap to the Parnassian pinnacle on the wings of docked hair, a Dutch cap and a pair of long satin slippers! Gaby’s monstrous feathers, her exotic crowns of paradise and aigrette made her famous long before foolish young kings smiled into her eyes. A Salvation Army bonnet earned a fortune for Edna May. Mèrode was internationally conspicuous because she parted her hair in the middle and wore it over her ears. And Fannie Ward has stamped herself on the public retina by wearing strings of fabulous pearls, each one as big as a hen’s egg.



**C**LOTHES can be witty and poetic, full of emotional meanings. They can reflect the spirit of the woman who wears them. They can be fiery, electric, as multifarious as a prism, as vital as one’s own skin. Or they can be dull, dowdy, unpleasant, a false note in the symphony of light within the proscenium.

There have been unforgettable stage costumes. Jones’ delicious dress made of yellow suède, which moved across the stage during the performance of “The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife,” will live as long as our memory of the modern theatre. So will the “Sheherezade” of Bakst and the “pale green nymphs” in “L’Après-Midi d’un Faune” and the crinolines of Ethel Barrymore’s “Camille.” Mary Garden’s “Salomé” will outlive our memory of a dozen operatic daughters of Herodias who have not understood, as Garden does, the strange beauty of smooth, red hair, a pallid face and the Biblical shift sans spangles, sans girdle, sans Teutonic embellishment. In Paris, Ida Rubenstein has worn gowns as strange as Ravel’s music, as haunting as the verses of Verlaine, as provoking as the cubistic vorticisms of the modern painters. Rubenstein’s costumes are made from the fabric of dreams, outlandish, beautiful and mysterious.

Very few American actresses know how to dress for the stage with consistent art and individuality. Yet nearly all of our actresses are

well-dressed. An actress should have an innate sense of the spiritual quality of clothes. A fashionable gown destroys the spirit of tragedy, perhaps because fashion is nothing less than a witty commentary on the caprices of society. Farce, on the other hand, may be as *chic* as you like. But comedy, unless it be very sophisticated, should not be too fashionable. Whimsical comedy, subtle comedy, poetic comedy, must be governed discreetly, with intelligence, simplicity and restraint.

Perhaps that is why Maude Adams has always preferred to be unfashionable. She is a disembodied spirit who has the fairy gift of invisibility. She would be quite at a loss in Mrs. Pat Campbell’s chiffons, or wearing Grace George’s very modern clothes. Maude Adams has never set the fashion as Lily Langtry did for so many years in England, as Monda Delza did in France before the war. Billie Burke and Irene Castle bear that burden here.



**M**RS. FISKE is another American actress who refuses to be smart. In “Erstwhile Susan” her coiffure was very droll and the cut of that first-act gown was deliciously funny. Yet Mrs. Fiske has never made the most of her hair and eyes, perhaps because she reasons that while many women have hair and eyes, personality is rare. One thinks of her in awful hats, in dowdy gowns, confused confections of lace and ribbon—and always the little flickering fan! If she should attempt to wear Emily Stevens’ ultra satins, the Fiske charm, that perverse and bird-like intelligence, might lose its peculiar flavor.

Like Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske is a fashionable law unto herself. Bernhardt’s clothes were as wilful as her temper. Her very hats were emotional. She wore enormous, boned collars, fantastic *ruches* so stiff and high that she could scarcely turn her head. From these skyscraper swathings her face rose like an exotic flower—an intentional effect, of course. She cared nothing for fashion, or else could not attain it. She exploited her pallor when rosy cheeks and quick blushes were made imperative by a sentimental Victorian court. Her clothes were morbid, eccentric, essentially Bernhardt . . .

No one has ever done it quite so well although Nazimova apes the divine Sarah’s sinuosity whenever she can. In the prehistoric “Comet” and in “Hedda Gabler,” Nazimova poured her nervous self into snakelike sheathings which made her unpleasantly like a wet codfish. Now she has docked her hair. What next? Gestures! Gestures, all of them.



**D**USE understood herself and her public. Her gowns were as sombre and austere as the legendary Duse temperament. She cared nothing for personal adornment. Her slovenly costumes were picturesque; they never interfered with Duse’s harmonious, poetic and tragic self. She did not wear jewels; her hair was often untidy; she despised the *chic*, disdainful of anything which might detract from the lucid simplicity of her acting. In watching her one was conscious only of her face, her eyes, her expressive hands.

Duse in a smart hat and a French gown is unthinkable. One remembers her in the loose, straight robes and the full sleeves of “La Gioconda” and “La Città Morta.” As to style, color or fabric, one has forgotten. It did not matter what “Francesca” wore but rather what she said and how she moved. Duse was always Duse *delle belle mani*, she who could make d’Annunzio’s very silences beautifully audible.

Lenore Ulric costumed her emotional young self daringly; she wears coral beads and puts a scarlet flower aslant in her hair. There was temper as well as temperament in her dress for “Tiger Rose.” She wore it as a primitive girl would have worn such a gown—carelessly, gracefully, with fine contempt.

Laurette Taylor has no remote flavor of the true *chic*, yet she was irresistible in ‘Aunted Annie’s rags and tags. Frances Starr, Mary Nash, Miss Anglin and Miss Rambeau are always well dressed but they have no sense of the dramatic value of clothes. They are clothed, and that is all. Elsie Ferguson is lovely enough to make her poetic gowns superfluous. Strange to say, she has appalling taste in hats, wearing her headgear at the Scandinavian angle, floating atop her beautiful hair like ships at sea. A Parisienne would snatch Miss Ferguson’s *chapeaux* and jam them down over her eyes with no mercy for the famous golden coil!

The screen has created a fashion in heroines—an Elizabethan composite of flapper and vampire. If Mary Pickford would sacrifice her curls she might gain the attention of critical posterity. As it is, a faint aura of socks and baby ribbon hangs about her and one suspects, perhaps unkindly, that Mary cannot see how funny socks and baby ribbons are. Lillian Gish has gone even further and has evolved a screen fashion of her own.



**H**ER gowns are complex and bizarre; they belong to no period, no country, no style. Miss Gish’s shoes are infantile, her skirts are crinoline, her sleeves are mediæval, her collars are Directoire, her hats are a nightmare. It is sad, for the screen has been known to set the fashion. Valeska Suratt induced a million women to uncover their ears in a reckless attempt to imitate the Suratt coiffure, and to look as nearly as possible as if they had just been immersed in a deep and very wet river . . .

What are we trying to prove? That beautiful clothes are essential to great acting? Apparently not. A great actress may be dowdy and inspired. Frances White knows more about the art of clothes than Ellen Terry knew. Terry’s costumes were sumptuous and beautiful—like Henry Irving’s stage-settings they are already forgotten. Ina Claire understands, as Julia Marlowe never understood, the witty way to wear a gown, the audacious angle of a hat, the humorous possibilities of a parasol.

An actress may have supreme imagination, delicate fancy, infinite charm. There may be poetry in her voice, grace and beauty in her walk. If she does not understand the art of dress she is never a harmonious part of the piece in which she happens to be playing.





From a portrait by Abbe

M I T Z I

The diminutive star of "Head Over Heels" at the George M. Cohan Theatre is undoubtedly the joy of the piece, for she sings, dances, acts and performs acrobatic stunts—and does them all well, too

# SAY, LET'S HAVE A SHOW

*In spite of the Hun, the Doughboys manage to amuse themselves in the war zone*

By CHARLES M. STEELE

DIRECTOR OF ENTERTAINMENTS FOR THE A. E. F., Y. M. C. A.

THOSE who have read "Over the Top" will remember how Emphy and his mates "promoted" an amateur show and produced it for an audience of British Tommies in the face of many amusing difficulties. Among the American boys, however, "promoting" a show is unnecessary. "The desire for dramatic expression"—as the college professors would say—is very near the surface. When routine palls and billet life becomes dull, the lure of the footlights is the favorite antidote and "Let's have a show" is a spontaneous and frequently heard suggestion.

Once the desire has manifested itself it must be carried into effect quickly. The soldiers are impatient of rehearsals. A show suggested and decided upon to-night must be rehearsed tomorrow and next day and produced the day after—at least that is the way the boys generally feel about it. Difficulties in the way of lack of costumes and equipment are not really obstacles; they are just problems calling for the use of resourcefulness and ingenuity. Solving them is part of the fun of "getting up the show."

The first show produced by the "—th Infantry Dramatic Club" (the —th was the outfit to which I was attached for a time) was an amazing illustration of the above observations. I had been with the battalion about a day when the demands to "have a show" began.

"But we have no play books," I pointed out.

"Aw, let's write one," was the answer.

"All right," I replied, "I'll see what I can think of."

But that wouldn't do; what they wanted was immediate action.



I KNOW a show," declared one Mathews, a cook in one of the officers' messes, "I helped shift scenes for it in the opera house in my home town. I'll tell it to you—and you can write it down."

"Sure, let's do that," assented the others, and so the "libretto" was communicated—by oral tradition, as it were.

Mathews couldn't remember the real name of the piece, but suggested that it be called "Hotel Life in Arizona"—and so it was billed.

The cast of characters was as follows:

|                          |                 |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| Proprietor               | Cow-puncher     |
| Negro porter             | Cook            |
| Bell hop (blackface)     | Mine owner      |
| A "bad nigger"           | Mine foreman    |
| Lady musician            | Farmer          |
| Drummer                  | Jew merchant    |
| Elevator boy (blackface) | Iceman (German) |
| Waiter                   |                 |

From the Y. M. C. A. at the next village we borrowed some grease paint. A corporal appeared (the needed person always does) who was a good make-up artist. And the make-up of the characters, though a bit emphatic, was really excellent. From another battalion of the regiment, quartered in the next town, we also secured a fiddler and a guitar player—with instruments. How they had managed to carry

around personal musical instruments all the way to the war zone in France will always be a mystery. But there they were—a marvelous combination, man and instrument together. These two, aided by a soldier-pianist played the "overture" and entr'acte music and also the "accompaniment" for a clog dancer whom we introduced at the last minute.



THE "lady musician" was added to the cast of characters at the dress rehearsal, for a woman character (taken by a man) always makes a hit. Her costume was a marvel. The skirt we made out of a blanket—on which, at the suggestion of Private Lisk, the stage manager, our make-up man drew with chalk large buttons as trimming. My own near-Sam Browne belt held up the skirt. The waist was a lace curtain from the peasant's house where I lived. Its corners were fastened around the tattooed arms of the soldier-lady by what looked like pink ribbon, but was really some of the official red tape of the War Department obtained from one of the company headquarters. Around the neck of "Daisy"—that was her name—a strand of the red tape suspended a "dog tax," a soldier's name tag.

For a hat she wore a woolen winter cap,



The hut, crowded and full of tobacco smoke, is packed with soldiers eager to see the show

trimmed with a green bow made out of a piece of felt from an old billiard table. Daisy's hair was made of a frayed out rope, which we found on the floor of an *epicerie* at the next village and brought home for that express purpose. By the time she had been properly "rouged up" Daisy was just such a lady musician as might be frequenting an Arizona hotel.

Our stage was a dandy—quite deep and fitted up with three or four wings on either side, which our stage manager neatly constructed out of blankets suspended by the corners from the roof. The back drop was made in the same way of blankets, with a door in the center leading to the "kitchen." Through this the cook would stick his head from time to time and bawl out negroid humor. The hotel office desk was a pine table covered with a blanket and on it sat a box

covered with dark brown paper ("like bronze," one imaginative soul suggested) and labelled "Cash" to represent a register. Neat paper signs pinned on the wings informed the audience that this was the "Office" and that was the way to the "Elevator."

The show was announced for seven o'clock. Shortly after five the crowd began to assemble, having come direct from "chow" at 4:45. Most of the seats were filled by 5:30 and there they sat more or less patiently with only occasional clamors for the show to commence. The audience presented quite a picture. The place was jammed. Men sat on all the chairs and benches. They stood up in the back of the hut. They sat on the floor right up to the curtain; in fact, they had to be pushed back off the front of the stage, when the musicians went outside the curtain to play while the scenes were being shifted.

The play began with Peterson, the Proprietor, coming in and announcing that he had just opened the hotel. Soon Jerry, the Drummer, came in and registered and was shown to his room, with comedy by the negro porter. Then came Einstein, the Jew, who delighted the audience as soon as he hove in sight. Then the lady Musician, whose appearance called forth flattering remarks. When the miners came in carrying a bag of "gold" (consisting of stones), the porter

worked the old change-bags trick and stole the "dust." And at the end of the act the "bad nigger" came in and the scene broke up in a row between him and the porter.

At this point, because we found that the play was going too fast, we worked in an extra musical number and a blackface comedian between acts. I learned afterward that some of the audience liked the entr'actes best.



ACT II showed the dining room of the hotel. One by one the guests came in and took their places for breakfast. Einstein talked all the time and flirted with Daisy—to the great diversion of the crowd. There was general conversation at the table, working in various local jokes. Then the rube farmer came in and passed through to the kitchen.

The cowpuncher followed, looking for him with a rawhide whip and many threats. (It will be observed that these two characters have nothing to do with the action of the play—they just wanted to be in.) Einstein sang a song about the food of the Army—always a fruitful subject for conversation and jokes. Then the cowpuncher, who had threatened to "try his new spurs" on the farmer came actually riding him across the stage, followed wildly by the negro porter. Again the scene broke up in a row with all the hotel guests running madly for safety.

For the next entr'acte we put on a clog dancer with guitar and fiddle accompaniment. We were to have had a "buck and wing" dancer if the stage manager had not unfortunately told the performer that he was "punk," which so incensed him that he could not be induced to perform, though he confided to me that a buck and wing



Charlotte Fairchild

**FANIA MARINOFF**

Who played leads at the Greenwich Village Theatre last season, is the picturesque and sinuous Russian model in the new comedy by the Hattons entitled "The Walk-Offs"



Maurice Goldberg

**HELEN WESTLEY**

In the recent production of "Crops and Croppers," Miss Westley, formerly a prominent Washington Square Player, contributed one of her neat thumb nail sketches of vigorous New England character

**MARGARET MOWER**

The temperamental Mlle. Perrault of "Jonathan Makes a Wish" attained her first success as a member of the Washington Square Players



Mary Dale Clarke

dance was so far superior to "what dat guy done" that there was no comparison. Following the clog-dance there was a clown act, put on by a really able comedian discovered at the last minute.

In the last act, after some blackface comedy between the negro servitors, the proprietor comes on and, in the course of conversation with the porter reveals—what the audience had not yet guessed—that he and his whole outfit are a bunch of crooks. They are all diligently engaged in an effort to steal the guests' money and particularly the miner's gold dust. One of the guests overhears them, denounces them and goes off making dire threats. Einstein, who has paid in advance, tries vainly to get his money back but finally leaves without it. The miner, at the point of a revolver, seeks to make the proprietor disgorge, but during the argument the negro attendants steal across the front of the stage with the bags of gold and other loot. They are detected by the mine foreman just as

they reach the wings. The miners give chase and the play ends with shooting off stage.

It was suggested at rehearsal that in the interests of justice the crooks should be captured, brought back on the stage and shot. But the more influential—or at least the more vocal—members of the company insisted that it would be better to leave the ending indefinite, permitting each one in the audience to draw his own conclusions as to whether the crooks escaped or were winged by the pursuing posse—a modern adaptation of "The Lady and the Tiger."

So the curtain fell, the audience dispersed and we immediately called a conference of the better actors—eliminating the others with difficulty—to plan for another show next week.

"Were you satisfied with the performance?" I asked Private Lisk, the stage manager, as we walked home to our billets through the darkened village streets.

"Well," he replied, "we could 'a done better—you know it and I know it. But I'll bet when we

announce our next show you won't be able to get into the hut for the crowd."

"Yes," I agreed, "the public likes it"—and I smiled at the time worn excuse.

The amateur play—burlesque or minstrel show or vaudeville, or "a play out of a book," as the boys say—is one of the important factors in the entertainment of the A. E. F. Of course the work of the professionals is the big thing. The boys hunger for them, go wild over their appearance and give them a reception they will never forget. But the professionals can't always be with the regiment. The amateur actors are always on hand, and as Major R— put it, "what the boys do for themselves they enjoy twice—once for the show itself and once for the amusing efforts of their comrades." The show above described was given by a battalion of old-line regulars diluted with rather recently enlisted men. With the coming of the men of the draft army the standard of amateur dramatic effort is improving constantly.

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## AFTER THE PLAY IS OVER

*Characteristic comments from the boxes, the gallery, and behind the curtain*

By HARRIET KENT



**M**ISS GET-RICH-QUICK: Mamma, I must have a dress like the ingénue wore in the first act, a hat like the star wore in the second, and a fur stole like the vampire wore in the last scene. Mamma, I must! This is an awful show, but I don't care. I've selected one of my new Fall costumes out of it. What was it all about anyway? I was so busy making sketches and noting colors that I only heard about three lines in each act. I tell you the theatre's the place for discovering the latest styles all right.

**THE SHOP GIRL:** Did you see him kiss her, Mary? Beats any love making I ever seen in the movies. You bet it does. And what d'ye think of her curls? Why, that girl could put Mary Pickford out of business in a week. And she cried real tears when she thought he'd desert her. Say, I could too if a handsome gink like that was going to leave me flat. No wonder all the girls are stage struck. You never get that kind of love making in real life, do you? Gee, ain't I the romantic kid, though? But what's the use. Come on and let's have an ice cream soda.

**THE ACTOR** (out of a job): No wonder he's made a reputation and gets \$200 a week. Just look at the parts the managers hand out to him. They're as fat as the lady in the circus. Who wouldn't make a hit in such a rôle? Surely there's nothing wonderful about his looks, either. And here I am—experienced and handsome—no, I'm not giving myself bouquets, but that's what everyone tells me—and been at liberty for a season. Did you hear that simp of a girl alongside of us praise his love making? The fool—everybody knows that he hates the leading lady, because she gets \$250 in her envelope—\$50 more than he. I wish that girl could see me act. Not that I'm conceited, but at love making on the stage, I bet I outshine Lou Tellegen himself.

**THE CRITIC:** Just another instance to prove

my contention that the drama is going to the dogs. The leading lady's greatest asset is her wig, the leading man should have been a tailor's model, and the piece has not a thrill, a laugh, or a witticism. This is the tenth opening I've attended this week. For mediocrity it certainly leads all the rest.

**THE FLAPPER:** What a perfectly darling show! I simply idolize the leading man, and the star is a dear! We must have a theatre party from our club and come to see it again. And the little dog that comes on in the first act. Isn't he the cutey? You know how wild I am about dogs and they always have the dearest darlings on the stage. I must come again if only to see the little pet—and bring Gwen with me. You know how perfectly crazy she is for Pekingese.

**THE HOUSEWIFE:** I'm so tired of this never ending grind—washing dishes and clothes. I wish I could go on the stage. Fine gowns, travel, position—what an enviable life the actress leads. If only I could have a tiny bit of fame—to live in a world of make-believe, of romance and fiction. Well, I better rush home to cook the dinner. There'll be no dessert to-night, because I've spent the money on the show.

**THE STAR:** Another performance over. Oh, how sick I am of that fool's love making. What a silly, empty part. Nothing to do but change one's clothes. I may as well be a fashion model. Not an emotional scene, nor a chance to show my ability. I'm tired too, of traveling about. No home—no comforts—none of the real joys of life. I wish I had married and settled down. Now, no one will have me. I'm such a fright without my make-up. But I suppose I'll have to make the best of it. I must go now and see that my name is given more prominence in the advertisements. You have to stand up for your rights, you know.

**THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN:** Come on, let's have a high ball after that. It certainly was a

lemon we picked all right. Not a girl, a song or a dance. And they call it a comedy, too. I'd call it a tragedy for the man who deposits his \$2 at the box-office. Three acts devoted to the love making of a silly young ass and a dressed-up girl. Why, I can watch my daughter go through that same nonsense any evening, and it doesn't cost me a cent. There may be nothing elevating in racuous farce or musical comedy, but give it to me every time. Hurry up, Bill, we may still have time to get into one of those midnight shows. I'll not do a cent's worth of business to-morrow if I don't get over the effects of that sentimental slush just inflicted on us.

**THE HIGH BROW:** I reiterate what I have often said—when Ibsen died the drama went with him. This gooeey, sentimental drivel we have just witnessed, so sugar-coated that the theatregoers can't detect how tasteless it really is, goes hand in hand with our asinine short-story and our senseless motion pictures. Where is the message it carries to the masses? Nowadays the climax of all plays is the final clutch, center stage, between hero and heroine. What has become of American art? Has it gone to the trenches? Hereafter I shall attend none but the Little Theatres. They may be small in size, but they are large in artistry.

**THE USHER:** Gee, I'm glad this show is over! Every gosh darn person forgot his program and handed me this: "Usher, may I trouble you for a program?" Trouble! Well, I should say you would! After running up and down the aisle 500 times, do they think it's a joy to run up 500 times more for programs? Well take it from me, it ain't. And drink, did you say? Not a guy refused water during intermission. Take it from me, boy, this audience must have landed straight from the Sahary Desert. If there's many more crowds like this, I'm goin' to make the boss pay for my shoes.



(Below)

"Mr. Barnum" is a quaint character comedy sketching the life of the world's greatest showman, P. T. Barnum. All our friends of the circus are there—clowns, acrobats, freaks, the snake charmer and the lady bare-back rider. The picture shows Mr. Barnum and Lavinia Warren, the diminutive coquette who later marries General Tom Thumb

THOMAS A. WISE  
IN "MR. BARNUM"

White  
John Cope, Jeanne Eagels and Bruce McRae

"Daddies" tells the story of four confirmed bachelors who are persuaded to adopt war orphans. In the end Robert Audrey (Mr. McRae) falls in love with his ward (Miss Eagels) and an adorable kiddie softens the heart of the hardened woman-hater James Crocket (Mr. Cope)

SCENE IN "DADDIES"  
AT THE BELASCO



Tom Wise

Queenie Mab



Clara T. Bracy, Otis Skinner and Beryl Mercer

(Left)

"Humpty - Dumpty" introduces Otis Skinner in a new rôle—that of an English hairdresser. Fate takes him out of his shop, however, and he becomes the Lord of Delamothe. With him to his great estate goes his simple mother (Miss Mercer), who is eager for her old life. In the end he tires of his splendor and longs for his wigs and shop, where in the final act we find him with the girl he loves

OTIS SKINNER STARS  
IN "HUMPTY-DUMPTY"

DRAMATIC FARE FOR THE PLAYGOER

# A THEATREGOER'S TABLE TALK

*Murdering the King's English and other freakisms of the contemporary stage*

By CHARLTON ANDREWS



**S**PEAKING of the war tax and the theatres, it seems to me that our legislators have overlooked an opportunity in not levying severely upon the producers of bad plays. If managers had to pay Uncle Sam, say, \$30,000 every time haste or poor judgment caused them to insult the general intelligence with stupid or dull plays, surely both the war chest and a long-suffering public would benefit exceedingly.

For, of course, such a penalty would not deter a large number of the more hopeless producers—not, at least, until their bank balance was exhausted. It is obvious enough to any playgoer that there are plenty of people who will put on the stage almost any kind of concoction in which actors may mouth lines.

And on the other hand ultimately the public would be spared much needless misery, since our butchers, bakers and candlestick-makers would hesitate before investing their savings in Cousin Charlie's farcical knock-out, or Aunt Maria's soul-stirrer that she learned to write at Y Harvard. And particularly we should be spared that pest of pests, the first play which the author produces himself.

If such a law had been in effect since the first of last August only, we might not have been afflicted with some of such woes as "Allegiance," "Double Exposure," "Why Worry?" "He Didn't Want to Do It," "Crops and Croppers," and more particularly, "The Woman on the Index," "Over Here," and "Mother's Liberty Bond."



**O**NE of those painful quarter-hours that occasionally crop up in the theatre I experienced during the first performance of "Daddies." Bruce McRae, of the play's bachelor club, had adopted a war orphan by cable. He expected a child, but instead there turned up a girl of seventeen. She was frail, pallid, stoop-shouldered, and pathetic, instantly suggesting—thanks to the art of Jeanne Eagels—an abused and starved victim of the cultured Hun.

To intensify the painfulness of her plight she was suffering with an attack of *mal de terre* such as occasionally afflicts sea-voyagers newly landed. Weak and staggering, she appeared before her guardian, a picture of helpless feminine misery. How any human being could have laughed at this wretched study in pathology is more than I can ever fathom.

And yet for the purposes of the play she was there to be laughed at. Instead of being moved by pity and chivalry to come to her rescue, her surprised guardian for comic purposes merely registered disappointment and avoided her. She might have fainted and fractured her skull a dozen times for all the aid he seemed willing to render her.

But the saddest part of it all was that a considerable portion of the audience—the guffoons who are usually in the majority—did laugh throughout the whole painful scene. You would think nothing could be funnier to them than the sufferings of a French refugee war orphan! Across the aisle from me the critic of an evening newspaper fairly haw-hawed with glee, and another reviewer described the scene as one of the most delicious bits of comedy imaginable.

One of the curiosities of newspaper English as She is Wrote concerns the word "aphasia." As anybody who uses a dictionary or kens a little Greek must know, this word names a brain affection in which the power of expression in words is impaired. It has nothing whatever to do with "amnesia," which means loss of memory.

And yet until the last year or so nearly all the New York City newspapers have spoken of persons who could not recall their own identities as "victims of aphasia." In this misuse the word has been taken over by the theatre. I recall a one-act play by Edgar Allan Woolf in which "aphasia" is lovingly dwelt upon as meaning a mental affliction involving total forgetfulness.



**R**ECENTLY in "Another Man's Shoes" some effort was made to straighten out the tangle. In the first act the doctor attending the amnesic hero muttered something about 'aphasia,' and later he spoke of "alternating amnesia, sometimes inaccurately called 'double aphasia.'" Inaccurately, indeed!

Yet even this explanation seems to have been insufficient for one of the reviewers of the *New York Times*. For after quoting these clarifying words of the doctor's this critic goes on to expound: "The scientific accuracy of the author's premise has long made aphasia and amnesia popular subjects for both drama and fiction." Evidently this gentleman has progressed no farther than to the belief that "amnesia" and "aphasia" are synonyms.

The latter disease, says the lexicographer, "is the impairment or abolition of the faculty of using and understanding written and spoken language." According to which it is the "unlettered Caribbees" of the press and the stage who are actually—if unconsciously—suffering with aphasia.

And speaking of the unlettered, what is to become of English pronunciation in our theatre at the present rate of decline?

I don't refer to the matter of accent or presume to decide whether there is any real American standard. Perhaps, after all, we of the United States speak only a collection of dialects. But at least there are reasonably definite standards of diction, quite sufficient to make inexcusable the atrocities with which our ears are repeatedly assailed in the playhouse.



**C**HANNING POLLOCK in one of his recent *feuilletons* observed that in the same sentence in "The Man Who Stayed at Home," Katherine Kaelred said "yeahs" and "goverment," while Amelia Bingham was contributing "potentialities" and "*Deutschland oober alles*."

It would require more print paper than war conditions allow to record the similar instances most of us have met. Charles Hopkins, for example, in "April" is to be credited with "wahstrel" and "flahrist." Shelley Hull in "Under Orders" lays much stress on what he calls his "dooty." Laurette Taylor reads into her Shakespeare such variations as "preverse" and "w'en." Henry Miller is faithful to his "ideel."

Hilda Spong thinks there is a "d" sound in "Wednesday." And even Olive Tell is fond of her little "jew *d'esprit*."

I felt much indebted last season to Walter Hampden for his most laudable Shakesperian interpretations, but I could not see just how he glorified the Bard by such pronunciations as "unleeneal," "su'gestion," and "eye" in "stand aye accursed." (At all events I sympathized with the actor, when playing Macbeth in a pair of squeaky shoes, he exclaimed, "Hear not my steps!")

These are but a few instances culled from many. From less official theatrical sources I have had "avviator," "raddiator," "burgular," "tremenduous," "perculator," and scores of similar gems. And one of our three or four most noted managers recently conferred with me as to how to make the villain in one of his new plays do something "despickable."

As for words and phrases and reviewers, I am reminded that it seems a comparatively simple thing to be a dramatic critic. Judging by what I have lately read, all you have to do is make judicious combinations of the following locutions and then slap your stuff into print—

|                           |                             |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Delightful portrayal      | hackneyed and trite         |
| stilted lines             | heightened the effect       |
| crude characterization    | time-worn expedients        |
| genuine note              | not convincing              |
| adds distinction          | subtlety of method          |
| pivotal rôle              | sketchy in outline          |
| spirit of romance         | palpably theatric           |
| facial play               | professors of the drama     |
| voice her feelings        | skating on thin ice         |
| grasp the situation       | tasteful production         |
| metropolitan standard     | attractive setting          |
| semblance of reality      | stage puppet                |
| reeks of the theatre      | a finished actor            |
| her big moments           | extracted the comedy        |
| rings all the changes     | vaguely reminiscent         |
| strains of credulity      | mediocre production         |
| well-approved ingredients | wallowing in sentimentality |



**O**F course, there are a lot more, but these will at least suffice for a beginning, and a little study of the amusement columns of daily newspapers will supply whatever else you need when you begin to branch out. And whatever you do, don't forget to put in about the star comedian:—

"His work is particularly notable for its restraint in the comedy moments, for much of the piece could have become farce in the hands of a less finished player."

And speaking of restraint in comedy moments reminds me of an incident I witnessed lately at the filming of Leonce Perret's patriotic movie, "Stars of Glory." Assisting at the performance were the Carusos. There came a thrilling moment when a regiment of Yanks went over the top, charged through a hail of shrapnel across No Man's Land, and routed the super boches (or boche supers) from their trenches. When an unexpected bomb exploded within two yards of him, and a half-dozen battle planes swooped down within fifteen feet of the ground, the movie-actor-tenor seized his bride and fled to shelter along with E. K. Lincoln and Dolores Cassinelli, the co-stars of the piece.

Photos Juley

**KATHLEEN  
CLIFFORD**

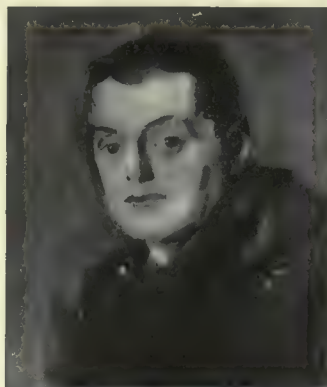
This portrait in differentiated blacks, was placed low on the canvas to emphasize the slightness and youth of the subject



**B**EN ALI HAGGIN, the well-known artist, who has been conspicuously before the theatregoing public of late as the arranger of the patriotic Tableaux in the Ziegfeld "Follies" and "Midnight Frolic," recently gave an exhibition at the Seligmann Galleries, Fifth Avenue, of his portraits of stage people for the benefit of the Fraternité des Artistes. The pictures shown included portraits of Marie Doro, Laurette Taylor, J. Hartley Manners, Kathleen Clifford, Mary Garden, Maxine Elliott and others



Lovers of Peg will like this unusual portrait of Laurette Taylor



A strong, impressionistic portrait of J. Hartley Manners, the dramatist



Marie Doro's spiritual and fragile beauty is well caught by Mr. Haggin's brush

PROMINENT STAGE FOLK AS SEEN BY A WELL KNOWN ARTIST

# A NEW RIP FOR THE OLD

Frank Bacon, who recently captured Broadway, tells how he came to play *Lightnin'*

By ADA PATTERSON



A metropolitan critic, commenting on the success of Frank Bacon in "*Lightnin'*" said that no one had heard much about him before. The critic was mistaken. The THEATRE MAGAZINE had heard of him. Several years ago we predicted his success. In our department "*In the Spotlight*," a valuable indicator of the players who are likely to capture Broadway—was a sketch of Frank Bacon. At that time we said: "His performance has the touch sure and firm of authority, yet the delicacy of perception of the artist. Frank Bacon seemed not to act, but to be." We consider Mr. Bacon an alumnus of our Spotlight Academy, and present herewith this interesting interview in which Mr. Bacon gives some account of his career:

I DIDN'T care about coming to New York," the *Lightnin'* of "*Lightnin'*," says in his endearing drawl. "California's all right. I had a prune farm on a hill overlooking Santa Clara Valley. I liked the folks of the Golden State and they were patient with me. I didn't want to go further. But the earthquake shook me out of it."

The man who with Winchell Smith, wrote "*Lightnin'*" and has been raised to the theatrical heavens as a star, in the play which is establishing one of the leading records of the season, was a barnstormer in California.



THE wisest knoweth not what direction feline Broadway will spring. The preponderance of experience hath it that she prefers the exotic, the never-before-heard-of, the stimulatingly spiced. Yet now and then she purrs long and loudly at some treasure that those wisest would have catalogued for stock companies in communities. She achieves ecstasy of approval of the sweetly simple.

"*Lightnin'*" is a simple play about, for the most part, simple folk. It is a pearl of pathos in the beginning stage of solution in the vinegar of wit. Its star and co-author is a small town man from California. He has been a photographer, a newspaper publisher and a prune grower. But his performances have the tang and richness of rare old wine.

The new generation of playgoers that pour into the Gaiety Theatre, disdain analysis, says: "Mr. Bacon is delightful. You must see him." The old generation say that no other man was ever so like Joseph Jefferson, the incomparable Rip Van Winkle. "See Frank Bacon and you will see dear old Joe Jefferson again. He is as like him as a reincarnation."

Yet the new favorite, blinking in the near-sighted, owlish way of a Belasco, says: "I never saw Mr. Jefferson." It is quite true. To his backwoods of California came once Edwin Booth, playing Hamlet. Clearly he remembers and fervently admires W. E. Sheridan. But Sheridan was a tragedian. He has had no models of acting. He became an actor as surely

as metal turns to the lodestone. He doesn't know how nor why he is an actor. He tries no more than did Maude Adams in her first year nor her successive years as a star, to reduce the art to a formula.

"One cannot tell how to register an impression upon an audience. Acting defies rules,"



Sarony

FRANK BACON

as the quaintly humorous and lovable *Lightnin'* Bill Jones in "*Lightnin'*" at the Gaiety Theatre

she said. David Warfield, too, flouts them.

"Either you can or you can't," he says.

They who recognize in Frank Bacon the quality of Joseph Jefferson detect in him a Warfieldian flavor. When "*Lightnin'*" crept timidly into the national capital on a preliminary test of its strength, a critic welcomed Mr. Bacon, "because he restores the standard of acting that we feared was lost." The Californian blinks more rapidly at recollection of this critique. There have been many eulogies since but that was as a draught to a desert-weary traveler. "For it came when we needed it," he says, and repeats, "It came when we needed it."



MAYBE," he begins in his deliberate fashion, "people like '*Lightnin'*' because it is true. There's nothing in it that isn't true."

Of his own phenomenal leap into metropolitan popularity he ventures: "While I'm on the stage I believe everything I say and do. If I

didn't I couldn't make others believe it, I suppose."

Yet Frank Bacon discusses no subtleties of theatrical art. He talks not of insight that is a true guide nor of every man enveloping in the potentialities of all men.

"I knew *Lightnin'* long ago," he says. "It was in Vallejo, a California port. Mother and I had just been married. We had a room at his house. He wouldn't work. He was always under the influence. Generally he was quietly amiable although once or twice we heard him assert himself. He was a liar and a braggart too."

When the young man of California had lived through his successive phases of photographer and country newspaper proprietor emerging empty-handed, save for the rich sediment of knowledge of human nature, and adopted the life of the theatre, he remembered Bill Jones. He built three sketches about the mild inebriate. All were successful. But that which was surest of the response of smiles and tears that form the rainbow of success was "*Coming Home*." Bill Jones evolved through fifteen years until he reached the stage of the Gaiety Theatre and was pronounced perfect. For fifteen years he was written around by Mr. Bacon. For three years and three months he was Winchell Smith's alter ego. In his present form the prophets predict for him a life of at least six years.



THE man who may be remembered for his *Lightnin'* as James O'Neill will be for his *Monte Cristo* and as Joseph Jefferson for his *Rip* and as David Warfield for his *Music Master*, is a silver-haired son of the Golden West. The silver hair and the drawling speech and the extreme deliberation of manner of the new risen star, mislead hasty observers.

"What a pity that his success has come so late," they say, folding their programmes in their muffs as they wend their crowded way from the Gaiety. Overhearing which the subject of their observation slowly smiles.

"Father seemed as old when I married him as he does to-day," says vivacious Jennie Jeffreys, the wife of his youth and of his maturity. "Except that his hair was a little darker. It has always been somewhat gray." In truth Mr. Bacon is of nearly the age at which Grover Cleveland rose to national fame. There had been in both instances fifty years of preparation for the plaudits of the multitude.

He was born at Marysville. In his unripe years he worried French sheep herders by impromptu declamation on the hills of California. That the herders slept and the sheep wandered away was disconcerting to the tow-headed, bare-footed disciple of Thespis. The unresponsiveness of the audience may have caused him to enter the nearest path to the goal of livelihood earning. His brother was a photographer. Frank followed





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**ELISE BARTLETT**

Lou Tellegen's new leading woman who will be one of Broadway's youngest leads this season



Campbell

**BEATRICE NICHOLS**

Who plays the pretty heroine in "Lightnin'" at the Gaiety



Moffett

**ELSIE MACKAY**

Who gave an appealing characterization of the wife in "Another Man's Shoes"



Campbell

**REGINA WALLACE**

As June Block in "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson, Miss Wallace has scored an individual hit in one of the most successful plays of the season

**YOUTH, BEAUTY AND ABILITY IN NEW DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS**

his brother's example and became his partner in the camera art.

Neither fame nor fortune beckoning him further down that path the Native Son applied himself to the service of a San Jose newspaper.

Perceiving the gratifying emoluments of the newspaper business he purchased a weekly newspaper at Mountain View.

Ambition led him to another hamlet. He purchased the *Mayfield*, now the *Palo Alto*, organ of community intelligence. Fate was peevish. The young proprietor caused it to become known that he was willing to sell his plant. A stranger called and asked the price.

"Five hundred," said Editor Bacon. Then began bargaining after the Turkish method. They reached and agreed upon twenty-five dollars. The bear upon newspaper stock confessed he hadn't that sum.

The publisher accepted his note, which was never paid.

During the dusk of stress that ensued flashed a hope. Both Mr. and Mrs. Bacon had pleased friendly audiences in amateur theatricals. Why not join one of the repertoire companies that followed the Californian highways? They did

and their first season netted them "cakes," (board) and "forty dollars sent home."

At this inauspicious time Mr. Bacon met a State Senator whom his newspaper had ardently supported.

"Where and what are you now?" asked the politician.

"I'm an actor."

Whereupon it was proven that gratitude may dwell in the heart of a politician.

"I own a theatre in Sacramento. Come over and play with the stock company."

With an alacrity he had never before nor has since displayed Frank Bacon accepted the offer. Soon he became the stage director of the theatre. Oliver Morosco saw him in that playhouse in a drama the Senator had written. He invited him to bring the play to the Morosco Grand Opera House in San Francisco. After that production he was an established favorite with the playgoers of the Pacific Coast metropolis. But sixty dollars a week was the apex of his salaries.

Came the earthquake, journeyings to and fro with vaudeville sketches of his own and his wife's writing, and played by the Bacons and their children Lloyd and Bessie. Throughout

the circuits "Bill Jones" made divers but frequent appearances. Playing in vaudeville in New York he met James Montgomery.

"Go over and get the old man part in 'Stop Thief,'" said the author of "Ready Money" and "Going Up."

"We are doing very well with vaudeville. I have a farm at Mountain View. I am a contented man."

"Go!" commanded James Montgomery.

"I'll go and find out what there is in it," drawled Mr. Bacon.

There was so much in it that, seeing him, Winchell Smith engaged him for "The Fortune Hunter."

In the two years that followed they explored the maps of each others' mind. Frank told Winchell about the popularity of Bill Jones, amiable drunkard, plausible liar and beloved egotist. Followed collaboration, the while Mr. Bacon acquired a New York reputation as Primrose, the servant in "The Cinderella Man."

Then and now Lightnin'.

To avoid idleness the incorrigible stage idler is writing with Freeman Tilden another play called "Five o'Clock."

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## MODERN COMEDIES AT THE FRENCH THEATRE

*Jacques Copeau opens his second season at the Vieux Colombier*



THE French Théâtre du Vieux Colombier recently inaugurated its second New York season, under the direction of Jacques Copeau, with Henri Bernstein's piece "Le Secret," played here in English a few years ago by Frances Starr.

The note of modernity struck in the closing days of the Vieux Colombier's first endeavor to create a paying clientèle is evidently being repeated this year. Plays of to-day or no older than the nineteenth century drew better, it was then discovered, and nobody can have it in his heart to blame the most idealistic director for turning half an ear, at least, to the voice of the box-office.

The classic French theatre will be, in fact, drawn on but seven times in the twenty-five weeks and another innovation, if it had been intended to be a rule, is this: each week is to be devoted to a single production or double bill which will be run regularly from Monday to Saturday, inclusively, Molière, Beaumarchais, Shakespeare, Alfred de Musset are the authors whose masterpieces are thus to be infrequently given. "Le Médecin malgré Lui," "L'Avare," "Le Misanthrope" and "L'Amour Médecin," are the Molière offerings. Alfred de Musset's single draught is the charming, witty and melancholy "Caprices de Marianne"; the Shakespeare bill will be the same play we saw in French at this theatre last season, "La Nuit des Rois"; (Midsummer Night's Dream) Alfred de Vigny's "Chatterton" may be classed as a classic and, of course, La Fontaine's little known "La Coupe Enchantée" is one.

Dumas Fils, Ibsen, Augier, Verlaine, represent the 19th century French theatre, rather a meager showing since it includes a foreigner and Verlaine whose play, his only play, "Les Uns et les Autres," a one-act piece can be shown merely as a curiosity.

The moderns, therefore, have the season almost to themselves and this fact speaks volumes as to what M. Copeau learned last year. Ex-

perience taught him that a literary play, *pur et simple*, did occasionally catch the public; Merimée's piece did but also that literature without drama emptied the theatre. So he uses of the French master only those pieces of his maturity which still interest a general public and chooses his other scant classics with the same wisdom. The spice of Beaumarchais's "Figaro" rarely fails of a degree of effect and in war times it is apt to prove more than usually sparkling.

The same care in selection seems to have been employed when it came to a choice of the near-classics: Dumas' "Femme de Claude" is the nearest approach to a topic pertinent to the times which could have been chosen out of his long list of plays; "Georgette Lemeunier," by Maurice Donnay is less encumbered than some of that author's recent pieces with dogma and of course when it comes down to Bataille, Renard, Bernard and Bernstein, nothing given us by these modern successful writers is caviare to the present generation of playgoers who know them in translation almost as soon as Parisians do in their vernacular.

The modern comedy writers are in force in the announced repertoire: Paul Claudel, Emile Mazaud, Alfred Capus, George Courteline. We may therefore look for a quite different company in the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier this year than last. For to say it as kindly as possible, last year's society of players in that little house was a serious band. They worked hard and unfortunately showed that they were working hard which worried the spectator brought up to believe in the traditional Gallic lightness of touch and mercurial verve; they rarely smiled and when they did it was nearly always with a suspicion of tears behind the smile.

The French company of last season has been increased by the addition of Eloise Beryl, Mme. Van Doren, Mlle. Jeaniet, Romaine Bouquet, Rene Bouquet and Henri Noel.

M. Copeau has the theory and practices it of engaging young people who are untrained and

un-stagy, believing that he can get better results from this material than he would be able to obtain from actors afflicted with a smattering of stage tradition and habit. No doubt he is right. The theory is not original with him; it was emphasized by a playwright and producer, the late Dion Boucicault in many of his pieces. That celebrated actor had at his finger tips all the tricks and devices of the stage and of the play-author. It used to be amusing to see his pupils in one of his pieces; one could close one's eyes and fancy Boucicault was assuming all the parts.

That M. Copeau overcame great obstacles in his first season has to be admitted freely. He literally built a stage, constructed scenery, designed and manufactured costumes and laid plans for obtaining audiences while at the same time and all the time he was rehearsing artists whom he dared not leave for a moment to their own inspirations. That some of his effects of novelty on the stage were flimsy may be admitted without detracting from the value of his work as a whole. Out of these herculean labors he succeeded in putting on in his first season a half dozen pieces which should have taught our native producers that they still had a great deal to learn. In truth, although he did not succeed in establishing his theatre on a firm financial foundation he carried out as far as was humanly possible his very lofty ideals for the theatre. It was a happy day for New York when this actor-producer transported his little stage from an obscure street of Paris to West 35th Street in New York. If any theatre needs ideals and aspirations, if any theatre needs new ideas, it is the stage of the Western metropolis.

From the prospectus it would appear that the Parisian manager who is still regarded in his native Paris with a degree of condescension has learned a little more of what this audience wants and, without lowering his standard, is prepared to give it to them within reason. On his lofty compromise the best hopes of the French Theatre in New York may well be based.



*From a photograph by White*

Act II. The Queen of the Carnival bestows the prize  
on Nicolò as the best violin maker in Cremona

TAVIE BELGE AND THOMAS CONKEY IN THE MODERN  
OPERETTA "FIDDLERS THREE," AT THE CORT THEATRE

# THE PUBLIC AND THE ARTIST

*We know what the audience thinks of the dancer, but what are the feelings of the dancer towards her audience?*

By DESIREE LUBOVSKA



**D**O the public and the artist see the same in the dance? Much has been written about this art from the standpoint of the audience, its spectacular and scenic effects, the personality of the different talented interpreters. It has all been from the other side of the footlights. I should like to present to the public the feelings of the artist towards the audience, in order to make clear certain of the aspirations of all artists who express themselves in the dance.

I feel that too much mystery has been woven into the fabric of the modern dance and that the public who are not students of this form of expression perhaps only take a small part of what the artist really intends them to get, since their minds are devoted to absorbing the color and music and are seeking for mysteries that do not exist or exist only in a degree sufficient to arouse interest, as in a picture of fine quality. An old Eastern fairy tale will illustrate my thought:



**A**N ancient king desired the finest robe for his coronation that could be made. Hearing of this, two tailors of a rather doubtful reputation set out at once for the court, with a plan of great ingenuity, although reflecting little credit on their honesty. Once there, they announced themselves as being able to produce the finest material the world had ever known. This material was to be so marvelous that only the wisest men in the kingdom would be able to see it at all; it was not for the common eye. They called for the finest materials, the rarest jewels, and then apparently set to work. In spite of their apparent efforts the looms remained empty. This deeply impressed the entire populace who set out to see this marvelous weaving. At first they doubted their own senses and then rather than be considered stupid, professed to see something that did not exist. From all sides came pæns of praise for these wonderful weavers and no one but was able to describe something that existed only as a figment of their imagination. The king himself paid a visit

of state to the craftsmen who had excited so much talk in his kingdom and since everyone else was able to describe the beauties and marvels of the tissue, he himself felt that he must be very stupid not to be able to see it; and rather than admit his mental lack to his people,

allowed himself to be gulled into the popular belief.

At last the tailors announced that their labors were completed, and they went through the movements of putting this wonderful garment on the still-deluded king. Sad to relate, he attended the coronation in little more than his crown, his sceptre, and the illusion that possessed him and his entire people in regard to the costume.

In the audience that saw the splendid ceremonies performed, there were certainly a few doubters, and the solemnity of the coronation must have been to them extremely entertaining. The doubts thus aroused gradually spread to the people, and the public then visited their displeasure on the entire race of tailors because of the chicanery of these two.

This reflects the popular attitude towards certain phases of the art of dancing. They are tired of looking at the empty looms. They demand the real thing; they are turning to the devoted few who have really created something, who in following the form of the story, are good tailors, but who for one reason or another have not had the best material to work with.

It is trite to ask the public to take the art of dancing seriously, and yet no other form of words conveys the thought that is in my mind. In primitive times the dance was used to interpret every deep emotional relationship with the

was the one language they felt deeply enough to reach and express the god idea. The effort to conventionalize certain characters, developed certain forms of physical expression which gradually grew into dance steps and movements.

The modern dancers must feel the dignity of the art which they interpret. The public must be brought to understand the dignity and importance of this ancient form of expression that has survived through all the ages with an ever-increasing interest. Therefore, anything that tends to degrade the art, to put it on a level with sensational efforts, or to make its appeal too pointedly along sensual lines, is equally repulsive to the true artist and to the cultured audience. A sincere dancer is as jealous of the reputation of his art as is a sculptor, a painter, or a musician.

The modern dancer seeks to express to the audience not only the surface emotions of the character represented, but the deeper significance.



**T**HE aim is to show through beautiful movements of the body not only the beauty of the physical body but the finest expressions of mental vision and spiritual conception.

How true it is, indeed, that where beauty is depicted for mere beauty's sake, it is a cold and colorless affair. A work of art must be fired with the dynamics of life and spiritual vision in order to stir the heart or awaken the intellect.

Superficial dancers could be likened to little children learning to recite poetry without knowing its meaning. Little attention has been paid to the psychology of color, the potency of natural human expression, and emotion in motion—soul pictures set music.

Nearly every one to-day has been trained, or instinctively knows, how to distinguish the integral parts of musical composition—melody, rhythm, harmony, point, counterpoint, theme, etc. We know, because we are not blind, that painting has color, light, shadow, technique, and a meaning—practically all the parts of music save its melody.

"Pure dancing, then, is and should be the essence of

emotional expression; the visualized ideals of all phases of emotional beings, historical, psychological, and religious; the perfect demonstration of the law of obedience with respect to impulse, principle, idea; a reproduction of ideals in rhythmic motion; the visible language of the soul.



Photo Marcia Stein

DESIREE LUBOVSKA

Première danseuse in "Everything" at the Hippodrome

phenomena of nature. Dancing was the center of tribal life and was the basis of the modern drama, music, and religious ceremonies, and the costumes especially created for the dance among primitive peoples represent their highest form of aesthetic expression in color and line. Dancing



Sarony

**WALKER  
WHITESIDE**

Broadway will see this splendid actor shortly in "The Little Brother," a piece which ran successfully in London for a year

(Below)

**JANET BEECHER**

One of the leading players in "Double Exposure," the farce by Avery Hopwood recently seen here

(Below)

**GERTRUDE DALLAS**

This attractive player is supporting Mitzi in the new musical piece, "Head Over Heels"



Sarony



Lewis-Smith

**A TRIUMVIRATE OF LEADING PLAYERS**

# A PAGE FROM YESTERDAY



WHEN "The Great Ruby" was playing at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, a balloon used to advertise the play lay down on the job and also on the Sixth Avenue elevated, holding up traffic for some time.

IN 1900, when it was reported that David Belasco was going to build a model theatre on Broadway, he received a letter from a woman expressing the wish that the proposed theatre would have a looking glass where women could put on the hats which they had just learned to take off during performances. "Please, oh, please, Mr. Belasco," the letter ran, "be good to us. The manager who makes women comfortable while they are in the theatre is unconsciously acquiring a large staff of unsalaried press agents that are good talkers and grateful to the point of insanity for small favors."

DURING the late nineties, one of the hotels in Terre Haute, Ind., kept a separate register for theatrical people.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL dipped into dramatic criticism in 1887, with the following remarks about Julia Marlowe: "To retain the freshness that is her greatest charm, all she will have to do is to keep away from the elocutionists and pay no attention to the critics. Her talent needs no guide save that afforded by experience and her own mentality."

THE press in 1887 heralded a new gas-burning apparatus which it was predicted would "revolutionize interior illumination and put out the incandescent light." One authority thought that it would "prove more powerful and economical than the electric light for lightning theatres and theatre lobbies." But somehow the incandescent has managed to survive.

PEARLS come in different hues. William Gillette appeared in "The Great Pink Pearl" in 1887. And this season, "The Blue Pearl" came to Broadway.

NEW YORK ticket speculators please copy! In 1866, when Forrest opened an engagement in San Francisco as Richelieu, the first ticket for the opening performance brought \$500.

IS the theatre a luxury? Congress wants to know. And Providence, in Colonial days, passed "an Act to Prevent Stage Plays and other Theatrical entertainments within this Colony," on the ground that theatregoing occasioned "great and unnecessary expenses."

HAMLET" isn't necessarily a costume play. Once, when his baggage failed to arrive in time for the performance at Waterbury, Conn., Booth played the first three acts in his street clothes, while the Ghost wore a tin dipper on his head in lieu of a helmet.

## EARLY TICKET SPECULATION HAMLET IN STREET CLOTHES ROBERT G. INGERSOLL A CRITIC

WHENEVER a new brand of breakfast food or a new style of scouring soap is put on the market, one of the favorite ways of introducing it is to distribute "samples" in a house-to-house canvass. What if the Broadway managers were to adopt similar tactics, and distribute "free samples" of their fall productions? It doesn't seem likely, does it?

And yet no longer ago than in 1899 a repertoire company in one of the principal New England cities gave a free matinee at the beginning of the week in order to coax patronage nor is it so long ago that Corse Payton and Cecil Spooner gave tea parties to the audiences on the stage of their Brooklyn theatre, after the matinee performance—the object, of course, being to encourage hero worship and thus advertise the show.

Most of the old methods of attracting crowds have given place to more modern devices. Nowadays, when a manager wants to "drum up trade," he either papers the house or else arranges with the speculators to buy a big block of the seats for the first eight weeks of the run.

And yet, why abandon all the old tricks? Think of the drawing power of a marriage on the stage. County fairs used to advertise the marriage of a couple in a balloon as a special attraction. Some of our war melodramas could substitute a tank for the balloon.

Then there were the street parades, bloodhounds and all that used to precede "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Wonder if the Shuberts ever thought of that idea for the Winter Garden?

THE first voice that traveled over a wire from Chicago to Boston was an actor's. It belonged to DeWolf Hopper. Faulty insulation of the telephone instrument resulted in a slight burn on the actor's hand. "Never mind," was his comment. "This isn't the first time I have been roasted in Chicago."

IN 1893 Marie Wainwright announced her retirement from the stage. "But," she added, "I am not certain that my retirement will be permanent." Subsequent events have justified her uncertainty.

FAITH in the power of advertising was never stronger than in 1899, when this advertisement appeared in a theatrical journal: "Wanted, an author to write a romantic play. State experience."

WHEN Horace Greeley was offered a box for a performance of Charles Fechter in "The Lady of Lyons," he declined on the ground that he "didn't want to lose the right to criticize a foreigner." Fechter was an Anglo-French actor.

HAVE you missed vaudeville recently? When motion pictures were shown for the first time in Keith's Union Square Theatre J. Austin Fynes, then Mr. Keith's general manager, predicted that in ten years the movies would replace the vaudeville houses.

MATHILDE COTTRELLY, appearing on Broadway this season in "Friendly Enemies," has been manager as well as actress. For she at one time managed the Thalia Theatre on the Bowery.

WHEN Wallace Eddinger got his first bicycle, back in 1893, that fact appeared in the theatrical notes. Only everyone called him "Wally" then.

AT the beginning of this century, Douglas Fairbanks and the movie camera hadn't even had an introduction. "Doug" was playing small Shakespearian rôle with Frederick Warde.

THE Bowery After Dark" sounds like a lightless night play, doesn't it? It's the title of a melodrama which Sam H. Harris produced many years ago, with Terry McGovern, feather-weight pugilist, as the star.

MORE than thirty years ago, Flo and May Irwin were appearing in vaudeville in a "sister" act.

DO you go down to the Bowery to hear grand opera when you are in New York? Not now, but in the seventies a \$5,000 house to listen to grand opera in the Stadt Theatre was not unusual.

IN 1903, George Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," was placed under the ban in Vienna because it presented a somewhat burlesqued picture of the Bulgarian army. Wonder what Vienna thinks of it by now?

WHEN electric signs first began to come into general use as theatrical display advertising, they didn't have the sweep of vision nor the prodigality of their modern successors. In the early days, there was often just a limited space for the lettering, and if an author had been so thoughtless as to select a long title, he had to take the consequences. The electrician did the necessary abbreviating. Thus there appeared "The Jmt of King Solomon" for "The Judgment of King Solomon," and "A Rmkble Case," a remarkable makeshift for "A Remarkable Case."

ONE thing is certain: Richard Mansfield's tours were made before the day of McAdoo railroad regulation. That artist utilized a private train of ten cars when he went on the road, and his own private car was reputed to have cost \$30,000.

THE word "green room" was evolved from the old "scene room"; that is, the room off the scene, or stage.

THERE was a time when actresses shrunk from publicity. Incredible, but true. Mrs. Morris, a favorite American actress of the last century, was so modest that she went to the trouble of having a private path made from her lodgings in John Street, so that she could reach the Park Theatre without being stared at by the fashionable loiterers on Broadway. As to employing a press agent! Never!

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

### MAKING UP

IN the first instalment of "Making Up" in the October issue, we discussed the various kinds of creams and grease-paints, essential to an effective make-up, and in this, the last article, on this fascinating subject, we will take up the question of wigs and beards. If space permitted, we should like to tell you in detail all the methods of make-up from youth to maturity and old age; the correct way to make up the eyes, the mouth, the lips—and even the hands—for "character" as well as "straight" parts, but in the brief outline we have been able to give you in these two articles, we believe that we have at least pointed the way, to the amateur performer who is keen for perfection. We recommend to the amateur wishing to make a serious study of make-up, the book "Making Up" by James Young, to whom we are indebted for much of the material in this article. The book gives a complete history of make-up, explicit and understandable directions, with many illustrations.

#### WIGS

SOMEWHERE we have been told that the hair is the crowning glory—and it is certainly the crowning achievement of a good make-up. Even though the wig may be lacking in the qualities of luster and luxuriance, it may, from the artistic point of view, be beautiful in its baldness, in its delicacy of construction, and naturalness of effect.

Naturalness, undoubtedly, is paramount to every other effect. It is the aim of those who wear wigs that they shall not be "wiggy" in appearance; and to gain this effect, much care, labor and thought are demanded.

In costume plays, representing a particular period, great care as to correctness must be observed. The hair should be worn "according to the fashion of the time."

If the wig happens to be of a different color from your own hair, you can easily color yours to blend with the wig. With a little mascaro, water and brush, your hair can be made gray, blonde or brunette, and this is easily washed off. Grease-paint is sometimes used to color the sides of the hair to match the wig, and while it is for many reasons not satisfactory, yet it will do in an emergency.

The wig must be pulled well down in the back, in order to completely cover your own hair. With your hand-mirror, see that this is well executed before going on the stage. The sides and back are the points where the fact that it is a wig is most apparent, and, if the illusion is to be complete, the wig must



George C. Williams as "Cap'n Warren"

seem to be the thing that it is not, and not what it is. When it is put in place on the head, it must cease to be a wig. If you are to play only a few performances, you will find that you will now be able to rent very fine ones which are carried in stock, and can be hired for these occasions. These will be dressed, and made to fit the wearer.

Wig making has reached such a degree of perfection that it is not difficult to secure a wig that will appear as if it were your own hair, no matter what the style of the wig may be.

#### BEARDS

THERE are two methods of attaching false beards to the face. The most natural and effective way is, of course, the

most difficult and troublesome. It is to practically make the beard on the face, by shaping it out of crêpe hair; the other way is to have the beard on a gauze foundation, which fits the lines of the face.

\* \* \*

To be quite frank, it is almost impossible to accurately describe how to make beards any more than physics can be studied satisfactorily without the aid of demonstrations and experiments; yet, there are certain rules which, when combined with practice, will be sufficient to enable the student to make for himself a natural appearing beard. Some actors excel in the perfect handling of crêpe hair, and their moustaches and beards are so true to life that they could walk upon the street with little fear of detection. Again, other painstaking players seem never to be able to master the science of the manipulation of this part of the make-up, and so have the beards made on gauze.

#### THE MOUSTACHE

THE moustache is the "bete noir" of the beginner, or, speaking more exactly, to both the amateur and his audience; for it is usually black beyond all semblance to any natural shade, and in shape and size out of all natural proportions.

In the first place, the young amateur is often fearful of his moustache falling off. The consciousness of this fact makes him nervous, and as this agitation is by some peculiar psychological transmission conveyed to the understanding of the audience, both suffer from its effects.

Remember, to begin with, the hair on the face is almost invariably lighter than the hair of the head.

Moustaches made by the wig-maker, woven on silk gauze, are the most natural in representing modern styles. They are pasted on the lips, and when artistically made, look as if the hair were growing from the flesh.

\* \* \*

THE particularly clever make-up of George C. Williams as "Cap'n Warren," in a production by the Amards, an amateur dramatic organization connected with the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, is a striking example of what may be accomplished with a properly worked-up beard of crêpe hair—and careful attention to detail. We have but one criticism to make—and that a rather important one. Mr. Williams forgot to make up his hands to convey the illusion of rugged old age.

#### Forthcoming Articles

On this page, from time to time, will appear articles on

SCENERIES  
COSTUMES  
PROPERTIES  
PLAYS

# "SHERWOOD, or ROBIN HOOD and the THREE KINGS"

Directed by GRACE C. ANDERSON

MITCHELL COLLEGE, STATESVILLE, N. C.



THE students of Mitchell College, Statesville, N. C., presented that most beautiful play, "Sherwood," by Alfred Noyes, on the College out-of-door stage.

The stage is situated on low, tree-crowded ground, from which the foreground gently rises,



Ruth Morrison as "Robin Hood" and Mildred Smith as "Maid Marian"

affording a very fine elevation for an audience.

The stage-setting for "Sherwood" need not be elaborate. A framework was built about five feet from the back of the stage to hold the gates of fairy-land, a window, a green-curtained alcove, and a platform from which steps led down to the stage.

This framework and the entire back and sides of the stage were massed with trees and ferns. From the side-front, and on the ground, a painted set of woodland slides cut off the "behind-the-scenes" from the audience.



Mildred Bedford as "Shadow-of-a-Leaf"

COLORLED lights were used for flower-hung fairy-land (which showed beyond the gates when they stood open)—, and for a sunset glow; yellow and clear lights were turned on for moonlight and for castle scenes. Wide steps led up to the many entrances for the free passage of the actors. Over the gangways tramped the Black Knight's war-horse and Blondel's snow-white charger. And, over them too, trotted the little grey donkey led by the dancing Fool as he waved his ferns: and cried, "Hosanna!"

AN unusual feature of the presentation was "A Song of Sherwood," (one of Noyes' short poems) used as a prologue. The stage is set. For a moment there is an expectant stillness. Then, far-off—bugles blow in like ghosts of echoes. Silence. Suddenly, a dancing figure, looking like a spray of forest-green, appears through the trees. It is the Spirit of Sherwood.

She is on tiptoe, her hands lifted, her face listening: "Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?" She pleads with a great longing that the dead of the merry green-wood rise from their leafy beds. Her voice joyously exults as, at last, full-blown bugles sound close



Virginia Steele as "Queen Elinor" and Kathryn Somers as "Prince John"

at hand. She disappears dancing through the green:

"—— the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,  
Calling, as he used to call, faint and far away,  
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day."

Again there is a moment of stillness, broken this time, (as a fuller moonlight floods the stage) by the wild cry of a serf who is dragged on by King John's men and the play has begun.

KING JOHN'S

MEN

IN



".....SHERWOOD,

ABOUT THE BREAK

OF DAY"



## NOTABLE PRESENTATIONS BY AMATEUR SOCIETIES



"MAID OF FRANCE"

BY HAROLD BRIGHOUSE

PRESENTED BY THE

OUTDOOR PLAYERS,

PETERBORO, N. H.,

FOR THE FUND FOR

KNITTING IN NEW HAMP-

SHIRE INSTITUTIONS



Hilda White as Joan of Arc and  
Sidney Dudley as an English Tommy

IN a charming spot about two miles from Peterboro, N. H., is located the delightful summer school camp who call themselves "The Outdoor Players." A beautiful, natural out-door stage, in a picturesque spot has been the scene of many a delightful pantomime or dramatic performance. Recently a performance of "The Magic Flute" was given, as arranged and coached by Alexis Kosloff (of the Imperial Russian Ballet, Moscow). Other instructors in the school include Lotto Alma Clark, Head of the Department of History, Boston Normal School; Louise Mackintosh Rogers, Dramatic Coach and Hostess, and Marie Ware Loughton, Director. Their performance of the "Maid of France" was given with special scenery and lighting effects by Livingston Platt, in which Hilda White impersonated Joan of Arc, with uncommon dignity, and Sidney Dudley (who we might mention, is a professional) took the part of an English Tommy with easy freedom

## THE PLAYERS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO

IN

"THE RIVALS"



A REMARKABLE performance of "The Rivals," by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was given in the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, California, when William H. Crane and Emelie Melville appeared with members of the Little Theatre of San Francisco, conducted by the Players Club, of which Mr. Crane and Miss Melville are honorary members. The Players Club is an organization of unusual amateur actors, who have been banded together for six years, producing plays of the highest literary merit. "The Rivals" was staged under the direction of Reginald Travers, director of the Little Theatre



(From left to right)

Rafaele Brunnetto,  
as Captain Absolute

Pearl King Tanner,  
as Lydia Languish

William H. Crane,  
as Sir Anthony Absolute

Emelie Melville,  
as Mrs. Malaprop

William S. Ratney,  
as Bob Acres

Mae O'Keefee,  
as Lucy

# A PERFORMANCE OF "SHYLOCK"

GIVEN BY

## "THE AMARDS"—A DRAMATIC SOCIETY AT THE ITHACA CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC



**T**HE Amards is the enigmatic name given to the Students' Society in the Dramatic Department of the Ithaca Conservatory of Music. This society is now in its twentieth year and has presented some very creditable dramatic productions. They regularly present a long play in January and June; also several short plays during the season. The long plays are coached by the director of the department, while the short plays are presented under the coaching of one of the advanced students in the school. Last year the society presented sixteen short plays, also "The Merchant of Venice" and "Cap'n Warren," the latter being a dramatization by George C. Williams, head of the dramatic department, of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod story by the same name.



George C. Williams as Shylock

**A** SHORT time ago this society conducted a Dramatic Festival for three afternoons and evenings, giving in all twelve plays typical of various epochs in the development of the drama from its beginning down to the present time.

The society also conducts four annual social affairs:—a Masquerade Ball on Hallowe'en; Twelfth Night Revels, including a banquet, Christmas tree and Twelfth Night Games, at Christmas time; a Sleigh Ride to one of the neighboring towns in February; and a Picnic on Cayuga Lake in June.

Frederick Ward, the noted tragedian, is an honorary member of the Amard Society.



Ray Smith and Nadia Landon as Bassanio and Portio

**T**HE MERCHANT OF VENICE" was presented in Elizabethan manner with the regular Elizabethan setting, pictures from the presentation accompanying this article. Two very creditable presentations were given for local charity benefit.

Other plays given by the society include "A Professor's Love Story," by Barring; "The Lady of Lyons," "The Rivals," "The Middleman," by Henry Arthur James; "A Bachelor's Romance," by Morton; "The Taming of the Shrew," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Master Pierre Patelin," "Sweet Lavender," by Pinero; "The Suppliants," by Aeschylus; "Esmeralda," by Burnett; "David Garrick" and "Everyman."



Arthur Bell as young Gobbo

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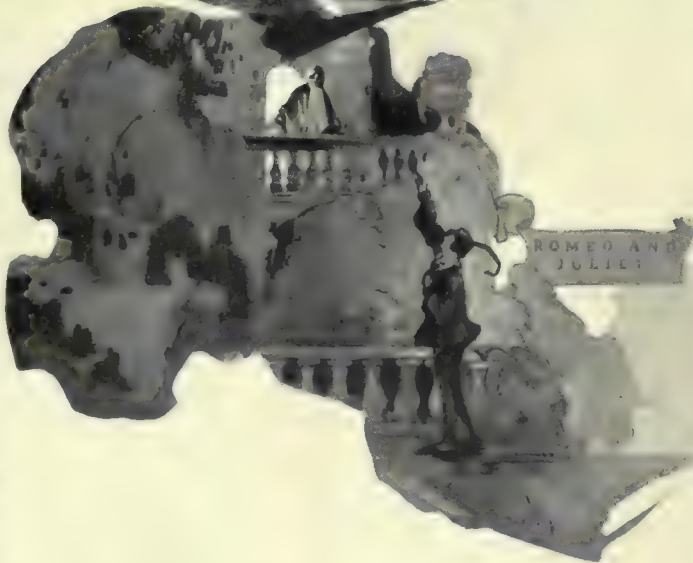
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# TYPES—

## MISS MARY NASH AN IRISH BEAUTY

By  
ANNE ARCHBALD



**J**UST as there are two Irelands, the North and the South, so there are two different types of beauty, the Northern and the Southern. Miss Nash's type is the South of Ireland, County Clare being the birthplace of her ancestors. Therefore she has brown eyes and brown shades in her black hair, to go with them, instead of blue eyes and blue-black hair, though

she has the white camellia skin that is the common property of both types.

Miss Nash is one of the most individually dressed women on the stage and her appearance in any play always means—among other things—a distinct sartorial treat. One "reason why" is that each of her frocks is "designed on her," she says. Madame Julie—who has dressed Miss

Nash for several years—superintends the designing, "and the material is never cut until it has first been draped and pinned on her."

Miss Nash's is a type that can stand a great deal of vivid color in her clothes, and she has taken full advantage of that fact in these five frocks from "I. O. U.," which was recently presented at the new Belmont Theatre.



Photos Ira L. Hill

*Yellow is one of Miss Nash's favorite shades both for individual wear and for her stage frocks, and this tea-gown of corn yellow panne velvet, a fabric which takes on the most delicious nuances under the lights, is contrasted with the tawny yellow of fitch fur. There is a high-in-front and down-in-back neckline and the part of the robe that is hidden from you is cut on semi-fitted Princess lines with a girdle of twisted yellow chenille and tassels loosely knotted around the waist line*



*To match Miss Nash's lovely County-Clare-South-of-Ireland-brown-eyes-and-black-hair-coloring is this day frock in that smart and unusual French combination of shades, black and brown, the brown of tobacco duvetyn with the black of soutache and chenille embroidery. There are long black soutache and chenille tassels hanging from the wrists and the side folds of the skirt, which reaches quite to the ankles and is buttoned down one side with black bone buttons*

(Center)

*It is perhaps not so difficult to summon that come-hither Irish light in the eyes when you can rest with such absolute Gibraltar-like assurance on the breath-taking picture you make in a flamingo pink velvet dinner gown over a silver lace petticoat, with every accessory in a state of artistic perfection, —fan of deeper pink in uncurled ostrich, diamond hoop earrings and chain and pin, slippers of flesh pink satin with brilliant buckles*



(Below)

*A gallant costume, a Cavalier costume! A costume rich in color! The dress is of sapphire blue velvet, its skirt hem embroidered in wheat sprays of hyacinth blue, and has a loose panel falling from the shoulders, somewhat like a pushed-back Cavalier cape, except that it is tucked under and fastened at the hip line; the gay plumes on the black velvet hat are of vivid King's blue; and the bag is of black and steel*

(Below)

*A rich claret-colored velvet is combined with Kolinsky fur and a shining silver girdle-ribbon for this street frock, and Miss Nash's choice of headgear to go with it is one more proof of her expertness in handling tones in a costume. For the hat is of black velvet and has wreathed around it a feather of uncurled ostrich, a shade brighter and redder than the claret velvet, the red, say, of claret held to the light*



Photos Ira L. Hill

# REVILLON FRÈRES *in the* ORIENT\*

Trading Posts in Northern Siberia for the Collection of Sables and Ermine: Zavodes in Bokhara for Handling Broadtail and Persians. French, American and South American Furs.

ASIA has two great fur producing regions, one in Northern Siberia, the home of two of the most valuable furs known to the market—the Russian Sable and the Ermine—and Bokhara, “The roof of the world”, where the Asiatic sheep is raised for its beautiful pelt. The conditions of fur trading in these districts differ somewhat from those in our own Northwest country, though they are in no respects less difficult.

The northernmost Revillon post in Siberia is the one at Dudinka near the mouth of the Yenisei River. Fridtjof Nansen came upon this post in his search for an open passage for shipping from Siberia to Europe, and seemed greatly surprised to find the comforts of life so near the Arctic Circle. In his book he writes of the town and the post store as follows: “There was a pretty little church with a belfry and no fewer than seven bells. There was also a French shop, Revillon’s, where we bought a coffee pot, glasses, plates and various other things to supplement our scanty messing outfit.”

The native race in Northern Siberia is the Ostiaks. They are very primitive in their mode of life and far from fastidious. They clean house by the simple method of moving the tent a short distance away from its old location. As real estate isn’t valuable in Northern Siberia the plan works well enough. The Ostiaks live by trapping, which they carry on in much the same way as our own Northern Indians. They set out in the Fall for the trapping grounds with their equipment and provisions, working until about Christmas when they return with their catch of furs. They stay at home for a few weeks through the severest weather and then go out again for what is called their Spring catch. The Winter catch secured from Autumn to December is brought to the main trading posts by sledge, but the Spring catch can be transported by rivers to the various centers on the Trans-Siberian Railway.

With the Ostiaks hunting and trapping are religious observances as well as a means of livelihood. Before going out to take game they perform interesting ceremonial rites and the actual taking of game is carefully guarded from the eyes of any stranger. They regard the bear with peculiar reverence and for a particularly binding oath they swear on a bear’s head. This does not prevent them, however, from killing bears when they have an opportunity to do so.

The main office of Revillon Frères in Siberia is at Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei River. This is a town of some importance on the Trans-Siberian Railroad and is the center of the Northern Asiatic fur district. Revillon Frères have erected here a modern building for collecting furs and sorting and shipping them to their branches in Europe and America. From this main post at Krasnoyarsk buyers are sent out through the South among the Tatars. Tatar buyers travel with cash and buy furs from trappers and from the small Tatar shopkeepers who have taken the skins in exchange. The Tatars are good trappers and shrewd traders. Revillon buyers travel among them selecting with an experienced eye the choicest skins which they forward to the main trading post.

The furs secured in the northern districts are

\* In a preceding article we published a brief sketch of the activities of Revillon Frères in Canada. The present paper gives a similar account of the collection of furs in Siberia and other countries where Revillon Frères have large organizations for buying skins in the original market. Copyright, 1918, by Revillon Frères.

white and red foxes and squirrels, while ermine, kolinsky, sable and Caucasian marten are found in great numbers in the central and Tatar territory.

Of these pelts the sable and the ermine are the most conspicuous in history as well as in fashion. The Russian sable varies greatly in color as in size, the darker skins being the most highly prized; but as these skins vary not only in intensity of shade but in tone, the individual difference is almost unlimited. The considerable cost of sable skins is due not only to the rarity of the animal but to the variation in the individual pelts which requires the highest skill in matching.

The finest sables are collected around Bargusin and Yakutsk east of Lake Baikal. They are very dark and silky, suitable for coats and wraps. The Kamchatka sables with deeper longer furs are used more largely for sets.

The ermine furnishes one of the most interesting examples in nature of protective coloring. In summer it is a light reddish neutral harmonizing with the general tone of its surroundings, but in winter it changes to pure white which is invisible against the snow. Naturally the ermine is trapped only in winter when the condition as well as the color of its pelt is most attractive.

Sable and ermine have been highly valued from the greatest antiquity and are two of the four heraldic furs. The use of both has been limited at different times by sumptuary laws but they may now be worn by whoever can appreciate their beauty and afford their price. Ermine is still used on the ceremonial robes worn at the coronation of a British sovereign, the width and markings of the bands being regulated strictly by the rank of the wearer.

Certain parts of Siberia were settled by the former Russian government with political prisoners, and sometimes with ordinary convicts. Some years ago a half score prisoners escaped from the prison at Tourouharsk, and on the night of October 1st, 1906, made an armed attack on the Revillon trading post at Selivanino on the river Tunguska. The assistant trader Shuman was severely wounded in the right arm while trying to defend the safe and offices on the ground floor. The robbers secured 11,275 roubles. They also seized the public buildings of the town and took the government funds. The Revillon district manager at Krasnoyarsk complained at once to the Governor General, who sent a guard of Cossacks to hunt out the fugitives and protect the shipments of furs as far as Krasnoyarsk. The whole district was for quite a while under military law and ultimately the robbers were recaptured; the booty, however, was never recovered.

With the coming of Spring the collection of Siberian furs is at an end for the year, but a Revillon buyer instead of enjoying a long rest until next Winter must go at once to the other extreme of climate. Crossing the Caspian Sea he lands at Krashnovodsk the terminus of the Trans-Caspian Railroad and travels under a broiling sun in overheated cars through desert solitudes until he reaches the ancient Khanate of Bokhara, “The roof of the world.”

Bokhara is the home of the Persian lamb which grazes in large flocks, often numbering five thousand head, on the desert table lands. As the grass on these steppes is short and scanty the shepherds must constantly lead their flocks from place to place. It is a curious fact that all attempts to breed this fur bearing sheep in other countries have failed entirely. Only in Bok-



Coat of Pure White Siberian Ermine.



The Fur Market at Irbit.

hara can conditions be found which give the pelt its distinctive and beautiful character.

The skins are sold by the breeders in the green state, and as they deteriorate rapidly in the hot climate they have to be prepared for their long voyage before leaving the country. The native processes of curing lambskins were so unsatisfactory to Revillon Frères that they determined years ago to establish a factory of their own where the skins could be treated scientifically, but it was many years before this could be accomplished. Bokhara is a Mohammedan country governed until late events by an Emir under the protection of Russia. The old city of Bokhara is entirely native and the new city is considered military territory. Land there could not be purchased by foreign owners, but a few years ago Revillon Frères obtained a special permit to build their factory in the interests of the fur industry. A 99-year lease was secured and a modern *savode* was built. The *savode* contains living accommodations for the white members of the staff as there is no modern hotel in Bokhara and the ancient caravanserai is decidedly deficient in comfort. The representatives of the firm live in Bokhara for about two months in the Spring of each year.

It actually requires more pluck, perseverance and energy to trade in Bokhara than in North America and Siberia, since the trader has to fight against treacherous fevers which await the unacclimated European. It takes years for buyers to get acquainted with the best native breeders and to find the herds which produce the best skins. Each year a million and a half Astrachan skins are exported to Europe and America. The lambs are killed while quite young, the smallest of all yielding the flat wavy fur called broadtail. This is exceedingly scarce as it is not to the interest of the breeder to produce broadtail but to get the Persian lamb which is the stronger fur taken from an older animal.

Merchant or shepherd the Bokharese is hospitable, sociable and little inclined to violence. He is keen on profit but spends largely on ceremonious occasions such as holy days and marriage. The native shepherds are gay and happy. After a day's wandering the guides and leaders of caravans put up at some wayside caravanserai to drink a steaming cup of tea and relish their pilaff of mutton while the tired camels rest in the ancient courtyard. When the meal is over a primitive guitar is brought out and the dance is begun.

In the Spring of 1918 Red Guards invaded Bokhara and a week of heavy fighting ensued, in which several thousand people were killed and the Red Guards repulsed. Much property was destroyed but luckily the Revillon *savode* escaped damage. Many of the Russian population returned to Tashkent with the retreating Guards, leaving those who remained behind in dread of even worse disorder, until the Emir decided to protect them. The railroad lines were entirely torn up and traveling had to be resumed by the old stage routes which were safe only when a military escort could be provided.

Many readers will need to be reminded that furs are collected not only in distant places but that some of the most desirable are found in well settled countries. The mole from which such graceful garments are made is found in England, and in great numbers in France where mole catching is a recognized industry.\* Other valuable French furs are the marten and fitch caught chiefly by gamekeepers and other employees of large estates. The most valuable fur in the United States is skunk, widely distributed in many regions, the darkest and choicest skins coming from the counties near New York. Skunk is caught by farmer boys during the leisure months of Winter.

One of the costliest furs at the present time is Chinchilla which comes from the mountains of Chili, South America. This fur used to be trapped in large quantities



A Revillon Zavode for collecting Persians.



Evening Coat of Chinchilla.

but the species was so nearly exterminated that the government of Chili determined to protect it much as the seals of Alaska have been protected by our own authorities. In 1916 they passed laws regulating the taking of Chinchilla for five years. At present only a very few fine Chinchilla skins are procurable each year. The heavier the fur and the bluer in color the greater the value, the finest specimens coming from the high altitudes. Chinchilla is used mostly for coats and sets for evening wear.

Another American fur of great commercial value is the muskrat. This humble but useful little fur bearer lives along lakes and rivers and in marshes. The muskrat is fortunately very prolific since his skin is one of the most widely used in the fur trade. The darkest muskrats are beautiful in color and when

carefully dressed and skilfully handled make very attractive garments. Large quantities of the ordinary muskrat skins are used for coat linings, and many more are sheared and dyed to make "Hudson Seal" one of the most widely used furs for women's medium priced coats and sets. In former years large quantities of American muskrat skins were sold to the Russian government for military clothing.

In all these countries buyers for Revillon Frères go from place to place collecting the skins which are forwarded to the firm's central warehouses. American purchases are shipped to the raw fur warehouse on the West Side in New York, where they are immediately prepared for manufacture. During the busy season of December and January work goes on continuously night and day.

In whatever country they may be trapped or produced, the choicest furs come at last to the Revillon building in Fifth Avenue at 53rd Street where they are made up into garments or offered to the patrons of the house for selection for custom work, or they are sent to the Revillon establishments in London at 180 Regent Street and to the original house at 81 Rue de Rivoli, Paris.



A Revillon Buyer Thadee Zabieha Inspecting Persian Lamb Skins.



A new born Persian Lamb.



The all-black costume is to be a feature of Miss Walton's wardrobe and this chemise frock from Lanvin is of black satin trimmed with black cord fringe—much like a curtain fringe of a very fine quality—which gives a quaint Victorian effect. Note the fringed neckline and the new belt which buttons across into seven buttonholes instead of tying



Photo Fairchild

A house gown from Callot that is beautifully representative of all that goes to make a French model a—well, a French model, quality and color of material, extreme charm in the simplicity of lines. It comprises a pink satin slip banded head and foot with gold lace over which falls from an Italian neck-line a robe of the palest of crushed raspberry chiffons, an enchanting contrast with Miss Walton's brunette beauty

Another of Miss Walton's French model frocks, also from Cheruit, also of black, black taffeta. This time over a narrow pulled back under petticoat of the same and trimmed with row upon row of loop upon loop of inch-wide black grosgrain ribbon. The straight up and down chemise lines are ingeniously worked out and given character by lines of stitching



## I HAVE A PRIVILEGED VIEW OF SOME FRENCH MODELS

By ANGELINA



I RAN into Miss Florence Walton the other afternoon as I was coming out of the tea-room at the Biltmore. She was looking very fresh and blooming after her summer at Great Neck and was attired charmingly in an all-black costume, black tricolette frock with deep embroidery on the hem, small black hat with a large black Alsatian bow, a black fox fur slipping off her shoulders and a pair of those smart French pumps, silver-buckled, whose round, short-vamped shape she so believes in for the trimness and comfort of a dancing foot. With Miss Walton was her new Russian dancing partner, who takes the place of Mr. Maurice now fighting in France.

\* \* \*

Miss Walton was told how effective her all-black picture was and responded that she was

rather specializing in it for the Fall. "I've just bought two other all-black frocks, two stunning French models. And I think they must have been delivered by this time. Don't you want to come up to the apartment and see?"

\* \* \*

Naturally I did. We found the frocks just being taken from the tissue by Miss Walton's maid. They were adorable. Quaint, mid-Victorian! Yet both built on the modern "chemise" lines, and those lines manipulated in true French fashion, the material cut out and fitted together again like a picture puzzle, with ingenious stitchings, as you may see in the little sketches above. One black frock, a Lanvin model, was of satin with a border of rows of black silk-cord fringe, the fringe outlining the neck also. Its black satin belt fastened with black satin but-

tons instead of tying. Not a stitch of any other shade, or trimming, was on the frock. It was to be worn dead, solid, black.

\* \* \*

So too was the second model, a Cheruit, of black taffeta, with rows of grosgrain ribbon-loops weighting down the hem of the skirt like the petals of so many flowers, loops likewise around the neck and the elbow (Note!) sleeves.

\* \* \*

Miss Walton told me that when she was in Paris a year ago, Madame Boulanger, head of Cheruit had just originated that loop idea. She used it first on a frock for Miss Walton to take to Biarritz with her, a white chiffon trimmed with lapin on which the little loops were of chiffon and ran down the front. It certainly is a charming conception. (Concluded on page 308)





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## I HAVE A PRIVILEGED VIEW OF SOME FRENCH MODELS

(Continued from page 806)

Having had a first taste of French models I thirsted for more and luck favored me the next morning in the shape of a telephone call from Giddings asking me if I didn't want a look behind the scenes at their French models that had just arrived. Again yes, enchanted!

\* \* \*

The Premet collection is the finest this year, all hands agree. And the finest of their finest are steel beaded effects on black for afternoon and semi-evening frocks. An enchanting frock of black satin—chemise lines, long sleeves, deeply cut V neck, practically to the waist line—was studded over its whole surface at intervals with tiny steel beads. I don't mean thickly studded, but regularly and diagonally placed, each tiny bead at about a two-inch interval from the other. Around the waist line of this goes a narrow girdle, heavy and glistening with the steel beads, which crosses over once and drops down the skirt; and there is a long row of small steel buttons to button it down the back.

\* \* \*

Those small ornamental buttons for the back and for other ornamentation are very popular with Premet and with several of the other houses. The former takes a reduced-in-size copy of the "mandarin" button—that button you know originating on the jacket of the



*One of the best of Jenny's collection and distinctly made for coalless days! Black velvet is combined with taupe angora, which forms a muffling collar and vest to which is attached in back a long sailor collar. For a bit of brightness flexible diamond slides hold the narrow black velvet belt in place at either side of the vest and attach the full tunic skirt to the tight-fitting angora under petticoat*

Chinese dignitary and made of strands of tiny coral beads—and makes it the starting-point for a blue serge one-piece frock. These small sized "mandarins" run diagonally down the left side of the front and to carry on the inspiration there is a peplum skirt embroidered all over with a pattern of coral beads intermingled with tiny crystal ones and a gold thread.

\* \* \*

This bead embroidery runs around the neck and sleeves and forms a girdle similar to that used on the black satin frock mentioned above. To wear with this Madame Georgette, of Giddings, suggests the chic little toque from Julia (seen in the sketch vis-à-vis) that is of black velours sectioned by means of lines of henna-colored (obsolete, terracotta: up-to-date, henna) embroidery, with a great Panjandrum "little round button at the top."

\* \* \*

Small ornamental buttons running down the back, by the way, are a feature of several of the French model frocks of this season. They may be of cut steel, or set with brilliants, and sometimes slides to match the latter are used, employed in somewhat unexpected manner, as for instance on the combined velvet and angora wool model from Jenny shown above, also at present a member of the Gidding household.



*A Premet frock of blue serge whose creation has evidently been inspired by the coral-stranded "mandarin" button. Small editions of it decorate one side of the bodice and a design worked out in tiny coral and crystal beads with a gold thread covers the tunic, edges the neck and sleeves and forms a heavy girdle. From J. M. Gidding.*

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There's a difference in the shoulder straps, too. Instead of the usual ribbon shoulder straps that seem positively to evaporate when washed these straps are of hem-stitched glove silk! They don't go wandering down your arm, either! They're closer together in back than in front and this angle keeps them just where they belong, on your shoulders!

Whether it's in unions, vests, knickers, envelopes or Pettibockers, you'll always find a special "something" about Vanity Fair undersilks that means either added comfort, beauty or wear. They're all made of the jersey silk that you "can't wear out." All the better shops carry Vanity Fair—write us if you have any difficulty getting just what you want.



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**N**O class of women knows so much about perfumes as the actress. She has always specialized in them along with the other cosmetics—I think you could call a perfume a cosmetic under the dictionary definition of "cosmetic, something that beautifies"—that are an integral part of her profession. She has always known and used the best, which means the highest priced, which means, in turn, the French imported perfumes, and notably those of Houbigant and Guérlain.



A fresh shipment of both, we are happy to report, has just arrived from the other side. It looked for a time recently as if there were going to be a distressing shortage, but fortunately that period has passed. The price of even these highest-priced products has advanced, of course, but that is only to be expected. And we must have them. Some so-called luxuries rank really as necessities and such are the Houbigant and Guérlain perfumes. They are the perfumes that are the most deliciously fragrant and sense-stirring, that are pervasive and elusive all in the same breath, as a real perfume should be.

Houbigant's famous *Idéal* has had a recrudescence of popularity among the stage and society women and is being widely used again, in both the Extract and the Toilet Water. It is just a little less expensive than the newer *Quelques Fleurs*, which is Houbigant's last "odor supreme" and comes to us with the fashion approval of Paris. There are besides the "*Coeur de Jeannette*," one of the favorite perfumes of Queen Alexandra, which smells like an old-fashioned garden; the always staple *Violettes* and a *La France Rose* rich and heavy and lasting, almost like an attar of roses. And others.... With all of these extracts go the corresponding soaps and talcs and face powders and toilet waters: also an *Eau Végétale* in all the different odors, used instead of toilet water and less even in price.



*Rich and rare perfumes should be housed in rich and rare bottles and cases! So the amber liquid of *Quelques Fleurs*, Houbigant's last new odor, reposes in a clear crystal bottle in a pale blue box and the subtle and indescribable scent of Guérlain's *Parfum des Champs Elysées* in a hand-carved bottle with a red morocco leather case*

If I had my way I should have a number, a set of perfumes, selected to be sure within certain limits to suit my personality, and use them according to different costumes and moods and occasions.

This, by the way, is also what Monsieur Guérlain, the head of Guérlain et Cie, believes should be done. It is his greatest delight to create "rich and strange" perfumes, and two of his newest creations are the *Parfum des Champs Elysées* and the *Parfum Rue de la Paix*, which impart the atmosphere of those wonderful streets themselves and suggest the mingled scents that are wafted to one from the courtyards of the old houses that line their way, curious, intriguing perfumes.



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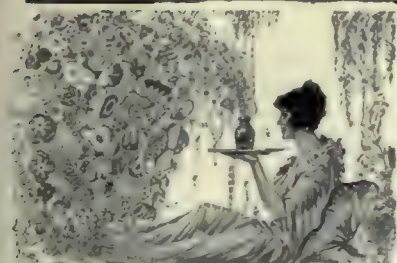
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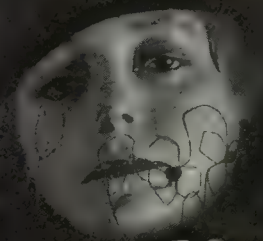
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## MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 280)

William Courtenay was very impressive as Baldassarre. Sidonie Espero sang well and Evelyn Egerton the governor's daughter, looked beautiful and blended nicely in the picture.

**PRINCESS.** "JONATHAN MAKES A WISH." Play in three acts, by Stuart Walker. Produced on September 10, with this cast:

|                 |                     |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| Aunt Letitia    | Elizabeth Patterson |
| Susan Sample    | Beatrice Maude      |
| Uncle Nathaniel | George Gaul         |
| Uncle John      | Ainsworth Arnold    |
| Jonathan        | Gregory Kelly       |
| Mlle. Perrault  | Margaret Mower      |
| Hank            | Edgar Stehli        |
| Albert Peet     | Joseph Graham       |
| Mary            | Elizabeth Black     |
| John III        | John Talbott        |

**THIS** piece did not enjoy long life on Broadway.

Jonathan was a lad of fourteen who wanted to be an actor-playwright-manager. But his tyrannical uncle was resolved to make an engineer of him. They quarreled. Uncle boxed Jonathan's ears and locked him in, and the boy climbing out at a high window, had a fall. Jonathan became delirious. He was a hunchback, and none of his old acquaintances recognized him. Then he climbed a green hill, reached the top of the world, preached a little sermon to boys of fourteen, and jumped off. Eventually, Jonathan recovered. Then he quarreled again with the autocratic uncle and went away with the sympathetic one, who was a writer of best sellers and had an income of \$350,000 a year.

Before his fifteenth year Jonathan had written forty-one plays. I hope, at least, some of them were better than Stuart Walker's. The first act of "Jonathan Makes a Wish" was extremely interesting and full of promise, but the last act merely reiterated it, and the intervening one—the injured boy's ravings—was a dreary waste of the spectator's time. I suspect it of symbolism, but venture no further than the suspicion.

**MOROSCO.** "THE WALK-OFFS." Comedy in three acts, by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced on September 17, with this cast:

|                          |                      |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Mary Carter              | Frances Underwood    |
| Sonia Orloff             | Fania Marinoff       |
| Ah Foo                   | Elmer Ballard        |
| Carolyn Rutherford       | Roberta Arnold       |
| Peter Grandin            | Charles A. Stevenson |
| Schuyler Rutherford      | William Roselle      |
| Judge Charles Brent      | Percival T. Moore    |
| Mrs. Alicia Elliott      | Janet Travers        |
| Kathleen Rutherford      | Carroll McComas      |
| Murray Van Allan         | Fred L. Tiden        |
| Robert Shirley           | Winston Edmond Lowe  |
| George Washington White, | Emmett Shackelford   |

**IT** has remained for the Hattons to exhume "The Love Drive," after New York had twice buried that piece last season. To it they have added a dash of "She Stoops to Conquer," and then finished off with an act from "The Taming of the Shrew."

The trite story is inundated with wit that usually misses fire. Practically its only amusing moments are furnished by the bibulous ex-husband, assisted by his tearful and amorous ex-wife. And it is chiefly the acting of William Roselle and Roberta Arnold that makes these rôles effective.

The others of the cast give the piece the interpretation it deserves.

Edmond Lowe is as offensive as anybody could wish as the Kentuckian, and Carroll McComas is quite as artificial as the woman who stoops to conquer him, and is eventually bullied into submission.

**CENTRAL.** "FOREVER AFTER." Play in three acts, by Owen Davis. Produced on September 9, with this cast:

|               |                  |
|---------------|------------------|
| Ted           | Conrad Nagel     |
| Jack          | John Warner      |
| Jennie        | Alice Brady      |
| Mrs. Clayton  | Mrs. Russ Whytal |
| Mr. Clayton   | Frank Hatch      |
| Nan           | Isabel Lamont    |
| Private Nolan | Maxwell Driscoll |
| Tom Lowell    | Frederick Manatt |
| McNabb        | J. Paul Jones    |
| Miss Webb     | Bernice Parker   |
| Doctor Mason  | J. R. Armstrong  |

**THIS** latest work of Owen Davis is merely another instance of what incredible stuff may achieve presentation on our stage. The story is trite and undramatic, the characters are generally without semblance of reality, and the dialogue is for the most part without distinction.

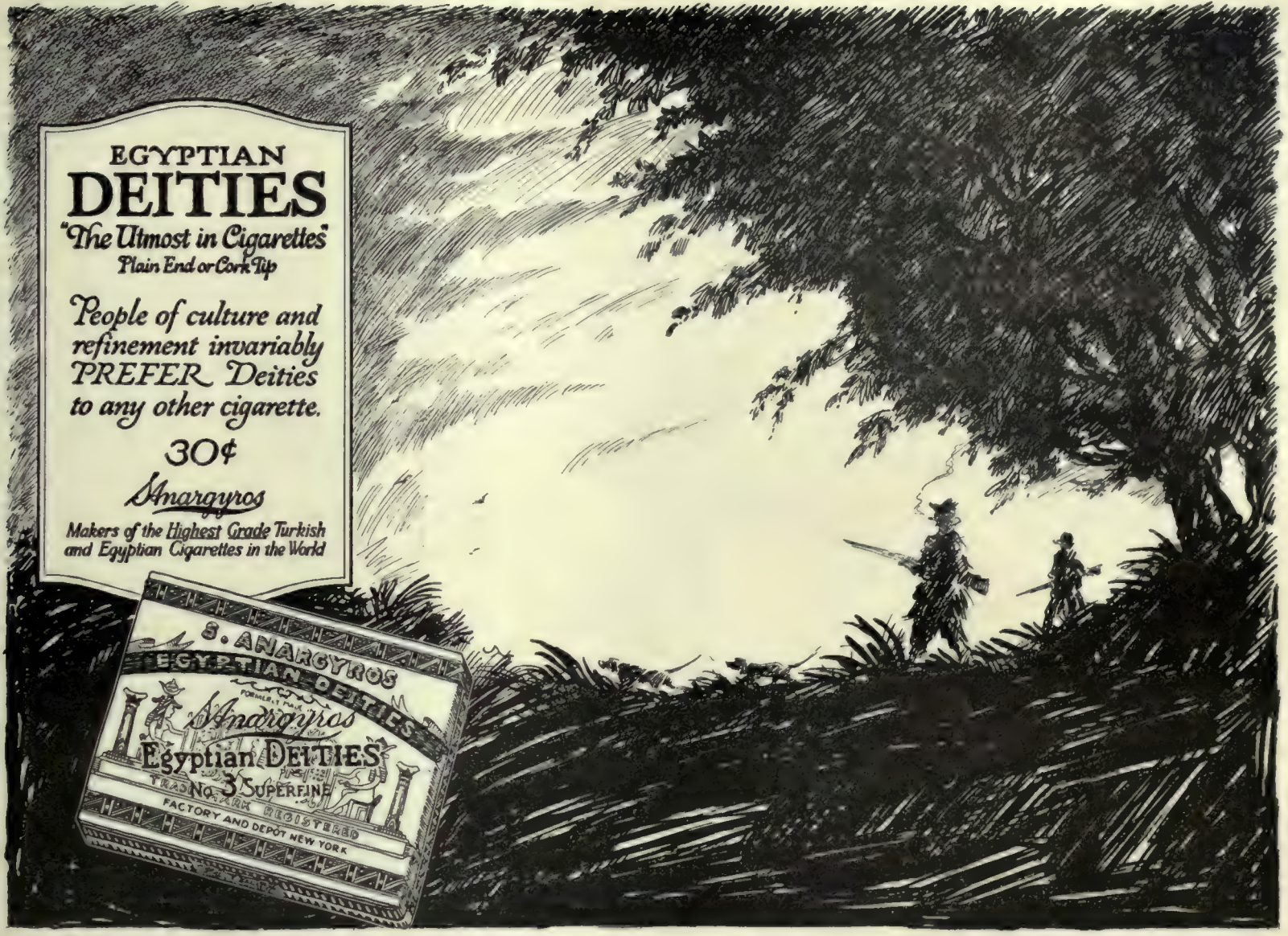
A delirious soldier lying near the firing line lives over three episodes in his past life—one in which he first told the rich neighbor's daughter that he loved her, a second in which he stroked the Harvard crew, just after learning of his father's death, and the third in which his excessive pride made him tell his sweetheart that he no longer cared for her.

Thereafter—I am sure it is quite needless for me to add—he went to war, got wounded, and inevitably was carried to that very room in that very hospital over which his ex-fiancée presided as a Red Cross nurse. What war play, story, or movie nowadays is complete without this highly probable concluding incident?

As happens so often, the acting was generally much superior to the material. The skill and sincerity of Alice Brady and Conrad Nagel made the parting scene in Act III seem almost real, even when reason revolted at the idea of an upright Harvard stroke-oar and A. B. being reduced to acting as soda jerker in a village drug store.

### The Czerwonky Recital

**A** MUSIC event of considerable interest will be the appearance in this city at his own recital this month of Richard Czerwonky, the well-known violinist, teacher and composer, lately concert master of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, and now director of the violin department of the Bush Conservatory, Chicago. Mr. Czerwonky will be heard at Aeolian Hall on November 13 next in a programme arranged with a view to encourage his fellow American artists by playing their compositions. The programme is as follows: 1. Chaconne, by Bach; 2. Concerto in B minor, D'Ambrosio; 3. a. Prelude, Spalding; b. Menuet in olden style, Hochstein; c. Humoresque, Stoessel; d. Serenade Negre, Macmillan; 4. a. Etude Melodique, Rode-Elman; b. Improvisation, Saenger; c. Reverie, Enrico Polo; d. Dance, Czerwonky.



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### COLUMBIA RECORDS

**W**ITH the opening of the operatic season close at hand, Columbia announces three new records of exceptional interest in its list of November music.

One is that scintillating musical skyrocket, the "Questa O Quella," of the heartless Duke in "Rigoletto," sung by Lazaro. The second is by Georges Baklanoff, the great Russian baritone, who contributes the exquisite Fishers' song from "La Gioconda." The third is another famous baritone aria by Riccardo Stracciari,—"Pari Siamo" from the "Rigoletto" that is the most notable performance in Stracciari's varied repertoire.

Just the softest, sweetest, crooning lullaby that ever wafted off a drowsy pickaniny into slumberland is "Ma Curly Headed Babby" sung by Hulda Lashanska. It is one of the best of the new November Columbia Records.

Another notable record in this group is made by Barbara Maurel, "From the Land of the Sky Blue Water" and "By the Waters of Munetonka" are exquisitely rendered on this beautiful record.

"Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes" and "Loch Lomond" are songs that thrill even in the mentioning. The only measure of beauty that could be added to either is to say that Oscar Seagle sings it.

Dance music is represented of course, by a half dozen or more of the latest dance hits, played by famous dance music makers.

### VICTOR RECORDS

**L**IEUTENANT JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, U. S. N. R. F., is a busy man these days, and we are fortunate that a happy opportunity arrived which enabled him to bring his band to the Victor factory to record some of the latest march tunes of the invincible American Army and Navy. "Sabre and Spurs" pictures a patrol of American Cavalry, and "Solid Men to the Front" is a remarkably spirited march, which suggests that "Solid Men," contrary to the habit of solid bodies move quickly. Hear these marches once and there is no need to ask the composer. "Mate o' Mine" is a tender song offered this month by Clarence Whitehill. His palpable sincerity and the exquisite tenderness of feeling to which his voice lends itself so sympathetically make this record one of exceptional interest. "The Golden Cockerel," a new Victor record sung by Mabel Garrison will not fail to interest lovers of music. "N'Everything," by De Sylvia, Kahn and Jolson is as American as its name, full of energy and "pep" and "I Want You to Want Me" are two splendid fox trots for November.



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1918, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 838 West End Ave., New York. Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholders or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1918. [SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public, Bronx Co. No. 41. New York Co. Clerk's No. 200. New York Co. Register No. 10288. (My term expires March 3, 1920.)



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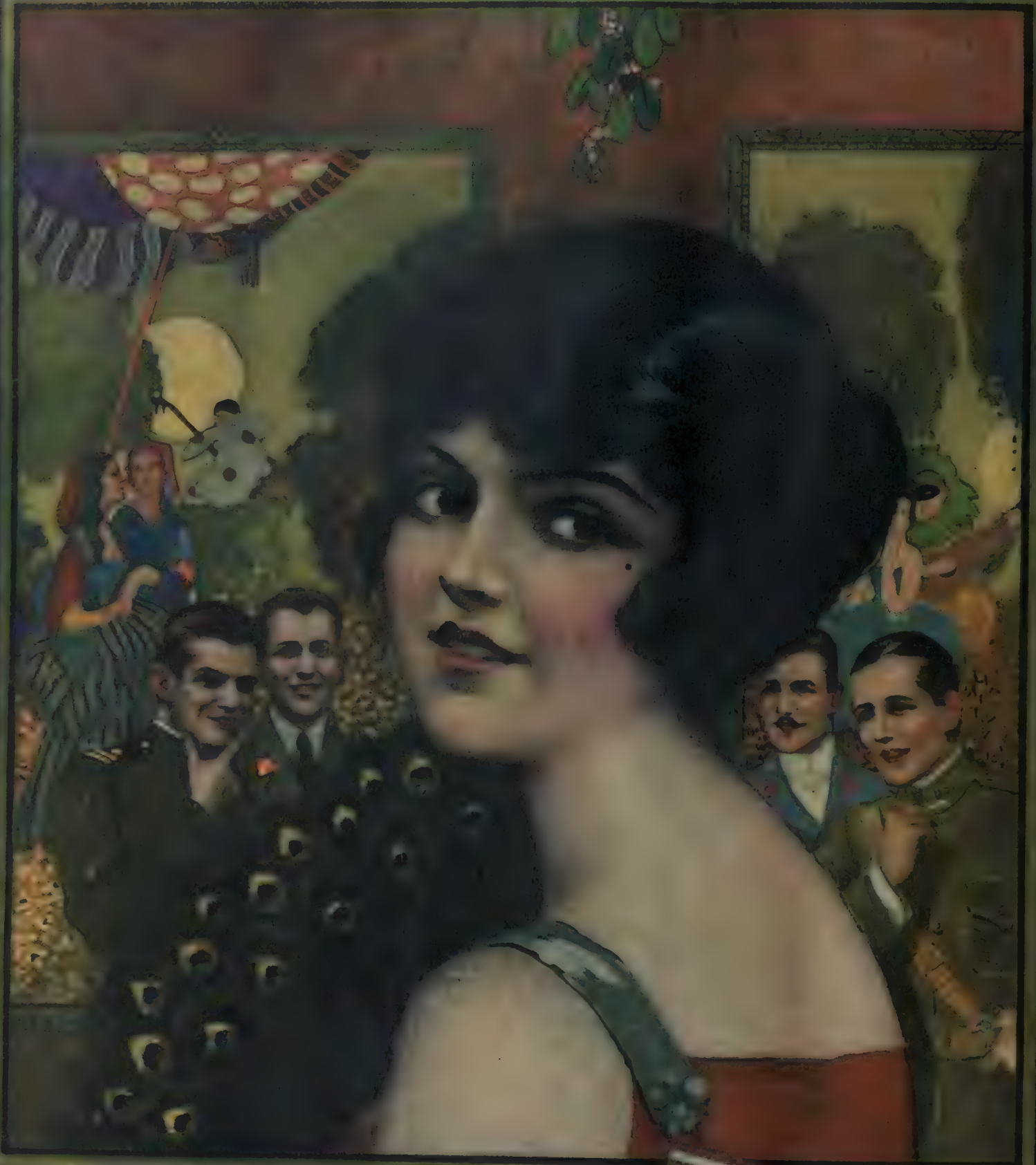
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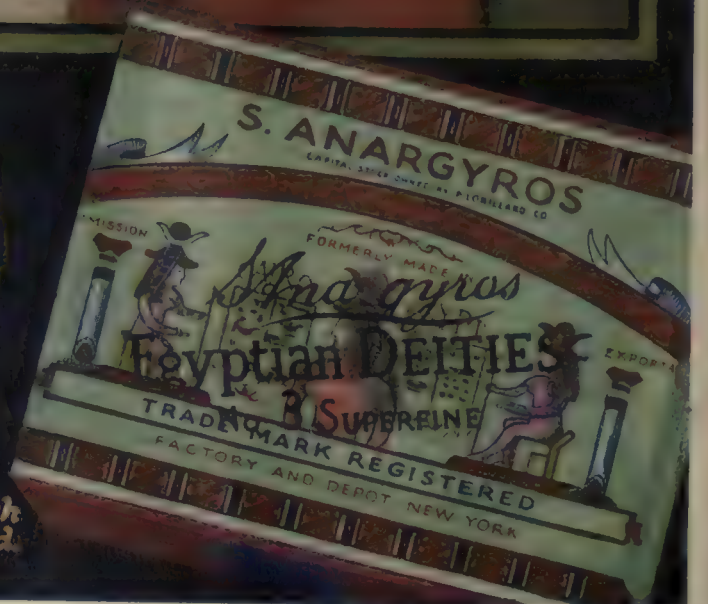
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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1918



**T**HE war is over! We can forget the horrors of the battlefield, and once more turn our attention to the gentle pursuits of peace—and art.

The new year will be a bright one for the American drama. With audiences eager to forget the horrors of strife, with authors and players freshly stimulated for a new outlook on life, we may look forward to some rare treats in 1919.

Get in the swing! Keep up with the times! Join our merry throng of playgoers by reading the THEATRE MAGAZINE.



## WHY are they actors?

They could just as well have been anything else. So Zoe Beckley says in her article in the January issue.

She will tell you about stage people who can do other things than act. Some can write or sculpt or paint or sing or dance or sew or "do" interiors.

Learn just what your favorite player's accomplishments in other fields of endeavor are, by reading the next issue.



**T**HE real romances of life are more thrilling than those of fiction. The stage is full of real romance—affairs the outer world seldom hears of.

Not so long ago a beautiful young girl took Broadway by storm. She was the favorite actress of the hour. Men and women raved about her.

Suddenly she disappeared without any apparent reason. And a few days later— But it is too interesting to tell here.

Read this remarkable episode of stage life in the January THEATRE MAGAZINE.

**H**OW far is a playwright justified in deceiving his audience to the plot of the play?

Should the auditor be let into a stage situation not yet perceived by the *dramatis personae*?

This is an interesting question which the most famous dramatic critics have often discussed. A new angle is given to the controversy by Richard Burton, the well-known president of the Drama League.

His article is in the next number!



**W**OULD you like to have a "personality picture" of your favorite player?

We don't guarantee that it will always be a flattering one—but it will be true.

In the next issue we shall give you an intimate interview of Tavia Belge, the first of a series giving color pictures of personality.



## WHO is Farfariello?

You never heard of him, did you? We never did until we went down to the Bowery and saw audiences in the Italian quarter go wild over their famous com-patriot.

Carl Van Vechten, in the next number of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, tells all about this remarkable artist who like a novelist goes to the people himself for his inspiration.

His characters are all typical Italian figures of America, not the Italians of Naples, Venice or Rome.

Read about Farfariello and see his pictures in the January number.



**T**HE opera and music season is launched.

The expensive song-birds have begun to warble.

If you want to keep posted on the events of the musical world, follow Pierre V. R. Key's article each month in the THEATRE MAGAZINE, beginning with the January issue.

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER  
Publishers  
ARTHUR HORNBLow  
Editor

THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; FOUR DOLLARS BY THE YEAR. FOREIGN COUNTRIES, ADD \$1.00 FOR MAIL; CANADA, ADD 85c.

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# THEATRE MAGAZINE

VOL. XXVIII. No. 214.

DECEMBER, 1918



*From a portrait by Baker Art Gallery*

## ROBERT B. MANTELL AS RICHELIEU

One of the few survivors of the classic actors, Mr. Mantell is appearing in Shakespeare and other plays at the 44th Street Theatre

## THANK GOD FOR THE PLAYER FOLK



A GREAT Economist looked up from his dry tomes to remark that all people could not share in the burden of the war. "Take, for example," he said, "the Player-Folk, they of the mummer's mask; from the very nature of their light calling they can have no part in helping in the Titanic struggle for World Liberty."

YET, as the words rolled redundantly from his tongue, a soldier, who but a short time before had been one of our Player-Folk, was carrying the great Economist's wounded son from the battlefield amid a murderous hail of bullets.

STILL another son of this book-wise man, just back from the grim struggle in the muddy shambles of No-Man's-Land for a brief and hard-earned respite, was indulging in his first relaxed smile, his first care-free laugh in many days, as he sat with his comrades at an entertainment in a shell-demolished town, within enemy artillery fire, given by one of the many volunteer bands of our Player-Folk.

THE great Economist could not see beyond the Books from which he garnered Theories; the Player-Folk who deal in facts garnered from Life have a clear vision enabling them to Carry On to Victory.

ASK of our two million men Over There what of the "Player-Folk of the Mummer's Mask" and the response will come in mighty chorus:

THANK God for the Player-Folk!"

HUNDREDS of our Player-Folk who performed for our amusement nightly before the footlights, to the sweet music of great applause, have played their last part for Freedom out in the dim, gas-choked, smoke-clouded stage of war, unsung and unapplauded. These Player-Folk who put aside their gaudy panoply of a Mimic World for the dull panoply of a World at War, now sleep beneath the snows of France.

THOUSANDS of our Player-Folk, accustomed to every luxury, have been tirelessly journeying up and down those Sad-lands of tortured France to bring cheer to the hearts of our boys; have been undergoing hardships, weariness, exposure and discomforts that, in peace times, no money could tempt them to risk, that some of the homesickness, sordidness and grimness of war that is the soldiers' burden, might be lightened.

WHAT of the Player-Folk over there? They have emptied their purses, aye, and pledged their jewels, for Liberty Bonds; they have worked ceaselessly throughout each issue in organizing drives that have netted greater sales for them, pro rata, than any other group or body. Day after day and night after night they have given their talents and then their services as salesmen and saleswomen until they have inspired millions to purchase. And these same Player-Folk serve in every other possible way, with the Red Cross, with all the great and helpful branches where it has been possible for them to help.

DAILY do we scan our Nation's Roll of Honor and find thereon the name of this man or that who has made the Supreme Sacrifice, and we exclaim: "He's the Actor! Don't you remember? We saw him not so long ago in that new production."

THE work and sacrifice of the Player-Folk, they who trod the boards and they of the theatre-owners and producers, has been of value beyond computing. From money, personal services, use of theatres to a part in the actual combat, they served from the beginning.

AT Cantigny, Bois de Belleau, Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and wherever the Stars and Stripes have gone on and on, now stand wooden crosses that mark the resting place of they who, from the American Stage not so long ago, commanded our tears and our smiles—the Player-Folk.

AT this Christmastide—this Season of Giving—it is good to bring to mind that our Player-Folk have been giving from the beginning; giving of their leisure, their comforts, their services, their money, their lives!

MEN and women alike of the Great Craft have been giving such as it was given to them to give, without stint and with gladness in their great hearts, that this Natal Day of Him who made the Supreme Sacrifice for the Brotherhood of Man should not lose its meaning, should not be crushed into oblivion beneath the spurred and crimsoned heel of despotism, but should prevail always for mankind.

THANK God for the Player-Folk.

LEWIS ALLEN BROWNE.







Thompson  
Irving Berlin singing "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning"



© Underwood & Underwood  
Geraldine Farrar (on the left) opened the Liberty Bond campaign on the steps of the Treasury in Washington. President Wilson's daughter has just purchased a bond from her. Mr. McAdoo is turning his back from sheer modesty



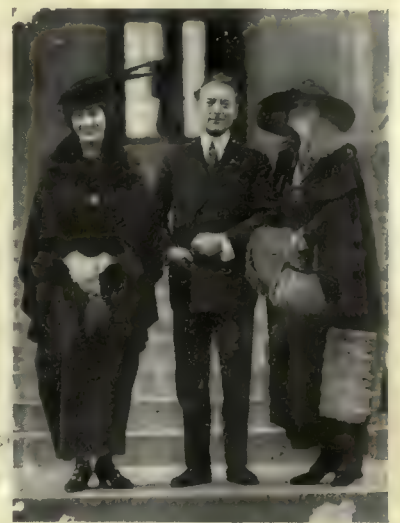
© Underwood & Underwood  
Julia Marlowe reciting "The Road to France" in front of the Public Library



Thompson  
Alice Fischer and Grace George selling bonds in the Liberty Theatre, at the Public Library



The Littlest Theatre in the world, conducted by the Stage Women's War Relief. It travels on a motor truck, and raised nearly \$100,000 every week of the Liberty Loan Drive



Howard Chandler Christy and Jane Cowl, who raised \$2,000 within fifteen minutes



Thompson  
Harrison Fisher, the artist, and Ray Cox, the untiring Chairman of the Liberty Theatre, and to whom much of the success of the work is due



Thompson  
E. H. Sothorn telling the crowds of his overseas experiences in front of the Liberty Theatre



J. T. POWERS  
This is the Powers smile after he had totaled up his Liberty Bond sales



LEON ROTHIER  
Of the Metropolitan Opera, singing the *Marseillaise* on the steps of the Sub Treasury, New York, in the costume of Rouget de Lisle

# BACK FROM THE TRENCHES

A popular actress sent "over there" tells interesting stories direct from the firing line

By IRENE FRANKLIN



**T**HERE is one thing we must give this great war credit for. Not only has it brought the Church and Stage together—but the Church is paying the Stage two dollars a day to work for it. That noble salary and your expenses are paid by the Over There Theatre League and the Y. M. C. A. to all entertainers who will go to France and bring the boys by bringing a breath of home to the trenches.

I went "over there" fully realizing the hardships to be endured. There are plenty of them. One needs more than one's normal strength to cope with it all. You are always tired, usually hungry, invariably dirty, very tired, mostly voiceless, but by gosh you're happy.

The hardest thing on the journey was having to carry everything for one's self, for there are no porters or bell boys in France. When fully equipped for the road I carried one suit case, one roll-up containing bedding and blankets, one canteen, one raincoat, one heavy overcoat, one tin helmet and one gas mask. Mr. Green wore the same costume with the addition of a music case.

On our way over, all the men passengers kept watch eight hours in every twenty-four, doing double duty in the danger zone. My husband (Burton Green) was on extra watch from twelve to four for three nights, and was looking forward to a real night's sleep with his clothes off and everything—but the Captain ordered all passengers to sleep fully dressed and on deck if possible, whereupon Bertie riz up and said that he for one would sleep in his bunk and his pajamas. He was a tired man.



**W**ATCHING for U-boats is a very strenuous duty and involves a great sense of responsibility. The nights are pitch black, there are no lights, and no smoking is allowed. Keeping close watch is a matter of life and death. And with that Bertie gently but firmly retired. I pleaded with him, warned him of our danger, reminded him tearfully that we had children, but to no purpose. He turned in. I retired to the upper deck with a life preserver and it rained on me from eleven P. M. till three A. M.—the wettest rain. At three I decided that I would rather be torpedoed downstairs than soaked to a pulp on deck. I went downstairs at three-thirty and found Burton snoring peacefully in the lower berth. I climbed into the upper berth and fell asleep. The next thing I remember was "Bang!" I was sure our boat had been torpedoed.

I made the upper deck in one leap, and left poor Bertie struggling in the dark trying to get into lace boots, puttees and his uniform. Up on deck the sight was awful. They had sunk one sister ship three hundred yards on our right. The destroyers were racing to get the U-boat, dropping depth bombs as they fairly flew over the water. They claimed we got the U-boat. But I'm sure it must have been Burton's language that scared it away.

We saw the big ship sink at four o'clock in the morning. The rain was beating down, and it was a terrible sight. Isn't it just like the Hun to pick out a rainy night to attack people? Dur-

ing the rest of the trip we slept on deck with our clothes on, until we arrived at Liverpool.

When we got to the hotel we discovered that Bertie had brought but one suit case—that one his own, a pleasant prospect for a woman who had slept for three nights in a tailored suit. I refused firmly to go to bed and demanded the pair of pajamas and Bertie made a neat speech and presented them to me. Once a gentleman always a gentleman. On disrobing, Bertie found he had a pair of pajamas, too. The pair he had on the night of the torpedoing—the



© Ira L. Hill

IRENE FRANKLIN

In the costume she wore "over there"

poor boy hadn't had his clothes off since. In his haste, he had put his other clothes on top of them and had been wearing them for five days.

"Didn't you feel stuffy?" I asked.

"No," he chuckled, "I thought I was getting fat."



**A**T last we got to France. I sang wherever there was a piano, and anywhere from a cathedral to a roadside.

One day we suddenly came upon hundreds of soldiers enjoying that rare treat—a swim in the river. Naturally, bathing suits were conspicuous by their absence. From the point of view of the proprieties, it was a critical moment, but we saved the situation by turning our backs to the river, and I started singing a comic song. Immediately, the boys scrambled out of the water, donned their uniforms, and gathered around. I

sang to them for about an hour and when I finished, the cook, who was preparing lunch, came up to me and said: "I'm sorry we haven't any flowers to present to you, but take this instead." He held out a can of peaches!

And the cheers and applause that greet every song and dance! The reception I received was certainly the most wonderful in my life. The tumultuous applause that greets the stage favorite on Broadway the night of a successful première is nothing compared to the reception given to the strolling player who goes "Over there." Three thousand miles from home, caked with the mud of No Man's Land, the boys are ravenous for entertainment. A soldier, on seeing a woman from his own country, is satisfied merely to look at her. One came up to me one day and said: "Are you an American?" When I answered in the affirmative, he said: "My God! Lady, can I talk to you?"



**O**FTEN when I was singing a comic song, I would see tears welling up in the eyes of some boy. No doubt he was recalling the time when he took his girl or mother to see my act in the U. S. A. Then the boys around him, catching his emotion, would look sad and thoughtful. That was the time I tried hardest to make them laugh. The boys do not want to be "entertained." They do not want the passé lady with three chins who tremelos "My Little Grey Home in the West" and "Mother I've Come Home to Die" at them. They want a real show, with costumes, wigs and grease-paint. I always wore my "Red Head" romper, no matter how deep the mud was, or how my bare knees shivered in the cold. Then, too, it is a severe tax on the voice singing in all kinds of weather out-of-doors.

Ours was not a *de luxe* tour. We had no motor cars and had to travel in the overcrowded, badly ventilated French trains. It is nothing to stand five or six hours in a train before reaching a destination. We gave the seats to the soldiers. They needed the rest more than we did.

It is hard to be a charmer by day and a laundress by night. But I had to do all my own washing—and in cold water, too. There is no laundry soap, either. In France I came to the conclusion that there may be worst laundresses in the world than I, but I don't know of any.

Our menus, too, were not very comforting. For breakfast there was a bowl of black coffee, no milk or sugar. There was war bread, but no butter. Sometimes an egg. To show the progress some of our American boys are making with the French language, I asked one of them what he says when he wants to order an egg?

"Euf, for one egg," he replied.

"And when you want two eggs?"

"Euf, euf," he barked.

The good food is all at the first line trenches—which is as it should be. That's where you can trace all the steaks and other goodies we have missed since the war began. Everything is for the soldiers and the children. After breakfast we usually gave a performance, and after lunch another performance. Dinner we mostly missed.



KAY LAURELL

This attractive young actress, whose beauty and dignity of bearing fits well into patriotic scenes has impersonated in turn at the "Follies" and "Midnight Frolic,"—"France," "Italy," and the "United States." Her poses are always inspiring and artistic. She has been a most ardent and successful worker for the Fourth Liberty Loan and will be seen shortly on the legitimate stage

*From a portrait by Edward Thayer Monroe*

Dinner in France is at seven and we were usually an hour's ride from the hotel in some camp giving a show at that time. If the Y. M. C. A. hut held but one thousand men, and there were three thousand men in the camp, we gave the show three times. This was our program: Mr. Green presided at the piano. He would make a short speech telling the boys who we were and what we were going to do for their entertainment. Then he would play an overture. Corinne Francis and Tony Hunting would play a comedy sketch with songs. Miss Francis has a very lovely voice and was a great favorite. Then I sang as many songs as the boys called for—wearing my prettiest frock. Miss Francis and Mr. Hunting would then appear in another sketch, Miss Francis singing, playing the banjo, and Mr. Hunting dancing. And, oh, how those boys loved that dancing. Meanwhile I had made a change of costume to my rompers and sandals and sang "Red Head" and a couple of my baby songs. That concluded our performance of one hour and a half. If a show was scheduled for 7.30 you could be sure that the boys would be there at five. Such eagerness, such enthusiasm! It was a joy just to see their faces.

We could have gone to Paris and entertained royally. But we were there to amuse the boys who were at the front or were soon to be there. That is what we did.

Probably I am the only woman who has been in the trenches at St. Mihiel and Verdun.

In France every time you turn around you have to give your name and age to someone. I believe everyone on the other side knows my name and age. As you get up "front," there is less and less demand to see your papers, the theory being that if you have succeeded in getting that far, you must be all right.

We went to Verdun—that beautiful town that was once so lovely—and now there isn't one house with four walls.

On top of the hill is the Cathedral.

We went up to the high altar. The keeper, keenly interested in us, asked us who we were. In my best Mt. Vernon French I told him that we were artists from America and had come to entertain the boys.

He was enchanted. He, too, was an artist. Before the war he had sung comic songs: Would not Madame sing for him. So at the High Altar, in the cathedral at Verdun, I sang "Red Head."

"Would it be possible for Madame to dance, too?"

Tony Hunting had that honor, and he executed a buck dance much to the delight of the Frenchman. How could the keeper show his appreciation? What souvenirs would we have?

Having gone over as an entertainer and not as a souvenir hunter, I told him that we would not take anything. Surely he took us for Huns. But he was insistent. We must have the hat of the beadle of the village with all the splendor of its gold braid, and his stole must go with it. Nothing else would do.

So back in Mt. Vernon is the beadle's hat. Looking at it, I firmly believe that it must have been worn by the last fifty beadles of Verdun and never cleaned by one.

\* \* \*

In a train one day a soldier in the uniform of the Lafayette Escadrille invited me to take his seat. In my best French I refused. But he showed by his gestures that he was insistent. Not a word did he speak—only the most eloquent and graceful movements of shoulders and hands. The original Monsieur Alphonse! I

thought to myself. Still in my best French, I repeated that I preferred him to remain seated. But my pleadings were in vain. I capitulated, and he paced up and down the corridor on the train. After riding a couple of hours I got out, and he, courteously, assisted me in alighting, removing my baggage and all. I was astounded. Never had I seen anyone so courteous—not even a Frenchman—to one not an acquaintance. "Merci, monsieur," I said with my most fetching smile.

"You're welcome," said he in perfect Yankee. "I'm delighted to be of service to you, Miss Franklin. I'm one of your admirers from Waterbury, Conn."

Some three years ago a German Artillery officer ordered his men to shell a French town at four-thirty and forgot to tell them to stop, and "Jerry," as the Americans call him, in his methodical way, continues to shell it every day at that time. This makes it very simple for the inhabitants who go some place else at tea time.

When we reached the place we took a piano on a truck and made our way to a nearby hill. The Hippodrome will never thrill me again after what I saw there—three thousand boys marching in from the trenches, with full equipment on their backs. How eager I was to sing for those brave lads. So I put on a bright blue stage dress—they are tired of seeing uniforms, and love nothing so much as to see fluffy, feminine costumes—and the entertainment started. Immediately the "whirr, whirr" of a German airplane. Fritz had started his favorite afternoon sport. He was flying at a high altitude, and no doubt could not distinguish the khaki of the boys amid the landscape, but that bright colored dress of mine must have attracted him, for he kept us company during the (Concluded on page 382)

## WHEN FROHMAN DID "WILDCATTING"

*An interesting reminiscence of the famous manager's early stage beginnings*

By EDWARD E. KIDDER



SOME years ago—oh, yes, quite some—I was managing Lotta, the best character comedienne we ever had, the most pleasant "star" that one could be associated with, and the then richest actress in the world. At Minneapolis and St. Paul we were playing—as usual—to "standing room only" and I made for Milwaukee to stir things up a little. En route, we stopped at a small Wisconsin town, where a stoutish young man with a pleasant face and a heavy bundle of theatrical printing entered the car. He dropped his burden, with a gasp of relief, on the seat opposite mine and sank wearily beside it.

Then he beamed at me.

"Hello Ed."

I shook hands, knew the face, but couldn't recall the name.

He said:

"My brother Dan introduced us in New York last summer. I'm Charley Frohman."

Of course!

We shook hands again and chatted as the train bumped on. He knew what "star" I represented—I wonder what he didn't know, even in those early days?—and said:

"A fine artiste and a fine lady! How I'd like to manage some one of that calibre!"

Oh if his keen but kindly eyes could have pierced the future and viewed himself the reigning monarch in the Kingdom of Thespis!

"I'm with the Georgia Minstrels," he said. "Dan, Gus and I are all interested and doing pretty well."

I asked about his route.

"No route this week," he replied with a grin. "A 'week stand' went back on us and I've got to fill it in—'hurry call'—I'm wildcatting."

"Wildcatting?"

"Yes, I'm a few days ahead of the show and picking out towns as I go along. My bill trunk is in the baggage car but"—pointing to his bundle—"I keep enough paper out for emergencies."

We stopped at a small town and "ten minutes for luncheon" emptied the car.

"Come on, Charley," I said and led the way to the refreshment room.

But while I was endeavoring to masticate the concrete biscuits and leather-cased pie, I could see no sign of my friend.

Hastening back to the train with my eye on the conductor—you'll never be left if you do that—Frohman dashed past me—dashed into the car, seized his bundle of printing and leaped out, all excitement.

"I stop over here, Ed," he exclaimed. "This town hasn't had a show for three months and they're all minstrel mad. I interviewed twenty leading merchants in ten minutes and they're all ready to fall on my neck."

I congratulated him.

He shouldered the bundle and said:

"I'll advertise to-day and show night after tomorrow. I bet we'll play to four hundred dollars. There's no bill-poster, but I can do it all myself."

I saw him again years after at his Empire Theatre here, where he accepted a play of mine, while a dozen theatrical magnates waited his pleasure in the ante-room. A speculator? An accident? Absurd! He knew his business thoroughly and though afterward occupying the "state room de luxe" he "came up from the forecabin" as the sailors say, "and didn't climb in the cabin windows!"

It is over three years since he met his tragic death and it will be hard to find his equal in kindness, generosity and ability.

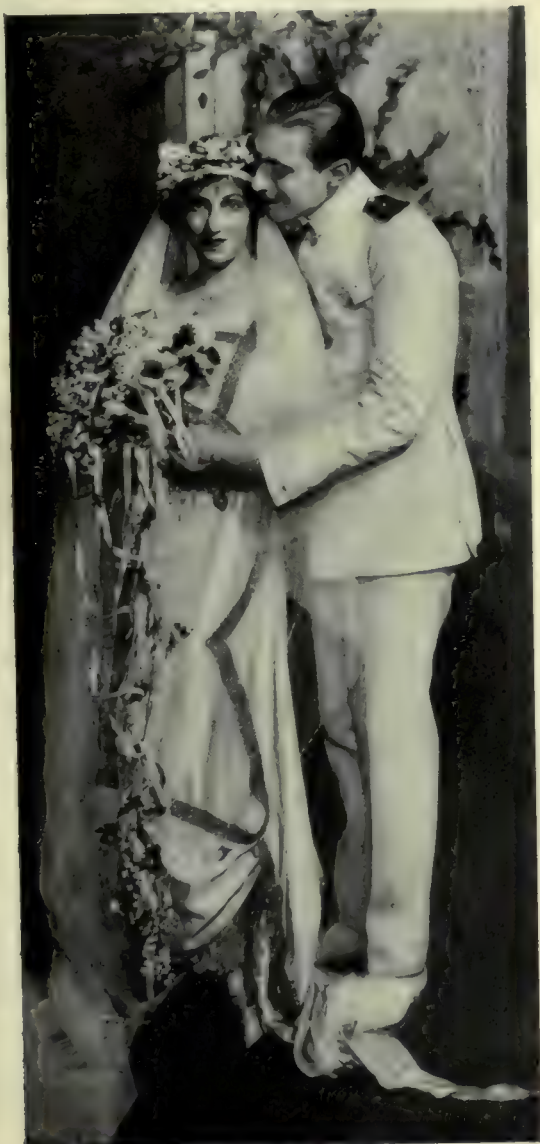
Boom on, oh cruel, foaming sea,  
Shriek hideous missile crashing through,  
With all your power you cannot kill  
Our memories of the man we knew!



Photos White Charles Webster E. Lyall Swete

Thomas à Becket discusses with Henry II the institution of Trial by Jury and brings the monarch to his knees

SCENE IN THE PATRIOTIC PAGEANT "FREEDOM" AT THE CENTURY



Eleanor Painter and Joseph Lertora in the musical comedy success "Glorianna" at the Liberty



Mary Nash and Willard Mack in an exciting moment in "The Big Chance" at the 48th Street Theatre

BROADWAY OFFERS PLAYS TO SUIT ALL TASTES

# THE MOST STRIKING EPISODE IN MY LIFE

*Well-known stage people relate what they consider their most exciting experiences*



## "MERRY WIDOW" WALTZ

By Donald Brian



DONALD BRIAN

WHEN we began to rehearse "The Merry Widow," no one thought very much of the famous waltz. They thought it would be good, but nothing extraordinary. After we had rehearsed while I began to realize that that waltz was my big chance—the chance I had been praying for. I didn't say anything about it. I was afraid I might be wrong or that something might happen—I didn't know what.

I just kept quiet and danced my very best.

At last the big night came—the night we produced the piece at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York. I was sure then that I was right—that that waltz was going to give me my chance. Maybe the others knew it, too. I don't know. They didn't say anything to me. I was afraid of making me nervous, perhaps.

I don't know how I played the early scenes. I was thinking about the waltz all the time. "Steady, now," I'd whisper to myself. Then I'd go on. I was just waiting—waiting to hear the waltz music. Two or three years after the performance began it came.

The next thing I heard was the applause. That was my big moment.



## WHEN I WAS BROKE AND HUNGRY

By Mitzi



MITZI

THE day I landed in New York piled episodes one upon another and all of them seemed to be striking hammer blows at my conceit and comfort.

After my contract to come to this country had been made I had grown to believe that America was awaiting me eagerly. There would have been no surprise on my part, after what I had been told, if the Mayor in official regalia and his committee had met me

at the wharf. Instead of ceremony, however, only an office clerk met me and rushed me to an enormous hotel in a cab that pinched my finger in its haste to get me inside, explaining that my new manager had been called from town and would see me on his return in several days.

For three days I stayed in my suite on the fourteenth floor of the hotel, almost fearing to look out lest I be dizzy and always afraid a storm might blow the building over. I did not dare to go out or even down to the hotel restaurant lest my management should call and not find me.

And, worst of all, I went hungry. I had plunged into every betting pool there was on board ship, as has many a youngster traveling

alone for the first time, and when I walked down the gang-plank to my expected reception I had but two little dollars left. So at the hotel I picked out the cheapest thing I could buy and yet give my necessary "little present" to the waiter, so I had just three meals in those three days, not knowing I might have charged my meals on my hotel bill, and each meal was made up entirely of eggs and bread and butter—there was no charge for bread in those days. I did not "care for coffee thank you."

Then the "striking" ended and the kindly pats commenced. The manager came and I have since been enabled to learn that America has many things to eat besides eggs.



## "AND THE BLIND SHALL SEE"

By David Warfield



DAVID WARFIELD

ONE night a few years ago the most wonderful girl in the world sat in a box in the Belasco Theatre and witnessed my performance in "The Auctioneer." At first glance, she did not look different from any other well-bred, modishly gowned young woman whom, conventionally chaperoned, one may count by the score in the fashionable metropolitan theatre audiences. Apparently no one recognized

her, nor realized that she who responded so readily both to the comedy and pathos saw and heard it all, not through the avenue of normal sense, of physical sight and sound, but by those spiritual antennæ the development of which has made Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, the marvel of the Age.

Later, in the Belasco Green Room, Miss Keller displayed her greatest virtuosity. When she grasped my outstretched hand, in her clear treble voice she said:

"Oh, Mr. Warfield, this is certainly shaking hands with a ghost. Ah, how I did love you in 'The Return of Peter Grimm.' I wish that I might see you in that play once again. You don't know, you cannot know, what Peter Grimm meant to me who have all my life striven to hear and be heard out of the darkness just as your spirit did when it came back to earth. Ah, I can hear you yet, crying: 'Hear me! Hear me! Hear me!' How often I have cried that same cry, through how many weary years, and then God did hear me at last, and now you see I can speak. I can speak before a great audience, and they can hear me speak. That seems to me the most marvelous thing in the world—that I can frame a thought into words, utter those words and have another human being hear them. You as Peter Grimm broke the very bonds of Death, or that thing which mortal man calls death, in order that those you loved might hear you. I have broken the bonds of something quite as inexorable as death in order that I might speak to those I love. So when I sat watching that great play, watching and praying that you might at last be heard, it was with a

sympathy which I believe I was able to give you as no one else could."

I was now inarticulate. My eyes, were now misty with tears as I looked at the happy radiant face beside me. I now was blind and the deaf girl saw and felt those tears and quickly changed the subject by asking another question which sent me first into a fit of consternation, then laughter:

"Oh, Mr. Warfield, won't you please say it again: That 'What's the matter mit you? Are you sitting on something?' I want to laugh all over again. It was so funny." And once more the finger tips were lifted to my lips.



## TOO MUCH REALISM

By Emmett Corrigan

THE most striking episode in my life was in vaudeville, several years ago, when I put on a condensed version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Just before the climax, if you remember the plot, the villain swallows a glass of poison which kills him. The stage properties were always arranged so that the poison glass, which shed liquid fire, was replaced at the psychological moment by a dummy glass of plain water.

One night when I reached this scene, I discovered that the dummy glass had been forgotten. It happened that I had myself bought the contents of the poison glass, and the chemist had told me the mixture was deadly. But the whole point of the play would have been lost if I hadn't swallowed something; so, mechanically I drained the glass.

There were still three minutes to be played before the curtain and I began to wonder if my stage death at the end might not be an actual double event. I managed to get near the wings and whisper to a stage hand, "Call a doctor, quick"—then I went on with the play. I was in the most intense pain; it seemed that my very eyes were popping out of my head.

Now I have faced death before and since; but never has the Great Adventure seemed so agonizing or so ghastly as during those three minutes. My soul and body seemed to disintegrate with horrifying results. I felt all the pangs of the self-murderer—only I seemed to suffer doubly, for a voluntary as well as an involuntary deed.

By the time the curtain fell, a doctor was at my side, and eventually I came to consciousness. The manager of the theatre, much concerned, asked me why I had been so absurd. "But the play!" I reminded him. "Drat the play!" scoffed the manager. "Well, the audience!" said I. "Hang the audience!" he shouted. "No play and no audience in the world are worth a man's facing death."

But every day of the calendar, some actor—oftener in motion pictures, perhaps, than on the stage—deliberately faces death for his play and his audience. Is it foolish? Ah, well! At least it proves the actor's love of his Art.



EMMETT CORRIGAN



From a photograph by George R. King

G A B R I E L L E G I L L S

This distinguished French lyric soprano, of the Paris Opera House, came to the United States recently to further the propaganda of French music. Noted for her interpretations of the classic and modern composers, Mme. Gills sang the *Marseillaise* during the recent Liberty Loan drive and has also been heard at her own recitals

# MY HERO

By VERA BLOOM



JUST as successive stages of fireman, policeman, and detective worship give a healthy boy more grit and determination than anything else in his life, so the normal girl needs doses of Donald-Bryson, Warwick-trouble, Fairbanks-fever, and Shelley-Hullitis.

The first sends her to dancing school, the second to romantic literature, the third to a vigorous outdoor life, while a few doses of Shelley Hull usually develop a sweet, unselfish romanticism. A course in hero-worship offers as good an all-around equipment as half the finishing schools promise in their circulars.

For the matinée-girl's adoration is never a *grande passion*, even if she thinks it is. With a slight qualm of conscience she will transfer her superlatives and theatre-moré from one leading man to another, with enthusiasm that never even gets rough at the edges from so much wear. She absolutely refuses to be disillusioned. She sees only the heroic glamour around Prince Charming, and providing his boots are good-looking, nothing will make her admit the feet inside are plain human clay. She refuses to accept romance as a business, to be put on with his make-up and forgotten with the fall of the curtain. She likes to think of every love-scene as palpitating and real. One of the most poignant possible tragedies would be to take a matinée girl to a rehearsal and let her see romance evolve from the sweat of the brow and not from the call of the heart.

There is the greatest difference in the same play seen at an evening performance and then at a matinée. At the first you get the real point of the play itself; at the matinée you only see the story as it affects the hero, unless you can withstand the driving psychological power of all those worshipping minds. The two audiences rise to entirely different situations, they see absolutely different points to every speech. The unromantically humorous passes unheeded in the afternoon, but the hero's every gallant action is greeted with murmurs of approval. There is such a response of sighs and exclamations from a Chauncey Olcott audience, that it's actually hard to concentrate on what's happening on the stage. Every play has a Jekyll

and Hyde, or matinée and evening existence, and one is hardly recognizable from the other.

So the leading man not the male star—whom the matinée-perspective makes the most important object on the stage, is often only an annoying necessity to the evening audience. The anti-



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Captain Robert Warwick, U. S. A., a matinée idol, now a hero in real life

hero worshipers are as prejudiced against him as his followers are for him, but both try to keep the poor man from being a human being off the stage. One would be heartbroken if he were, the others don't believe he could be! As fate will have it, he usually is. For romance is his profession. The sternest man knows how to relax—toward matinée-idolism, when the matinée idol relaxes he becomes, by way of contrast, quiet and business-like.

It is only the poor actor who looks "theatrical" on the street, just as it is only the poor artist who looks "artistic." If they can't attract attention in an honest way through their work, they naturally turn to the next means of

grotesque clothes and gestures to let the public know while they're not working what kind of work they do! But the famous actor is glad to pass unheeded through his inconspicuous appearance.

Hero-worship is ninety per cent. glamour and one-tenth enthusiasm. That is why even a casual, well-meant introduction will usually take the scales of adoration from a matinée girl's eyes forever. It is like a little girl finding her doll is made of saw-dust, for a bigger girl to find her hero is less romantic than the boy next door. So perhaps it is in unconscious defence of her illusions that she avoids any personal contact, for her imagination, being young and unexhausted, can give him every attribute her ideal hero would possess.

But the more courageous of the matinée maidens will write—after a hundred secret discussions and corrections—for the boon of "having one of your photographs for my very, very own!" The others wait, until their favorite consents to autograph pictures for anyone who pays. The girl always pays!

The average young girl wants a picture of Shelley Hull or William Courtenay. The type of woman to whom theatre-going is a serious, once-a-year affair is still true to Sothern, and the intellectual type will admit to a longing for a picture of Arnold Daly. The frivolous type always wants the popular dancer of the moment. But I have yet to see a woman who has ever been to a theatre whom you can't probe to a secret fondness for some actor. And the matinée girl somehow feels that her interest in him alone gives her the right to be either personally pleased or displeased at whatever details of his private life she discovers in her tireless search of the dramatic columns.

If he is married, she hunts as eagerly for stray scraps of information about his wife. "Do you mean you've seen Mrs. ——?" is one of the most awestruck questions a hero-worshiper can ask you. And—but this is *entre-nous*—I've even known some of them to tear up a bachelor-hero's picture on his wedding day!

So every season there is a toast of the teacups, just as there is a toast of the cocktails.

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

By HAROLD SETON



For Elsie Janis:—A chameleon.  
For Eddie Foy:—A rabbit.  
For Julia Sanderson:—A dove.  
For Billie Burke:—A kitten.  
For John Drew:—A tailor's dummy.  
For Kitty Gordon:—A chest-protector.  
For John Mason:—An alarm-clock.  
For Eva Tanguay:—A straight-jacket.  
For the Dolly Sisters:—Two waltzing-nice.  
For Houdini:—An eel.  
For Theda Bara:—A fox.  
For Annette Kellermann:—A gold-fish.  
For Galli-Curci:—A nightingale.  
For Al Jolson:—A crow.  
For Valeska Suratt:—A bat.  
For Charlie Chaplin:—A goat.

For Mary Pickford:—A cash-register.  
For Douglas Fairbanks:—A jumping-jack.  
For Gaby Deslys:—A jewel-casket.  
For David Belasco:—A clerical collar.  
For Henrietta Crosman:—A pot of forget-me-knots.  
For Leon Errol:—A bottle of hair-restorer.  
For Ruth St. Denis:—Three new spangles.  
For Emma Dunn:—A sachet of sweet lavender.  
For Lenore Ulric:—A magnet.  
For Ina Claire:—A bit of Dresden china.  
For George Arliss:—A dry-point etching.  
For Leo Ditrichstein:—Richard Mansfield's shoes.  
For Stuart Walker:—A new portmanteau.  
For Willie Collier:—A jester's bauble.

For Otis Skinner:—A bust of David Garrick.  
For Mrs. Fiske:—A bust of Sarah Siddons.  
For E. H. Sothern:—A bust of William Shakespeare.  
For Ethel Barrymore:—A box of cough-drops.  
For Margaret Anglin:—A Græcian vase.  
For Nat Goodwin:—A copy of the marriage service inscribed on parchment.  
For Lillian Russell:—The presidency of the Ponce de Leon Society.  
For David Warfield:—A gold loving-cup.  
For Irene Bordoni:—A French flag.  
For Enrico Caruso:—An Italian flag.  
For George M. Cohan:—An American flag.  
For the General Public:—A year's subscription to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.





# JOAN OF ARC

A PAGEANT PLAY BY  
THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

## Produced at Domremy

Under the auspices of the  
Young Men's Christian Association  
By John Craig, Mary Young, the Craig Players and  
Men of the American  
Expeditionary Force

### FRANCE

My children, when you hear the sound of guns,  
And see across the northern sky the fires,  
And know that France's enemies have struck  
Once more to quench the spirit that like flame  
Burns upward from our soil forever, think  
Upon the tale I tell you, faithfully,  
As it was told in words of many men  
Who swore upon their souls to utter truth  
Flour on the story of the Maid, who gave  
To us and to the children of the world  
The brightest sword in the long roll of war,  
The bravest voice from the most bitter years,  
The truest vision of free lands and hours  
That sing their loyalties — the Maid — Jeanne d'Ar

September 1918.

A performance of "Joan of Arc" was given by the Craig Players at Joan's birthplace, Domremy, France, recently. This is part of the programme

### ROMAINE BOUQUET

Who was one of the famous Blue Devils, and also a member of M. Copeau's original Paris company, has rejoined the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier here



### RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN

Miss St. Denis' dancer-husband has given up his terpsichorean activities at Denishawn to serve the U. S. A.



### CLARKE SILVERNAIL

With Mlle. Fallet, a French violiniste and her mother, somewhere in France. Mr. Silvernail, who went over as a volunteer at the outbreak of the war, is doing great work as a hospital aide and also getting up shows for the boys. Recently this comedian produced "Officer 666" with great success



Maurice, the well-known dancer, who is now serving with the Red Cross, feeding Belgian refugees at the Gare du Nord, Paris



White

HENRY MILLER AND RUTH CHATTERTON IN THE NEW COMEDY "PERKINS"



SELENE JOHNSON AND LUMSDEN HARE IN "PETER'S MOTHER" AT THE PLAYHOUSE



Old Bill, Bert and Alf, the three modern musketeers, find a bit of diversion in "The Gaff," an old schoolroom near the front in France

MR. AND MRS. COBURN IN "THE BETTER 'OLE" A HIT AT THE GREENWICH VILLAGE

NEW COMEDIES THAT HOLD THE BOARDS

# MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



GREENWICH VILLAGE. "THE BETTER 'OLE." Fragment from France, in two explosions, seven splinters, and a short gas attack, by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather and Captain Arthur Elliot; music by Herman Darewski and Percival Knight. Produced on October 19 with this cast:

|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| The Sergeant-Major | Edwin Taylor       |
| Angele             | Gwen Lewis         |
| Bert               | Charles McNaughton |
| Alf                | Colin Campbell     |
| Old Bill           | Charles Coburn     |
| Rachel             | Eugenie Young      |
| The Colonel        | Henry Warwick      |
| A Spy              | Lark Taylor        |
| Suzette            | Mona Desmond       |
| A Tommy            | Albert Kenway      |
| Victoire           | Mrs. Coburn        |
| Captain of Women   | Lillian Spencer    |
| Captain Milne      | Lark Taylor        |
| Berthe             | Helen Tilden       |
| A French Officer   | Howard Taylor      |
| A French Porter    | Eugene Borden      |
| Maggie             | Kenyon Bishop      |
| Kate               | Ruth Vivian        |
| The Vicar          | George Logan       |
| An Old Villager    | Nevin Clark        |

A S pure convincing propaganda, "The Better 'Ole" at the Greenwich Village Theatre, is worth a score of those so-called spy plays that have cluttered our metropolitan stage this season. It is instinct with truth, and if the lighter phases of the war make up its subject matter, it retails with charm and humor much that our boys endure overseas.

It is unusually well produced, the details are most lifelike, while an atmosphere of Northern France is beautifully suggested in the several scenes designed and painted by Ernest Albert. Yet, diverting and amusing as it is, it is quite seldom that anything so ingenuously naive finds a lasting place on our boards. Still, it is provocative of much healthy fun and laughter and as such is genuinely welcome.

Written by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather and Captain Arthur Elliot, it has for its protagonists the three familiar figures of the former's well-known war cartoons. Old Bill, with his walrus moustache and his raucous voice is a real creation at the hands of Mr. Coburn.

Colin Campbell is capital as Alf, and the third of the three Muskrats, the impressionable Bert, who falls a victim to the charms of every new female who comes within his ken, is excellently acted and sung by Charles McNaughton.

CRITERION. "THREE WISE FOOLS." Play in three acts by Aus-

tin Strong. Produced on October 31 with this cast:

|                     |                     |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Mr. Findley         | Claude Gillingwater |
| Dr. Richard Gaunt   | Harry Davenport     |
| Hon. James Trumbull | William Ingersoll   |
| Miss Fairchild      | Helen Menken        |
| Mrs. Saunders       | Phyllis Rankin      |
| Gordon Schuyler     | Charles Laite       |
| Benjamin Suratt     | Stephen Colby       |
| John Crawshaw       | Charles B. Wells    |
| Poole               | Hayward Ginn        |
| Gray                | Harry H. Forsman    |
| Clancy              | Levitt James        |
| Douglas             | J. Moy Bennett      |
| Policeman           | George Spelvin      |

A S manager, producer, collaborator or playwright, Winchell Smith seems to know what a very large portion of the public wants. He has no high-brow vision of its mental altitude. He selects for the average man in the street simple homely fare. Of his latest offering, no one's brain will have to work overtime in grasping either its story or its literary subtleties.

Three middle-aged bachelors have thrust upon them the bringing up of a girl, the daughter of a woman to whom each was willing to pay out a life of devotion. Of course, she metamorphoses them out of their "ruts," and is a perfect ray of sunshine. But she had a supposed jailbird of a father, and to protect him she is misunderstood by all, except the rich nephew of one of the three musketeers. Father's innocence established—he was no forger, the convict with whom he broke jail was the true villain—our heroine faces a married life of beautiful ease.

Mr. Strong's dialogue is bright, apposite and sparkling. His frame work is nicely balanced for theatrical effect, but I do think that he uses more sugar than the Hoover edict allows. It is all fearfully sentimental. Claude Gillingwater as the grouchy one of the trio, presents a strikingly well composed picture of the kind heart that beats beneath a fearsome front. His associates are played by Harry Davenport and William Ingersoll. Helen Menken is pleasing as the heroine, and gives her outburst of indignation with fine fire. Charles Laite is the juvenile lover, while Stephen Colby, as the avenging forger, is expertly dramatic.

CENTURY. "FREEDOM." Play in three acts and twenty-five scenes, by C. Lewis Hind and E. Lyall Swete; music by Norman O'Neill. Produced on October 19 with this cast:

|                        |                    |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| Mrs. Archer            | Mrs. Hudson Liston |
| Henry Archer           | William Battista   |
| Richard Freeman        | James Eagles       |
| Freedom                | Marcia van Dresser |
| The Oldest Freeman     | Henry Herbert      |
| The Messenger          | H. R. Irving       |
| Swineherd's Wife       | Eva Randolph       |
| King Alfred            | Edward Martindel   |
| Thomas à Becket        | E. Lyall Swete     |
| Herbert of Bosham      | Noel Tearle        |
| Henry II               | Charles Webster    |
| Dick's Ancestor        | Edward Hayden      |
| Maid Marian            | Caroline Duffy     |
| Robin Hood             | Robert E. Lee Hill |
| Earl of Nottingham     | Eric Snowden       |
| His Little Daughter    | Marion Battista    |
| Matron's Help          | Clara Eames        |
| A Reporter             | Howard Brooks      |
| An Interpreter         | Glen Hartman       |
| Mr. Patrick            | Walter Geer        |
| "The Lady with a Lamp" | Arleen Hackett     |
| Caldron Man            | Ralph Symington    |
| Edmund Burke           | Harry Irvine       |
| Joan of Arc            | Blaise Bordage     |
| Another Knight         | Arthur Row         |
| King Richard II        | May Crompton       |

TO glorify the progress of Freedom through the ages with a pageant of luxuriant pictures and colors and costumes obtainable, is an enterprise pertinent to the moment, and when the practical purpose of the Association producing it at the Century Theatre is to provide funds for the care of disabled naval and military officers of the British-speaking peoples, nothing but commendation is possible.

Its description as a play is not accurate. The subject is too big, the material too vast to make a play of. It is not difficult to give Unity to this encyclopedia of Freedom, but it is easy to overload and weaken with the introduction of too much episode. The definite turns in the progress of humanity toward Freedom were not episodes, and these turns, for the most part, are given in splendid, spirited, effective pictures.

This is said by way of suggestion, for with the eliminations of a few superfluous pictures and the substitution of other essential ones, "Freedom" should be and could be made a permanent achievement of the stage, sustaining conviction and heartening the people to as effective a purpose in the coming times of peace as in these times of war.

HENRY MILLER'S. "PERKINS." Comedy in three acts by Douglas Murray. Produced on October 22 with this cast:

|                |                     |
|----------------|---------------------|
| Mr. Priestly   | Frank Kemble Cooper |
| Bobby Gilmour  | Federick Lloyd      |
| Fergus Wimbush | Henry Miller        |
| Ruth Wimbush   | Florence Wollerson  |

|                |                       |
|----------------|-----------------------|
| Ada Wimbush    | Lillian Kemble Cooper |
| Mrs. Hubbard   | Tempe Pigott          |
| Minnie Hubbard | Marjorie Hast         |
| Dressmaker     | Margery Card          |
| Martha         | Frances Goodrich Ames |
| Mrs. Calthorpe | Ruth Chatterton       |

**B**ECAUSE Ruth Chatterton once made a great success as a young society woman masquerading as a cook and because Henry Miller was equally successful in portraying the untamed spirit of the open, must have been the reasons for their production of "Perkins."

Miss Chatterton again masquerades, this time as a "skivvy," or parlor maid, while Mr. Miller personates a Canadian rancher. Douglas Murray's comedy is a far from ingenious blend of the old mid-Victorian comedietta, "My Uncle's Will" and Kate Hardcastle's manoeuvre in "She Stoops to Conquer."

It is a childish, perfectly obvious, but distressingly free from anything approaching wit, cleverness or observation or literary distinction. In order to inherit under an eccentric will, Miss Chatterton must marry Mr. Miller. They've never seen each other, so Miss Chatterton pretends she's Perkins, the maid, instead of her true self, the widow, Mrs. Calthorpe.

Of course, the leading characters are conventional puppets. In addition to the co-stars, Frank Kemble Cooper and Florence Wollerson, strive hard to galvanize two shadowy roles. One charmingly pretty and artistic set is the high water mark of the production.

**HARRIS. "THE RIDDLE: WOMAN."** Play in three acts by Charlotte E. Wells and Dorothy Donnelly. Produced on October 23 with this cast:

|                      |                 |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| Olga Harboe          | Petra Weston    |
| Karen de Gravert     | Frances Carson  |
| Thora Bertol         | Beatrice Miller |
| Marie Meyer          | Beatrice Allen  |
| Nils Olrik           | Herbert Ransome |
| Lilla Olrik          | Bertha Kalich   |
| Kristine Jespersen   | Chrystal Herne  |
| Otto Meyer           | Albert Bruning  |
| Lars Olrik           | Robert Edeson   |
| Count Erik Helsinger | A. E. Anson     |
| Butler               | John Black      |

**S**UPPOSE it is a little old-fashioned, once in a while it is rather refreshing to witness a play of situations, one of these pieces that has its big dramatic moments, in which the players dig their teeth and act the grand emotions with pleasurable vigor. Such a drama is "The Riddle: Woman," a play in three acts by Charlotte E. Wells and Dorothy Donnelly, who acknowledge obligations to the Danish playwright, C. Jacobi, for a fundamental idea.

Count Helsinger—the scene is laid in Copenhagen—is a polished bad

man, a gambler and debauchee. Years before he had had a secret affair with Lilla de Gravert, now the happy wife of the rich Lars Olrik. Blackmail was the price of his silence. Another blackmail victim was Kristine Jespersen, the mother of his child.

As the play opens, he is pursuing the young daughter of a rich Jewish banker. His two victims—how they each learn that the other has succumbed to his blandishments results in a big scene—join hands to curb his further villainy. Kristine kills herself, Lilla almost chokes Helsingier to death, and recovers her incriminating letters which her magnanimous husband refuses to read. Helsingier is revealed the scoundrel he is, and the little Jewess escapes. Plenty of opportunities for emotional display, and all realized for their full histrionic worth.

It is a very impressive figure which Bertha Kalich presents as the Sphinx-like Lilla with her undercurrent of tigerish ferocity. Her technical command is admirable and her hysterical outbursts convincingly real. Her gowns, quite marvelous, are worn with fine distinction. Elegantly polished and dramatic is A. E. Anson's rendering of the *roué*, while the unfortunate Kristine is acted with the nicest simplicity and emotional appeal by Chrystal Herne. Robert Edeson is the husband, while Albert Bruning presents a gentle gracious sketch of the banker Meyer.

**SHUBERT. "SOME TIME."** Musical play in two acts by Rida Johnson Young and Rudolf Friml. Produced on October 4 with this cast:

|                     |                    |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| Mayne Dean          | Mae West           |
| Phyllis             | Beatrice Summers   |
| Henry Vaughn        | Harrison Brockbank |
| Loney               | Ed. Wynn           |
| Enid Vaughn         | Francine Larrimore |
| Dressing Room Girls | { Betty Stivers    |
|                     | { Virginia Lee     |
| Joe Allegretti      | Charles DeHaven    |
| Mike Mazetti        | Fred Nice          |
| Richard Carter      | John Merkyl        |
| Sylvia De Forest    | Frances Cameron    |
| Argentine Dancer    | Mildred LeGue      |
| Argentine Singer    | William Dorrian    |
| Apthorp             | Albert Sackett     |
| George Gray         | Harold Williams    |
| Roof Garden Manager | Francis Murphy     |
| Mr. Jones           | George Gaston      |

**E**D WYNN is usually funny, but he is never so funny as when he is making a Liberty Loan speech. He not only gets dollars to lick the Hun, but he gets laughs to run the home.

But you must see him in "Some Time" if you want to realize just how funny he is. It is the custom to denounce every Broadway musical show unreservedly, and some of

them are about as bad as musical shows can be—and live; but Ed Wynn harvests the laughs.

"Some Time" is the sort of musical show that you strive hard to remember after the third day, but you won't have to do any rubbing up of your memory to remember the absurd antics of Ed Wynn. Which is to say that this clever comedian is not only the whole show, but considerably more. If we were "so disposed," as Sairy Gamp would say, we might perpetrate a bad pun by saying that you watch Ed Wynn while the chorus girls lose, but this would be stealing Mr. Wynn's own thunder. So consider it unsaid!

When Mr. Wynn was on the stage the audience forgot "Some Time." In fact, time never occurred to them. But when he was not on the stage things dragged dreadfully. For instance, there was a hectic, pink young thing. She was supposed to be the leading lady—whatever that means nowadays—and did her best to make one forget Mr. Wynn, but, thanks to Mr. Wynn's genuine humor, one managed to live through the periods when the pink young thing was on the stage.

"Some Time" is one of those hybrid things, sired by the motion picture, which has frequent "cut ins," showing the past events in the life of the hero and heroine, very much like "Forever After," which, in turn is like "Chu Chin Chow," which, in turn, is like—but, great heavens! hasn't "On Trial" a lot to answer for when the final weigh-in time comes before the judgment seat?

**LONGACRE. "NOTHING BUT LIES."** Play in three acts and prologue, by Aaron Hoffman. Produced on October 8 with this cast:

|                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| Jefferson Nigh          | Rapley Holmes            |
| Lorna Temple            | Florence Enright         |
| George Washington Cross |                          |
|                         | William Collier          |
| Molly Connor            | Jane Blake               |
| Fred Thomas             | Robert Strange           |
| Allen Nigh              | Clyde North              |
| Hon. Timothy Connor     |                          |
|                         | William Riley Hatch      |
| Anna Nigh               | Olive Wyndham            |
| Bryan                   | Frank Monroe             |
| Foreman                 | Harry Cowley             |
| Bill                    | Gordon Burby             |
| Mike                    | Malcolm Bradley          |
| Potter                  | James Bryson             |
| Rufus Newton            | Pettingill Grant Stewart |

**I**F you are looking for satisfaction from William Collier you will find it in "Nothing But Lies." The piece is described as "A Collierism in Three Acts and a Little Bit More." Artificial it is, of course, but it is consistent, full of character, of action, of oddities, of doings and sayings that unceasingly entertain.

All the commotion is caused by a detective attempting to arrest somebody for the publication of a libel in an advertising booklet. The solution is that the detective was trying to find the author in order to offer him a large salary as publicity agent. The first and complete touch of novelty is in the prologue, with George Washington (Grant Stewart) and Ananias (Malcolm Bradley) seated (in a moving-picture effect) in conversation. George Washington is duly dignified, Ananias is aged, with flowing white beard and slangy.

In the play Collier is at his best, and his characteristic method prevails throughout the play, in which the characters are characters, Collier contributing only his proper share in the performance.

FRENCH THEATRE. "LE MARIAGE DE FIGARO," by Beaumarchais. Produced on October 21 with this cast:

|                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Le Comte Almaviva     | Robert Bogaert     |
| La Comtesse           | Lucienne Bogaert   |
| Figaro                | Jacques Copeau     |
| Suzanna               | Valentine Tessier  |
| Marceline             | Jane Lory          |
| Antonio               | Romain Bouquet     |
| Fanchette             | Renee Bouquet      |
| Cherubin              | Suzanne Ring       |
| Bartholo              | Robert Casa        |
| Basile                | Marcel Millet      |
| Don Gusman Brid'oison | Louis Juvet        |
| Double-Main           | Henri Dhurtal      |
| L'Huissier            | Henry Bart         |
| Grippe Soleil         | Lucien Weber       |
| Une Jeune Bergere     | Simone Revyl       |
| Pedrille              | Jean Sarment       |
| Une Jeune Fille       | Jessmin            |
| Une Jeune Fille       | Jeannine Bresanges |
| Une Paysanne          | Marcelle France    |

IT may be too early to decide definitely, but a snap judgment of the work of the French company at the Vieux Colombier so far seen indicates that more satisfaction if not more enjoyment is to be obtained from the classical plays than from the modern part of their repertoire. Notice a distinction is raised here in the use of the words satisfaction and enjoyment, and yet if the spectator really likes old comedy they may become synonymous. Following "Le Secret," Beaumarchais' famous "Le Marriage de Figaro" shone brilliantly.

This piece of the eccentric Revolutionary figure of France's dramatic history is still vivacious, witty and cynical. Coming at the period it did, perhaps more meanings have been read into the lines than the author ever dreamed of in his philosophy. He has been credited with deftly inoculating ideas of human freedom and brotherly love in the brains of foppish and insolent courtiers, ideas which later bore bloody fruit. In fact, it is just as probable that Beau-

marchais' one thought was to write a successful piece. Its history proved its wonderful success. But if he had lived in the days of Willard Mack and other great exemplars of the modern school he might have arrived at the crux of his plot before the beginning of the fourth act, that is, before 11 o'clock. About that hour one is thinking of bed or supper, according to one's years, and both to young and old the remaining acts invited boredom.

That this comment will stir Beaumarchais' old bones in their tomb is scarcely to be hoped, and it does not apply to the actors who stirred the bones of his play. They never tired, it seemed, but "tackled" the last act with the same animation which marked the first. Beginning with M. Copeau they are an indefatigable lot. They are, also, an excellent lot and appear to advantage in old comedy. The manager has done nothing better than Figaro, and he was ably supported by the cast down to the least important and voiceless "jeune fille." The stage was beautifully, and appropriately set, and the period costumes were quaintly interesting to see.

ASTOR. "LITTLE SIMPLICITY." A play with music in three acts. Book and lyrics by Rida Johnson Young, music by Augustus Barratt. Produced on November 4 with this cast:

|                    |                    |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| Jezirah            | Cameron Sisters    |
| Zillah             |                    |
| The Sheik of Kudah | Ben Hendricks      |
| Joseph             | Phil Ryley         |
| Clavelin           | Eugene Redding     |
| Lulu Clavelin      | Marjorie Gateson   |
| Prof. Duckworth    | Charles Brown      |
| Pierre Lefebvre    | Paul Porcasi       |
| Jack Sylvester     | Stewart Baird      |
| Philip Dorrington  | Henry Vincent      |
| Alan Van Cleeve    | Carl Gantvoort     |
| Irene              | Polly Pryer        |
| Veronique          | Carolyn Thomson    |
| Mr. Van Cleeve     | Robert Lee Allen   |
| Messenger Boy      | Allan McDonald     |
| A Young Officer    | Samuel Critcherson |
| Maude McCall       | Florence Beresford |

RIDA JOHNSON YOUNG'S acrobatic libretto for "Little Simplicity" leaps from a Tunisian café to the Latin Quarter of Paris and thence to a Y. M. C. A. hut somewhere in France. Mrs. Young cracks the whip and all of the popular musical-comedy situations jump through the hoop. Thanks to a coherent story, the characters land on their feet—in khaki, of course—at the finale.

Paul Porcasi plays a French student with a good deal of spirit and humor. Marjorie Gateson is a vigorous Mimi of the Quarter—decidedly the life of the party. Carolyn Thomson sings the title rôle—mostly

off the key—while comedy is left to Charles Brown, who is a blue-stocking professor miraculously transformed by war and the Y. M. C. A. into a cigar chewing sport.

The score is melodious, but I don't seem to remember any "whistling hits."

BIJOU. "SLEEPING PARTNERS." Farce comedy from the French of Sacha Guitry. Produced on October 5 with this cast:

|             |               |
|-------------|---------------|
| The Husband | Guy Favieres  |
| She         | Irene Bordoni |
| He          | H. B. Warner  |
| The Servant | Arthur Davis  |

"SLEEPING PARTNERS" is an adaptation of a French vaudeville by Sacha Guitry, who knows his boulevard by heart. It is distinct with the spirit of a certain slice of Paris life and is nothing but a frankly farcical bit of foolery. It is an old story of the eternal triangle.

This time the husband is a peevish, meddling fool and the other two, apparently compromised by a sleeping draught taken in mistake for aromatic spirits of ammonia, escape the consequences by ingeniously playing on the husband's fears. The material is good for an hour's fun. Dragged out to make an evening's entertainment, it has many an arid spot, not the least of which is a seventeen-minute monologue by the English hero, played by H. B. Warner, with a conscious satisfaction.

Irene Bordoni was the wife. She had little to do, but looked pretty. As her bearded husband with qualms of conscience, Guy Favieres was mildly diverting.

VANDERBILT. "THE MATINEE HERO." Play in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein and A. E. Thomas. Produced on October 7 with this cast:

|                       |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|
| Richard Leroy         | Leo Ditrichstein  |
| Mrs. Leroy            | Catherine Proctor |
| Miss Blanche Langlais | Mary Boland       |
| Miss Hopkins          | Cora Witherspoon  |
| Miss Davis            | Jessie Parnell    |
| Frances               | Josephine Hamner  |
| Frank Fairchild       | Brandon Tynan     |
| Sam McNaughton        | Robert McWade     |
| Giovanni              | William Ricciardi |

M. R. DITRICHSTEIN saved himself whole, leaving behind, however, almost his entire baggage, at the opening of the Vanderbilt Theatre with his new play, "The Matinée Hero." An admirable actor! else, in a moment when the play was at its lowest ebb of action he could not have slid into the lap of his fictional wife, curled himself up there like an affectionate dependent, all in token of submission to her will.

It was acting at its best in skill and at its worst in effect. Superficially,

the play was in its production and its acting brilliantly professional; in its idea and unreasonable construction quite the contrary. A matinée hero is an idol because of his excellence in popular nambypamby plays. An adventuress, a beautiful fortune teller, urges him to the ideal heights, the playing of Shakespeare, Hamlet to begin with. The wife is opposed to this change which may affect his popularity and his purse. The character and the attitude of the two women are most confusing. The idealistic adventuress is "thwarted," and yet, by a recitation of Hamlet's soliloquy he convinces his wife and she is that he can play Hamlet. A sudden change of opinion does not wholly commend itself to an audience. How is it possible that an actor's wife, his manager and his best friends were ignorant of his qualities until he recited a "piece"? On the other hand, it was fairly convincing that Mr. Ditrichstein, who, probably, neither denies nor affirms that he is a matinée hero," could and could play Hamlet.

The cast of "The Matinée Hero" was good, and could supply capable performers for the projected production of "Hamlet," with Robert McWade, Brandon Tynan, Catherine Proctor, Cora Witherspoon and Jessie Parnell.

**FULTON. "A STITCH IN TIME."** Comedy drama in four acts by Oliver D. Bailey and Lottie M. Meaney. Produced on October 15 with this cast:

|                           |                 |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| Gilbert Hill              | Earle Mitchell  |
| Lawrence Brockman         | Charles Hampden |
| Worthington Bryce         | Ralph Kellard   |
| Jenkins                   | David Higgins   |
| Richard Moreland          | Robert Cain     |
| Worthington Bryce, Sr.    | H. Gilmour      |
| Phoebe-Ann Hubbard        | Irene Fenwick   |
| Lela Trevor               | Grace Carlyle   |
| Mrs. Trevor Evelyn Carter | Carrington      |

IT may be difficult for a manager to assure himself in advance of "What the Public Wants." Practically, it is an easy matter—requiring only the elimination from one's bank account of a certain sum of money for a production. The superstition that no human being can foretell anything of the success or failure of a play is one of the most amusing of all crochets of the mind.

It may be assumed that Mr. Bailey was making an experiment with "A Stitch in Time" by way of tempting Providence and toying with Superstition. Here was a play in which everything was obvious and consequently undramatic. But is not everything that is going to happen in a play obvious to this wise New York public? Not unless it has all been done so

often in times past that it is a twice and many times over-told story.

"A Stitch in Time" has its variants—a struggling artist, refusing to relinquish ideals for the cash of his rich father; a designing girl, in love with another man, engaged to him; the daughter of the scrubwoman; love at first sight; while mopping around she discovers manuscript of story written by the idealist; sells it for five hundred dollars; saves her rival from running away with her lover; thus inviting a scandal upon her own head; the scandal cleared up, and so through a series of non-sequiturs the play ends happily, and Mr. Bailey finds out "What the Public Does Not Want." Of course the resourceful and intelligent Mr. Bailey will find out what is wanted.

**PLAYHOUSE. "PETER'S MOTHER."** Romantic comedy in three acts by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Produced on October 29 with this cast:

|                      |                      |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Sir Timothy Crewys   | Charles A. Stevenson |
| Lady Mary Crewys     | Selene Johnson       |
| Peter                | Philip Tonge         |
| Lady Belstone        | Katharine Stewart    |
| Miss Georgina Crewys | Lillian Brennard     |
| John Crewys, K. C.   | Lumsden Hare         |
| Canon Birch          | Walter Howe          |
| Doctor Blundell      | Frederick Truesdell  |
| Mrs. Hewell          | Kathrine Lorimer     |
| Sarah                | Gypsy O'Brien        |
| Ash                  | Herbert Belmore      |

THIS highly respectable and exceedingly English play, which did not last long on Broadway, is a delightfully peaceful war play, with no reverberations of firearms in it—only rumors, and Peter's Mother's Peter coming back home with a sleeve half empty.

Peter's Father—seen in the first act only, his absence, on the whole, being better than his company—was a typical Englishman, ruling his house with a heavy hand. Peter has enlisted secretly; his Mother may overtake him and bid him good-by; but the Father forbids this; she must be at hand when he dies, which he is likely to do at any moment. She remains. A terrible conflict between love and duty.

The play was slow in action by reason of getting down to business late, but its characters were well drawn and well acted, and it had some scenes as delightfully and artistically written and acted as you would find in a day's journey. Miss Selene Johnson, Peter's Mother, with her silvery laughter, and Miss Gypsy O'Brien, as the girl Peter loved, and Katherine Stewart and Lillian Brennard as Peter's old Aunts, were entertaining because not altogether placid. Lumsden

Hare, as the successor of Peter's Father, was capital.

**BELMONT. "I. O. U."** Play in three acts by Hector Turnbull and Willard Mack, based on the motion picture, "The Cheat." Produced on October 5 with this cast:

|                   |                     |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| "Bobo" Hardy      | Mary Nash           |
| Richard Hardy     | Frederick Truesdell |
| Ramdah Sima       | Jose Ruben          |
| Kane Cavendish    | Kenneth Hul         |
| Cecil Thornby     | Andrew Higginson    |
| Mrs. Amanda Dodge | Emily Fitzroy       |
| Lottie            | Martha McGraw       |
| Mrs. Barrows      | Helen Pingree       |
| Ruggs             | George Riddell      |
| Mr. Dorkins       | James Dolan         |
| Marie             | Florence Flynn      |
| Ganda             | Lynn B. Hammond     |
| Boy               | Nat Johnson         |

A FLIGHTY young matron plunged in debt has converted a \$10,000 charity fund to bolster up her flyer, needs monetary help. An East Indian Prince will help her, but at his own price, her honor. She consents, to avoid the form of exposure, but relents at the critical moment. Enraged and describing her as a cheat, the Prince binds her to a chair, brands her on the shoulder with a red-hot iron. The part of the wife was played by Mary Nash, who wore some exquisite gowns. The Prince was smartly acted by Jose Ruben, who evinced genuine power in the climax, but they could not save the piece in the climax.

**39TH STREET. "THE LONG DASH."** Play in three acts by Robert Mears Mackay and Victor Mapes. Produced on November 5 with this cast:

|                   |                      |
|-------------------|----------------------|
| Alma              | Millicent Evans      |
| Arlirie           | Violet Kembie Cooper |
| Borrows           | Harry T. Leeland     |
| Paul Hazleton     | Robert Edeson        |
| Maranelli         | Burton Churchill     |
| John Hazleton     | Robert Edeson        |
| William Timberly  | Byron Beasley        |
| Holmes Winter     | Malcolm Duncan       |
| Bainbridge Weston | John Terry           |
| Sartoni           | Henry E. Dixey       |
| Marie             | Georgia Lee          |
| Dr. Bruce         | Frank Decamp         |
| Miss Warrington   | Helen Hilton         |
| Senator Weston    | Burton Churchill     |
| Singly            | Harry English        |
| Whitehouse        | Walter Colligan      |
| Derkin            | J. C. Tremayne       |

TAKE two brothers, exactly alike in physique and general appearance—one, evil, strong and devilish and the other almost too good to be true—and throw them into contact with one of those alleged supermen of a German spy, then mix in "them papers" and you have "The Long Dash" by Victor Mapes, co-author of "The Boomerang," and Robert Mears Mackay. We must let a long—express our frank opinion of this play, which is, after all, not

(Concluded on page 378)



Margaret Lawrence, Arthur Byron and Frederick Perry. The wife, the friend, and the husband meet over the tea table in "Tea for Three," a variation of the triangle, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre



(Right)  
Orme Caldara and Jane Cowl in "Information, Please!" the comedy by Miss Cowl and Jane Murfin which opened the new Selwyn Theatre



(Left)  
Olive Wyndham and William Collier in "Nothing But Lies," at the Longacre, a new comedy aptly described as "a Collierism in three acts and a little bit more"

Photos White

R U N N I N G   T H E   D R A M A T I C   G A M U T

# CHILDREN'S YEAR ON THE STAGE

*Lorna Volare and other infant prodigies important factors in the success of recent Broadway productions*

By ADA PATTERSON



**T**HIS is children's year on the stage.

Never before has Broadway spread upon its amusement menu so many morsels of humanity. Five plays are depending upon their children in nearly the same degree that the temple rested upon the pillar which Samson tore away in a supreme effort of his ebbing strength.

Fancy "Daddies" without its quintette of fascinating minors! "Penrod" without Penrod would be as "Hamlet" minus Hamlet. "The Betrothal" is supported by infant talent as surely as was the Maeterlinckian fantasy of which it is the sequel. The mammoth spectacle "Freedom" has a poignant child element. A child accompanies Freedom in her pilgrimage through the

The children, seeing visions in the pool, provide one of the most natural scenes in "The Awakening." "Jonathan Makes a Wish" was a play of which a misunderstood child was the pivot. With Robert Hilliard in "A Prince There Was" is playing a wee maiden marvel of Chauncey OLCOTT's discovery.

When the season was less than two months' old, an array of six Broadway plays attested the importance of children in the drama. Others in the production included bright baby players of whom much was expected.

A curl grumbled that the boards were "being inundated with brats." A finer spirit said: "Let them come. Maybe they will teach us the art of natural acting." But whatever the attitude of managers and fellow actors toward children, the audience always welcomes the diminutive player. The appearance of a child on the stage is a guarantee of a general smile.



**T**HE greatest juvenile achievement of the children's season is the Penrod of Andrew Lawlor. Master Lawlor, who unconsciously foils the machinations of the villain in Booth Tarkington's play, is a sturdy lad of eleven. The quality of naturalness is not strained in Master Lawlor's performance of the boy who played. It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven from the limpid heart of childhood. Andrew is one of the good things that came out of the early A. H. Woods' productions before that intrepid manager invaded Broadway. Andrew's mother played oppressed heroines in dramas of terror. Andrew looked on but clearly did not absorb these radical portrayals.

He played boy parts with "The Katzenjammer Kids" and other comedies, in the cheaper theatres. With these companies were low comedians of ripe experience. Andrew stood in the wings, and learned of them. He rose to a more refined sphere when he joined Laurette Taylor's company last season in "Happiness."

Richard Ross, whose scene, when suffering the third degree from Penrod's father, is excruciatingly funny, is Andrew's friend on and off the stage. No professional jealousy has ever marred their comradeship. Helen Chandler is the vain and romantic little Marjorie Jones, with heart that looked East and West in the production.

"Daddies" might fittingly have been called "Babies" or "Adoptions." Lorna Volare, lead-

ing a quintette of children under eight years of age, captivates the hearts and stimulates the imaginations of the audiences of every age that flock to the Belasco Theatre. Lorna, who plays a French refugee adopted by a reluctant American bachelor whose heart she captures by her infantile charms, is a super little actress of six years. The baby player's accent betrays no locale, proving that her diction is faultless. Yet she is of Melbourne, Australia. Her debut upon the vocal stage occurred in the play "Barbara" with Marie Doro. It was while she was studying Barbara, which he had considered and declined for Frances Starr, that the wizard's eyes fell upon the baby Thespian. "That is the child I want for 'Daddies,'" he noted in his memory.

At "Daddies'" successful New York premiere, the baby siren was one of the largest figures in the play's success.



**M**R. BELASCO, looking at me with his smile of a Sphinx and his dark eyes that blink shortsightedly, yet see farther than is allotted to most mortal vision, said:

"Lorna is a marvelous child. I have only known one child who equalled her. That was little Maudie Adams. Maudie had the same charm, the same bright mind, the same odd little ways, that were all her own."

"Do you predict a Maude Adams' success for Lorna Volare?"

"It will depend upon the manner of her life," he rejoined. "If her home environment is calm and happy, if she studies, and if love when it comes to her is a happy one, she may become another Maude Adams. But she has an affectionate nature. If she married, and unhappily, her professional career will be blighted."

"You still believe in the unmarried woman star?"

"I do. You cannot serve two masters."

The rehearsal room, under the stage of the Belasco Theatre, looks like a nursery. With the prodigality of the artist, David Belasco has lavished a heterogeneous mass of toys upon Lorna and her four little associates, Aida Armand, the robust little girl who plays Sammy, and the twin boys and the little girl who constitute the surprising triplets allotted to a bachelor as his part of war relief work, and who are known as François and Co. For the girls there are dolls and doll houses, for the boys marbles and automatic trains, a hobby horse and an automobile. The strange fact that one of the stage triplets dropped a toy train and crossed the room to coddle a doll disclosed the supposed boy as a girl.



**C**HAUNCEY OLCOTT sang to seven-year-old Bonnie Marie in "Once Upon a Time" last season. Robert Hilliard, seeing the play, thought him of one of his own plays that was as a peak in his career, Richard Harding Davis's "The Littlest Girl," and appropriated the tiny mime. While Mr. Olcott hesitated, uncertain as to whether the play George M. Cohan was writing for him, "The Voice of McConnell" would contain a small enchantress, he lost Bonnie Marie.

**R**EGINALD SHEFFIELD, the boy Adonis, plays Tytyl in "The Betrothal." The foremost child player of the Maeterlinckian sequel to "The Blue Bird," is one of the handsomest children in the profession. Often he has been compared with the creator of Adonis and the chief male conservator of perennial pulchritude, Henry E. Dixey.

Reggie's most recent appearance on Broadway, antedating his characterization of Tytyl, was in "The Happy Ending" of unhappily speedy termination. But the brevity of its life was not due to the good little guide who led mortals wandering from here through hereafter. He has absorbed the inspiration that wells from the great, for he was the Robin in "Merry Wives of Windsor" with James K. Hackett and the late Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

Reginald's fellow players, who have reached the years of mimicry though not of discretion, are Baby Ivy Ward, three and a half years' old and addicted to dolls; Helen Rickla Reinecke, the infantile toe dancer who has been styled the little Genee; Wanda Valle, of roguish eyes and nimble feet; Vivienne Dolissis Gisson, Jean Bailey and Dorothy Strong.

To William Battista, of the pensive, poet eyes, has come an inestimable honor. He accompanies the stately prima donna, Marcia Van Dresser, the Freedom of the mammoth patriotic pageant, on a pilgrimage of the ages. As Henry Archer, he remains on the stage throughout the long performance, a constant satellite of the star. Professionally he can be traced to the great Davids. He is Belasco-trained and Warfield-inspired.



**T**HE Awakening's contribution to the children's season is the trio comprising Cornish Beck, Charles Eaton, Jr., and Josephine Mastale. Master Beck made his debut when seven years old with Nazimova, and was one of the children in the pioneer war play, "Moloch." Herbert Brennon, seeing picture possibilities in him, made of him the "little lone wolf," in "The Lone Wolf" and Julius Steger cast him for the child in the picture version of "Just a Woman." In motion picturedom he is known as an emotional child-actor. In the vernacular he is engaged "to do the weeps." He is one of the brightest children of the Stage Children's School at the Rehearsal Club. His ambition is not to be an E. H. Sothern, but to be graduated from that school in June. Josephine Mastale is a motion picture product. Ask Charles Eaton, Jr. what is the most vivid memory of his career and he will tell you it was his fourth birthday when the leading lady of a Washington stock company gave him a natal day party in her dressing room. He has been on the stage more than half his life, for he made his debut, which he cannot recall, at three years old, and he is now seven and "nearly grownup." The seasons since the memorable birthday party in the dressing room were filled with his engagements in "The Blue Bird" and as Peter in "Mother Carey's Chickens."

At all events the children of the children's season, 1918-1919, are heartily welcome on our boards.





White  
David Belasco telling a story to the children appearing in "Daddies."

Lorna Volare, who scored a hit in the play, is the first child on the left



REGGIE SHEFFIELD

Who is Tytyl in Winthrop Ames' production of Maeterlinck's "The Betrothal"



HELEN CHANDLER

The adorable Marjorie Jones in "Penrod"



RICHARD ROSS

Penrod's accomplice and right-hand man—Sam Williams



WILLIAM BATTISTA

In the mammoth patriotic pageant "Freedom" at the Century



CORNISH BECK

Recently in "The Awakening," made his stage debut when seven with Nazimova

# THE LITTLE THEATRE GOES TO WAR

*New stage movement ceases its artistic activities to fight for Uncle Sam*

By LISLE BELL



**T**HE little theatre does not flourish in war gardens. It is a growth which demands watering, and war is a drought. A year ago, you could scarcely stick a pin into the map without pricking a little theatre center, for they were everywhere—tiny free-agents of art, dotting the landscape like daisies.

The little theatre had begun to develop a surprising hardihood. At first a fragile and exotic bloom, requiring assiduous tending, it gradually began to take root in all kinds of soil. The profuse Washington Square variety, the carefully nurtured Boston hot-house variety—these found themselves rivaled by new forms which sprang up in the comparatively uncultivated soil of the middle west. No one had a monopoly on the movement.

Then came the war—and the little theatre has gone down fighting. This business of settling Germany has left a handful of survivors, like isolated veterans. When we come to compile the dramatic losses of the war, the little theatre will head the casualty list.

The blow fell just when the movement was beginning to reap what it had sown. People no longer indulged indulgently at it. Commercial managers were finding it wise to reckon with it. Belasco had accorded it the tribute of adverse attention.



**P**ERHAPS you chanced to be attending a little theatre the night of the President's war proclamation, and heard it read from the stage—an episode which gave to the entr'acte dramatic values eclipsing any play. Probably it did not occur to anyone that evening that the little theatre was listening to its own fate. Nevertheless, the writing was on the wall, and the writing which was on the wall the day since been pared down to one word and cribbed to the door: "Dark."

So while the commercial theatre has been wrestling with the problems of how to collect war tax, and how to pick war-time "hits" and how to replace drafted employees, and how to assemble exempt male choruses that won't be too much like cartoons, and other things so momentous, the little theatre has gone quietly about the quite vital job of winding up its affairs—and going to war.

For that is what the little theatre has done. It was, in fact, the natural thing to expect. From its birth, the little theatre movement has been trained to fight, so that the transition to another sphere of action may not be such a wrench after all. There has always been enough opposition to keep the movement from taking on the inertia and commercialism have been its traditional kaisers, and the little theatre has had to guard its frontier from the start.

Not all the little playhouses, of course, have ceased to function, but the number grows less each month. The Provincetown Players have bravely launched a third season in their new playhouse in Macdougall Street. This group is one of the active survivors.

The Washington Square players wrote "finis" as long ago as last May. Many members of the organization are already either in France or on their way there. Edward Goodman, their director, found a new field for his activities at General Hospital Number 5, where he organized the Fort Ontario Players. Glenn Hunter and Jay Strong, former members of the organization, have been associated with him in putting on programs of one-act plays. So the Washington Square germ, one of the most active and aggressive in the whole little theatre movement, has not really been eradicated, after all. The war has just spread it about a little.



**T**HE Greenwich Village, New York's newer little theatre, has been handed over to the Coburns, and several of its members are now in active service. When the Greenwich Village theatre was first opened, its purpose was set forth as "to establish a home for the art of the theatre, and to gather a company of players and craftsmen who recognize the theatre as an art-medium." "No such consummation can be achieved in a day or a year," said Frank Conroy at that time. And what was true then, before anyone fully realized the magnitude of our share in the war, is doubly true now. The Greenwichers have relinquished their enterprise for the duration of the war, and the Coburns have stepped in.

In Philadelphia, the little theatre has met war conditions by changing from a resident company theatre to one which books in the usual way. The Arts and Crafts Theatre of Detroit, formerly

are now in abeyance. None has been immune from the interference of Mars. A mainstay of quite a few of them has been a "supporting membership," and "supporting members" quite properly divert their philanthropic contributions into direct war channels in these times. The little theatre has never suffered from over-endowment even in times of peace and it has been quick to feel the war-time pinch. Just now, the "angel" is, for all practical purposes, an extinct bird.

And with the little theatre adjourned, the one-act play suffers. The curtain-raiser of the London playhouse is an idea which has never got much of a footing on this side, so that—with the exception of the strained and scattered one-acters which find their way into vaudeville—that form of drama has had to look to the little theatre for its major outlet. Of course, the commercial manager has been willing to try bills of Barrie and similar ventures, but he has not gone very deeply into one-act productions. As a stable business proposition, he cannot "see" them. They look to him too much like needless risks. And needless risks are not in his line—war or no war.

So the man who writes one-act plays is feeling the pinch. There are a few magazine markets, and a few vaudeville possibilities—if he remains sufficiently unsubtle, but the zest of backing his product against a field of similar output, and testing it amid its fellows in a bill of one-act pieces, must remain untasted for the duration of the war. The little theatre has been the forum of the one-acter. The forum is closed.



**A**FTER the war, however, one feels safe in prophesying a revival of interest in the little theatre and the one-act play which will pass its previous gains in every way. Why? The little theatre is essentially a democratic product, and democratic products are going to come into their own. The little theatre is a laboratory of experiment, and the world is going to be more receptive to experiments.

For the one-act play, it should be the dominant medium for the expression of this experimental mood. It has already given some hint of possibilities in this field. Think of the one-acters of the last few years which have touched social problems, sex problems and economic problems. Weigh the merit of such one-act war plays as those of Barrie, for example, with the merit of the average full-length plays of our current stage carpenters, turned out to order, full of spy, spite and

the movement is only suffering a hard winter after all. The leaves may be withered, but there is still plenty of sap in the roots. The next summer is just ahead, when the war will send up fresh shoots, more vigorous than the old. The little theatre will blossom more luxuriantly than ever. Even Belasco, when one of its blooms to adorn his lapel, will find himself marveling why he ever called it dead.



Burnett

**CECIL ARDEN**

The gifted contralto who has met with considerable success at the Metropolitan Opera House



Fairchild

**MARCIA VAN DRESSER**

The well-known concert singer who is appearing in the title rôle of "Freedom" at the Century. This photograph, showing her in that character, was posed by Livingston Platt



© Strauss-Peyton

**DOROTHY FOLLIS**

Lyric soprano with the Chicago Opera Company and a concert singer of charm



Johnston

**GANNA WALSKA**

With beauty, and a voice of rare quality, it is little wonder that Mme. Walska is a favorite on the operatic and concert stage



Geisler & Andrews

**MARGUERITE NAMARA**

Of the Chicago Opera Company, who has appeared at concerts with Elman and Caruso. She has a vivid personality and is known among audiences as "the intimate concert singer." In private life, Mme. Namara is the wife of Guy Bolton, the playwright

**SOME FAVORITE SONG BIRDS**



© B. A. H.

Photograph Charlotte Fairchild

ETHEL BARRYMORE AS AMERICA

*"Unconditional Surrender"*

FROM A NEW SERIES OF PATRIOTIC PICTURES ARRANGED BY BEN ALI HAGGIN



© B. A. H.

Photograph Charlotte Fairchild

**MAXINE ELLIOTT AS BRITANNIA**

*"Britons Never Shall be Slaves"*



© B. A. H.

Photograph Charlotte Fairchild

**IRENE CASTLE AS FRANCE**

*"They Shall Not Pass"*



© B. A. H.

Photograph Charlotte Fairchild

**BILLIE BURKE AS THE RED CROSS**

*"The Greatest Mother on Earth"*

# TOLSTOI DRAMA A BROADWAY SENSATION

*In an acting part of the first magnitude  
John Barrymore reveals himself a true artist*



THE recent production of Tolstoi's drama, "The Living Corpse," at the Plymouth Theatre, under the less gruesome title "Redemption" proved one of the sensational successes of the new season. First staged in Europe, a year after the great Russian philosopher's death, the play was viewed as being, in part, a confession of his own life. It met with great success in European theatres, and with John Barrymore in the exacting rôle of Fedya Protosov, and atmospheric scenery designed by Robert Edmond Jones, it is likely to attract as much attention in this country.

The play opens in the home of Fedya's wife, where she has just established her home separately from her husband. She has left him, taking their baby, because of his dissipations, but she finds that she loves him too much to give him up, so she calls on an old admirer of hers to make a final plea to Fedya, offering forgiveness and suggesting a reconciliation. Victor, the admirer, finds Fedya in the gypsy haunt to which the poetic but irresolute young Russian had turned for consolation, listening to the gypsy singing, and beginning a love affair with the gypsy girl, Masha. Victor gives Fedya the letter to his wife:

FEDYA: You know what's in this letter, Victor?

VICTOR: Yes—your wife asked me to find you and to tell you she's waiting for you. She wants you to forget everything and come back. Fedya—come home.

FEDYA (*smiling rather whimsically*): You're a much finer person than I am, Victor. Of course, that's not saying much. I'm not very much good, am I? But that's exactly why I'm not going to do what you want me to do. It's not the only reason, though. The real reason is that I just simply can't. How could I?

VICTOR: Come along to my rooms, Fedya, and I'll tell her you'll be back to-morrow.

FEDYA: To-morrow can't change what we are. She'll still be she, and I will still be I, to-morrow. No, it's better to have the tooth out in one pull. Didn't I say that if I broke my word to her she was to leave me? Well, I've broken it, and that's enough.

Fedya then turns back to the singing gypsies, and Victor goes away. The next scene shows Victor's mother, greatly distressed because, after the refusal of Fedya to return to his wife, Victor had confessed his great love for her, and Lisa had confessed that she returned it, and they wanted to be married if a divorce could be had, in spite of the fact that the powerful Russian church, of which Victor was an orthodox member, forbade divorce and remarriage. Lisa pays a visit to Victor's mother, at Victor's insistence, and the two women, touched to mutual devotion by the love each has for Victor, agree to try to find some way of bringing Lisa and Victor together. They decide to send Prince Sergius, an old friend of Victor's mother, to ask Fedya if he will give them cause for a divorce. Fedya is in a plainly furnished room, the best he can now afford, and Masha, his gypsy singer, comes to him.

MASHA: Why didn't you come over to us?

FEDYA: I didn't come because I had no money.

MASHA: Oh, why is it I love you so?

FEDYA: Masha!

MASHA (*imitating him*): Masha! What's that mean? If you loved me, by now you'd

have your divorce. You say you don't love your wife, but you stick to her like grim death.... it's your mind that you never can make up, causing you all this worry.

FEDYA: Well, Masha, after all, you've got all I can give, the best I've ever had to give, perhaps, because you're so strong, so beautiful, that sometimes you've made me know how to make you glad.

Fedya and Masha are interrupted by Masha's parents, who accuse her of having thrown herself away. This Fedya stoutly denies, declaring that he has not harmed her, but the gypsy parents, drag the girl away, and into the end of the uproar, Prince Sergius announces himself. Fedya assures Prince Sergius that he wishes his wife to have her freedom, that he will not stand in her way.

FEDYA: Victor is splendid, very decent, in fact, the opposite of myself, and he's loved her since her childhood, and maybe she loved him, even before we were married. After all, that happens, and the strongest love is perhaps unconscious love. Yes, I think she's always loved him, far, far down, beneath what she would admit to herself, and this feeling of mine has been like a black shadow across our married life.... No brightness could suck up that shadow. And so I suppose I never was satisfied with what my wife gave me, and I looked for every kind of distraction, sick at heart because I did so. I see it more and more clearly since we've been apart. Oh, but I sound as if I were defending myself. God knows I didn't want to do that. No, I was a shocking bad husband. I say was, because now I don't consider myself her husband at all. She's absolutely free. There, does that satisfy you?

PRINCE SERGIUS: Yes, but you know how strictly orthodox Victor and his family are.... they consider that any union without a church marriage is—well, to put it mildly—unthinkable.

But Fedya refuses to give grounds for the only divorce which the church would countenance, even by dispensation. However, in the end, he does promise Prince Sergius, in a passage not understood by the Prince, to remove himself as an obstacle. In the following scene, after he has written a letter to Lisa and Victor, Fedya tries to shoot himself. He cannot do it. His irresolution pursues him even there, and his pistol falls from his temple. Then Masha, escaped from her parents, comes singing into the room. She sees the pistol, upbraids him savagely, presses her own claim to happiness upon him, and finally, remembering that it is a notorious fact among Fedya's friends that he cannot swim, suggests to him that he pretend to drown himself, thus leaving Lisa free, and himself alive with Masha. To this, Fedya consents, and in the final scene of the first act, Lisa and Victor receive the letter telling them that Fedya is "no longer in existence."

The second act opens in a dirty, underground dive, where Fedya now "The Living Corpse" of the play's original title, is drinking with a poet vagabond whose sympathy warms him to tell his own amazing story. Fedya tells how he has always loved Masha, but that after a little while together, they had felt that no happiness could come to them, so they had parted. Then he tells how his former wife and Victor have married, and that he sometimes passes their house. This conversation is intruded upon by a frequenter of the dive, but the men drive him away, unfortunately not far enough, for he stops

and listens to the rest of Fedya's confession. This man, Artimiev, finally interrupts.

ARTIMIEV: Excuse me, but you know I've been listening to that story of yours. It's a very good story, and what's more, a very useful one. You say you don't like being without money, but really there's no need of your ever finding yourself in that position.

FEDYA (*interrupting*): Look here, I wasn't talking to you, and I don't need your advice.

ARTIMIEV: But I'm going to give it to you, just the same. Now, you're a corpse. Well, suppose you come to life again.

FEDYA: What?

ARTIMIEV: Then your wife and that fellow she's so happy with—they would be arrested for bigamy. The best they'd get would be ten years in Siberia. Now you see where you have a steady income, don't you?

FEDYA (*furiously*): Stop talking and get out of here.

ARTIMIEV: The best way is to write him a letter. If you don't know how, I'll do it for you. Just give me their address, and afterwards, when the ruble notes commence to drop in, how grateful you'll be!

FEDYA: Get out! Get out! I haven't told you anything!

Artimiev, balked, then fights and downs Fedya, and turns him over to the police.

The next scene shows the home of Lisa and Victor, where for years they have been happily married, and into this, comes a letter from a magistrate, summoning Lisa in the bigamy case which has come out of Fedya's arrest. Fedya, Lisa and Victor meet in the room of the examining magistrate. Lisa and Victor are examined first, and both protest their good faith. Fedya is called in. He is sodden, and fearfully shabby, and during his confinement in jail, has grown a straggling beard.

FEDYA: There were three human beings alive, I, he, and she. We all bore towards one another a most complex relation. We were all engaged in a spiritual struggle, beyond your comprehension: the struggle between anguish and peace; between falsehood and truth.

Suddenly this struggle ended in a way that set us free. Everybody was at peace. They loved my memory, and I was happy, even in my degradation, because I'd done what should have been done, and cleared away my weak life from interfering with their strong, good lives.

And yet, we're all alive. When suddenly, a bastard adventurer appears, who demands that I abet this filthy scheme. I drive him off as I would a diseased dog, but he finds you, the defender of public justice, the appointed guardian of morality, to listen to him. And you, who receive on the twentieth of each month a few kopeks' gratuity for your wretched business, you get into your uniform, and in good spirits proceed to torture and bully people whose threshold you are not clean enough to cross. Then, when you've had your fill of showing off your wretched power, you sit and smile there, in your damned complacent dignity—

The examining magistrate interrupts, and has Fedya removed.

In the final scene, outside the courtroom where the trial is going on, the lawyer and Fedya are seen in a brief conference, in which Fedya learns that the most favorable verdict that could possibly be returned would be a pardon, and a reuniting of himself and his former wife.

The most favorable verdict is repeated to him, at his request, and as the horror of this is made plain to him, he summons the courage he had lacked earlier, and shoots himself.





Photos White

Thamara Swirskaya    Mona Hungerford    John Barrymore

Act I. Fedya (Mr. Barrymore): "He came to take me home to my wife. You see she loves even a fool like me."



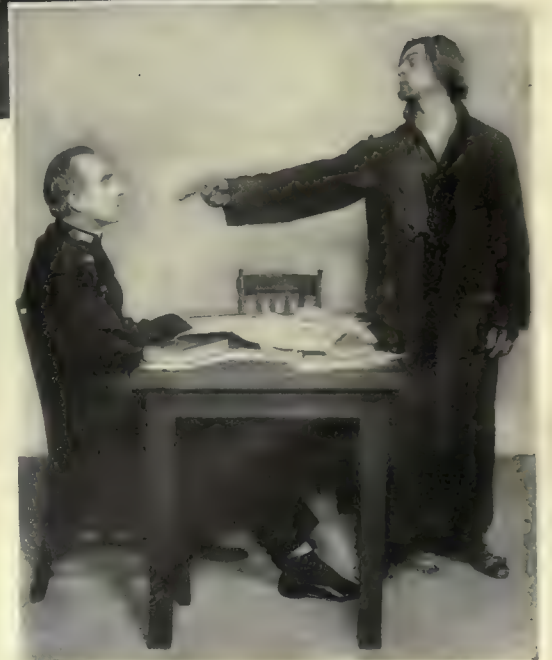
John Barrymore in Act I.

Fedya, having promised to remove himself as an obstacle to his wife's marriage with another man, prefers suicide to the degradation of the divorce courts, but finds that he has not the will to pull the trigger



E. J. Ballantine    John Barrymore    Thomas Mitchell

Act II. The blackmailer, who has overheard Fedya's story, tries to force him to "come to life" in order to get money from his wife and her husband



Charles Kennedy    John Barrymore

Act II. Fedya, after cross examination by the magistrate, turns on him and denounces him for stupid and blind interference, in the name of Justice, into the deepest places in the hearts of three people, all of whom were innocent of any wrong



Act II. Fedya has just shot himself. His former wife bends over him while he calls to Masha, the gypsy singer

TOLSTOI'S "REDEMPTION" TOLD IN PICTURES

# THE THEATRICAL MARRIAGE

"Hello, old scout! Say, why don't you invite me to one of your weddings?"

—Willie Collier to Nat Goodwin

By ZOE BECKLEY



**J**UST because the number of Nat Goodwin's wives is steadily climbing up towards the number of his automobile, the public's lip has got the habit of curling at theatrical marriages. The retort courteous is, "Certainly theatrical marriages are often flivvers, but no oftener than other marriages."

Julie Opp Faversham declares, asserts, alleges, and maintains that there are quite as many successfully mated actors as can be found on the other side of the footlights. Frank Wilstach, who from his 44th Street publicity office gazes out over the theatre zone like a gargoyle on Notre Dame (only handsomer), and knows everything about similes and stagefolk, insists that whoever says there aren't more happy marriages on the boards than off is as wrong as the man who tries to get to Times Square on a Brooklyn sub train.

Pitting the popular view against an actual canvass, let's see the net result. Take a random list, say seventeen, popular players and see how they compare with an equal number of your own private-life friends.

Otis Skinner and his wife, Maud Durbin, admit without a blush that they are the Darby and Joan of the profession. Married twenty years, neither has ever signalled the conductor of the matrimonial tram to stop, nor even asked for a transfer. Modest and wholesome and finely intelligent, Mrs. Skinner has a charm which seems to explain her talented lord's devotion.



**B**UT my dear, you can't go a bit by that," says she with her lovely smile. "Some of the charmingest persons on earth do not charn their marriage partners long. It is two other things. First, luck in finding a mate who has fidelity as a part of character. Second, that you have the best of all mutual interests, a child.

"We have our daughter who throughout her eighteen years has been our strongest bond. And Mr. Skinner is the most devoted father I have ever known. But to those who have no children I should say, "Do not be *competitive*. Find a mutual ground on which you can both meet and cultivate a common interest if it is only collecting postage stamps."

The Skinners live at Bryn Mawr, Pa., near the college where daughter goes. Daughter writes and acts, inheriting the talent of her player parents. When Dad goes away on his long trips, friend wife and friend daughter stay at home, each with her own vivid occupations, storing up fresh interests for all against his return. Find a happier marriage anywhere than the Skinners!

Laurette Taylor and Hartley Manners, playwright, have only six years to offer as a sample. But Laurette "adores" her husband, true and honest. Folks in the adjoining suites of the hotels they frequent report no domestic debacles. And unless someone better posted than the mighty managers of Whitelight Lane knows aught to the contrary, the Manners-Taylor team must be listed among the happies.

To unearth John Drew's matrimonial beginning we must go back into the past some—can it be possible?—thirty-odd years. He and Josephine Baker, of Philadelphia, are recorded as wed in 1880. And they have stayed wed. It is possible that Josephine and John have had their spats and clashes, for neither is weak-minded. But they have stuck, and no envenomed situations have been revealed to an ever-interested world.



**O**F Ethel Barrymore and her husband, Russell G. Colt, we may have heard vague rumors. But we also hear occasional rumors about our own Cousin Cornelia back in Sodus Center who married that young feller with the curly hair, and they do say that him and Cornelia sometimes gives each other a piece of their mind, and Aunt Matildy says her sister-in-law's aunt heard—etc. No one denies that the cares of a big business man sometimes make him peevisish. Or that Ethel probably has a share of the Barrymore temperament (which includes brains). Or that riches, beauty, brains, babies and career create a complex situation out of which a ripple or two might reasonably emanate. Cousin Cornelia and her man think Sodus Center is gossipy. But lands sakes alive, compared with them, an actress has no more seclusion than a goldfish in a glass bowl. And so maybe we occasionally "hear rumors." Yet they too have stuck for nine years, and to believers in the theory that the first five are the most difficult in married life, that means a lot.

John Barrymore's divorce has recently been bruited on Broadway. So much for that.

Nazimova and Charles Bryant, her actor husband, admit they are a harmonious pair. Any voices to the contrary? Mme. Alla once told me that the two important goals on earth were success and motherhood. And that she would gladly give whatever success she possessed for a baby of her own to love. "But alas," she added, "I am a dead tree. I will content myself with work and comradeship."

William Hodge, who married Helen Hale, the dancer, is notably a husband without a grievance. The froth of "Peggy from Paris" has obviously not affected Mrs. Hodge's substantial qualities of character for no neighbors can be found who fail to vouch for her as an ideal wife, mother and friend. Possibly the education she acquired at Vassar has added "that bliss which only centers in the mind."



**A**PPROACHING the case of Gertrude Elliott, an opportunity is afforded to slosh round in sentiment ankle deep. Ha! Here is a theatre marriage to quell the carpers with! Miss Elliott married Johnston Forbes-Robertson eighteen years ago and they think it was eight! Not a breath of question as to their happiness has ever stirred. So far as anybody knows that anybody is happy, everybody knows the Forbes-Robertsons are happy. Maxine Elliott, said by

her intimates to be a bit of a skeptic toward men and marriage, gets immense pleasure from her sister's children and her sister's delightful home in Bedford Square, London.

Leo Ditrichstein and Josephine Wehrle, have stayed continuously married to each other for twenty-two years. No further comment needed.

Geraldine Farrar gave up a gloriously romantic freedom to become Mrs. Lou-Tellegen and I have it from her own lovely lips that Lou "is the most wonderful husband in the universe!" It is Gerry's first and, she insists, will be her only marriage, whereas Mr. Tellegen in his blind youth had a preliminary matrimonial canter which won no prize.

Tully Marshall and his wife, Marian Fairfax, the dramatist, appear to hit it off perfectly. They became yokemates twenty years ago and trouble has not yet been trumpeted upon the Rialto nor along the shores of Shoreham where is their home.

Perhaps it is too soon to hold up Elsie Ferguson and her husband, Thomas Clarke, as examples of marital stability since they are but little past the newlywed period. Those who know the cultured intelligence and spiritual fineness of Miss Ferguson, however, count upon this meeting as both wise and lasting.

The same may be said of Frank Craven and his wife, Mary Blythe, formerly Mrs. Arnold Daly. Yet their friends are ready to gamble everything from Liberty Bonds to last year's birds-nests that the Cravens are as suited to each other as tea and toast. Mary is the tea—the stimulating factor. If it were not for Mary, Frank would probably never collect his salary or see about having the car newly upholstered or the lawn barbered. If it were not for Frank there would not be the beautiful home at Great Neck or—or small John, aged half past two. They are happy and busy and wholesome and hospitable and perfect complements for each other. Q.E.D., they are a successful couple.



**I**F Jane Cowl has ever hurled the coffeepot at Adolph Klauber, or if Adolph has ever said damn and banged the door as he went off to the club, no one seems to have got wind of it. I met Mr. Klauber once in Miss Cowl's dressing-room and carried away the impression that *there* was a pair who had kept mutual interest well alive and were threatened with a long term of domestic harmony.

In March, 1913 (or was it September?) William Courtenay told me that no female had ever been born or ever would be who could rope-and-throw him into matrimony. The next day he up and married Virginia Harned (for seventeen years Mrs. E. H. Sothern), and I have never been able to learn that he was punished for ruining my story by being unhappy ever after. On the contrary, my bloodthirsty inquiries have always met with the assurance that they are one of the most flagrantly congenial of couples, theatrical or otherwise.

Margaret Illington (formerly Mrs. Daniel Frohman) after nine years, still takes tea with



Vayana

CARLOTTA MONTEREY

This attractive young player achieved considerable success 'Bird of Paradise,' on tour, appearing in "Be Calm, Camilla" comedy by Clare Kummer at Booth Theatre. Early this she was seen in "Mr. Barnum." Monterey is under the management of Chamberlain Brown



© Moffett

INA CLAIRE

"Polly With a Past" has brought Miss Claire to the front as one of the most promising of our younger actresses. After a long New York run, "Polly" is now being presented in other cities



Bushnell

CLARA MOORES

Duplicating the hit she made on Broadway as leading lady with William Hodge on tour

EVELYN EGERTON

Who was a stately and beautiful figure as the haughty daughter of the governor in the English operetta recently presented here, "The Maid of the Mountains"

her second husband, Edward J. Bowes, after an arduous day buying curtains for their romantic country place in the Hastings hills.

The Favershams, of all stage people, are perhaps the most validly consorted pair to be found. They have been married seventeen years and one has only to step into the library of their old brick house on East 17th Street to sense the atmosphere of adjustment and permanence. The chairs are fat and worn-looking, easy to body and mind, like everything else in the room. There are many thumbed books and a hard-working desk, and friendly, autographed pictures of celebrities about. Whether the two boys, Will and Phil, are present or not, the truest of familyship is.

Just this about marriage," confesses Faversham. "It is as much a profession as a career. You've got to view marriage as a business thing to make your money and to make your place in the world as good as much.

Moore, with whom she lives in a sort of miraculous blush-rose serenity. There are many crossed and tangled wires in the theatre's matrimonial switchboard. But for every failure I will dig you up a pair of good team-mates like George Cohan and Agnes Nolan; Fred Stone and Alene Crater; Elsie Leslie and William Jefferson Winter; Richard Carle and Ella Clifford; Wilton Lackaye and Alice Evans; the W. H. Cranes; Isabel Irving and W. H. Thompson; the Blinns, Holbrook and Ruth; Alice Fischer and William Harcourt; Margaret Anglin and Howard Hull, and scores of others from whose divorce fees no lawyer has ever bought any automobiles.

You may also point triumphantly to the stars of the profession who have not assumed the yoke. But it is not provable that they have been frightened by the experiences of their fellow artists. Maude Adams's "love of solitude, animals and nature has led her to withdraw from the world, being happier thus than she would have been as the wife of any man and the mother of children," as David Belasco explains it.

The foremost Belasco actresses—Frances Clarke and Lenore Ulric—are also un-

"I consider it impossible," says Belasco, "to divide one's serious interest. I am lucky too, in having a home. My wife and I with me and make an environment in which my work in the theatre, satisfies me. If I had been lonely I should have been lonely yet I shall—when my stage amends me."

"It is," said David Belasco, with a boy-like smile of his, "and you will find that really superb players are unmarried. The girls who act under my management are bound to singleness. They are busy at any moment. I hate matrimony and stage work will not wait. A jealous wife or an interfering mother ruins any young career. Let a young girl who marries late choose a wife out of the profession, who will make a separate home for her. And let the actress who is ready to leave the stage and devote her time and soul to domestic things."

Belasco's responsibility, on the other hand, is placed upon the lovely Jane Grey upon the stage. She was married at the age of Juliet and seventeen, with a girl and boy to be raised for and educate, surveyed her

at Middlebury, Vt. with an eye to possibilities. There weren't any. So with a convent education and the face of a church-window

angel, Miss Grey fared forth to earn. She learned to act because it paid nine times better than stenogging in an office. Success has never elaborated her quiet tastes.

"What success I have," says Jane, "is solely because of my children. I had to make good for their sakes. I owe them everything."

Children have a stronger influence on actor-folk than the layman knows. Blanche Bates and her husband, George Creel, behave as if there were nothing really important in the universe except their two babies. Eddie Foy has for years cheerfully taken eighth place behind his regiment of little Foy's. Ed Wynn, who married Hilda, daughter of Frank Keenan, would rather talk kids than contracts. Pauline Hall keeps house with her daughter in Yonkers and can rarely be dragged from her puddings and preserve-making except to replenish Pauline Junior's party dresses or arrange for a new course of Pauline Junior's music studies.

When old friends say "Oh, Polly, go back to the stage; you're as handsome as ever, don't bury yourself up here!" she answers, "Shush—don't bother me. I'm happier here with the youngster."

Louise Drew, "that little divvle Bee Drew," has gone and married wild Jack Devereux, and now the baby son threatens to sober down the entire family, and anchor it in the Long Island wilderness.

By these tokens it looks as though the stage were not so much a realm of soapbubble marriages as it has been painted. Even as a matrimonial bureau for the aristocracy of Wall Street, Pittsburg and Great Britain, it makes not so bad a showing.

August Belmont and Eleanor Robson have lived as placidly as your Uncle Abner and Aunt Susan up in Seacat County. William E. Corey and his Mabelle have not been heard calling for help. Edna May, who wedded a millionaire Lewisohn, has many years of happy English life to look back upon. There is the classic, long-term marriage of Mary Anderson and Antonio F. de Navarro which has been without rift or flurry for twenty-nine years. And are we not always hearing of London's former Gayety girls who have stepped gracefully into the peerage and gracefully and graciously remain there, doing war work?

Taking it by and large, then, we insist that theatrical marriages are as lasting as most. And that it's no fair taking Nat for a standard.

P.S.: Despite rumors about No. Six, up to the time of going to press, Mr. Goodwin has only been married five times.

## DO YOU KNOW THAT—

Trixie Friganza's real name is Delia O'Callahan and that before she received parental consent to go on the stage, she ran away and joined a repertoire company, for which her father had her arrested by a policeman?

Billie Burke was named "Billie" because her father was certain that "it" would be a boy and named her before her birth?

Avery Hopwood, author of "Fair and Warmer" and other successful farces, merely considers them "pot-boilers" and hopes sometime in future to succeed as a novelist?

Olga Nethersole has nursed two thousand soldiers in her garden at Hampstead Heath, just outside of London, since the beginning of the war, after having been rejected as a Red Cross nurse on account of a weak heart?

President Wilson and John D. Rockefeller play the violin?

Julia Marlowe's name was Sarah Frost?

Jascha Heifetz was held up and robbed of a decoration given him by the late Czar, during a Petrograd riot before he came to this country?

Percy Haswell never appears on the stage without an elephant in bronze, gold, ivory or wood attached to a bracelet, necklace or ring?

Madam Schumann-Heink began her operatic studies after she had been dismissed from a choir in Dresden, because she forgot to sing when the King of Saxony entered the church and attracted her attention from the conductor's baton, which came down sharply over her knuckles?

Harry Williams received a fortune from the sales of "The Shade of the Old Apple Tree," which he wrote on a street-car late one night?

David Belasco tried "over-head lighting" effects on the stage when he was so short of funds that he was obliged to employ a bull's-eye lantern?

Frank Tinney is a licensed embalmer and that Tully Marshall once worked for an undertaker, before he became an actor and actually wore the fringe from a hearse on his costume (as a prince) when he made his first stage appearance?

Nazimova once pushed a wheel-cart holding her costumes and baggage through the streets of London—when she was too poor to pay the cartage from the railway station to the theatre at which she was to appear?



**NATALIE MANNING**

Supporting her uncle, Louis Mann, in "Friendly Enemies" at the Hudson. Although successful in amateur theatricals, this is Miss Manning's first appearance on the professional stage



*Mishkin*

**BETH MARTIN**

Who is in the cast of "Lightnin'" hopes one day to be as popular on the legitimate stage as her father, Riccardo Martin, has been on the operatic stage



*White*

**BLYTHE DALY**

Arnold Daly's daughter made her debut this season as Miss Fletcher, a Red Cross Nurse, in the patriotic play "Getting Together"—and a charming nurse she was, too

**FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS OF THEIR ELDERS**



*Brunel*

**ROLAND WEST**

Whose initial output, "The Unknown Purple," now at the Lyric Theatre, augurs well for his future as a producer and playwright. Mr. West not only presented the piece, but is mainly responsible for its authorship



*© Hixon-Connelly*

**LEON GORDON**

Who made a successful American debut both as actor and playwright in "Watch Your Neighbor." As the "silly ass" Englishman he proved himself a capable actor, and as co-author, a promising playwright



**ANTHONY PAUL KELLY**

The author of "Three Faces East" is only twenty-two years old, and is now a U. S. sailor. Two years ago he won quick fame as a motion picture scenario writer. "Three Faces East" is Mr. Kelly's first play

**THREE PLAYWRIGHTS WHO HAVE PLEASSED BROADWAY**

# A CHAT WITH CYRIL MAUDE

*The popular English star soon to retire permanently from the stage*



CYRIL MAUDE is very English and particularly typical of a certain class of Briton. His speech is delightful to the ear, the speech of a well-bred man, distinct, musical, with the true appreciation of the value of vowels and consonants always considered.

Rather shorter in height than the average, he is well set up, bearing with a nice alert dignity the fifty-six years to which he confesses, for it was on the 24th of April, 1862 that the subject of this sketch was born in London, son of Captain Charles H. Maude and his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Maude.

Charterhouse, the fount of Thackeray's learning, was where Mr. Maude received his education. Lurking within, was that call for the stage—a real vocation as his artistic worth has since demonstrated—so Mr. Maude began to study under the tuition of that sterling actor, Charles Cartwright. But his health was not what it should be and so he came to Canada, later drifting to Denver, Colorado. The rarefied air of that glorious country worked its wonders and in October, 1884, he made his stage début in "East Lynne" as a servant. Daniel Bandmann was the star of the company and Louise Beaudet the lachrymose Mme. Vine. Later, in 1884, he returned to England and as Mr. Pilkie in "The Great Divorce Case," at the Criterion, began the active and artistic career that was to prominently identify him with the London stage for the next thirty years.



HERE in New York we have more than an abundance of first-class theatres. The great difficulty has been to find players capable in intelligence and technique to properly hold down their stages. When a distinguished actor—in the full plenitude of his powers announces that he is disposed to retire from active work, a universal sigh of regret can be the only rejoinder to the announcement.

Mr. Maude says he is going to retire; that this season will probably end his career on the metropolitan boards and that after some few performances in London—they will not be called farewells, Mr. Maude doesn't believe in that—he will just slide gracefully and unostentatiously into private life, *Otium cum dignitate* is what he hopes for, the something to which he feels entitled after his many years of strenuous work upon the stage.

"I love my profession," said Mr. Maude: and shall retire with genuine regret but I feel that a man owes something to himself. If at the age of fifty-six he feels able to retire, and my stage exertions have netted me a competency, not a great one—to retire on I feel I should be unjust to myself if I didn't take the opportunity to read and enjoy those sports, to which I am passionately fond, but the exacting conditions of my profession have never given me an opportu-

nity to engage in. I don't intend, by any means to remain permanently idle. I have distinct ambitions which I hope later to realize—but of that more anon. Some people regard the actor's life as a sinecure; just a few hours of acting every day and then nothing to do until tomorrow. Those who are in the know appreciate that this rosy picture by no means measures up

comedy by presenting some years since at a benefit, the Screen Scene in which I appeared as Lady Teazle's somewhat distracted husband. I had hoped also to give you a revival of 'The Clandestine Marriage'; but plays of this character are so expensive to produce these days and under the new stage conditions prevailing it is really so difficult to properly cast them, that I had to abandon the project. I am really of a distinctly shy disposition and I don't like to talk too much about myself, but I think Lord Ogleby is one of my best creations and though I have no histrionic preferences it is a professional joy to give life and speed to the dear old beau.

"For three years, 1893 to 1896, I was with Comyns Carr at the Comedy where 'Sowing the Wind,' 'Frou-Frou' and 'The Benefit of the Doubt' were some of the big successes in which I appeared. As you know, 'character' is the line of work to which I have largely adhered.



IN October, 1896, I entered into partnership with Frederic Harrison in the management of the Haymarket, a combination which lasted just about ten years. As I before remarked, when you manage and act too, you have your work cut out for you. But strenuous as those days were we had, I might say, our full quota of success, for among the productions made during that régime were 'Under the Red Robe,' 'A Marriage of Convenience,' 'The Little Minister,' the title rôle of which fell to my lot, 'The Manœuvres of Jane,' and revivals of 'She Stoops to Conquer,' 'The Clandestine Marriage,' 'The Rivals' and 'The School for Scandal,' in which I severally appeared as Old Hardcastle, Lord Ogleby, Bob Acres and Sir Peter Teazle. During this period I also acted Eccles in 'Caste,' Heath Desmond, in 'Cousin Kate,' Major Christopher Bingham, in 'The Second in Command' and Captain Barley, in 'Beauty and the Barge.' The last two plays you may remember I appeared in during my first American season as a star at Wallacks.

"While the Playhouse in London was building for me, by arrangement, I appeared under the direction of Charles Frohman, in 'Toddles.' It was a sad day for the profession when the insatiate Hun sent that charming man and most liberal-minded manager to his watery grave.

"At the Playhouse, under my sole direction, I produced 'The Earl of Pawtucket,' 'The Flag Lieutenant' and 'Pomander Walk.' Shortly afterwards, I came to America and with the exception of Canadian and Australian tours I have remained here ever since 'Grumpy' brought me that American recognition which it shall ever be my privilege to gratefully reflect. I only hope that my present offering will have a pleasant thought of me when I shall have exchanged the exactions of grease-paint, scenery and plays for the fishing rod, the gun and the bicycle."



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Cyril Maude and Laura Hope Crews in "The Saving Grace" at the Empire

to the fact—especially if he happens to be that much criticized personage—an actor-manager and a very considerable part of my London career was spent in that dual capacity. You remember the story of the titled Englishman who went on the stage.

"How do you like your new calling?" he was asked.

"Acting is all right," he replied, 'but the great drawback is, it cuts so horribly into one's social engagements.'

"A good deal of truth is contained in that aphorism if you stop to consider.

"Six years after my London début, I was at Wyndhams. It was there that I acted Cool in "London Assurance" and Sir Benjamin Backbite in "The School for Scandal." Later, as I grew in artistic stature, I added Sir Peter, in Sheridan's sparkling comedy, to my repertoire. I tried to give you a taste of my quality in old

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS

In this department, will be shown each month, the work that is being done by clever Amateurs in the small town, the big city—in the universities, schools and clubs throughout the country.

I shall be glad to consider for publication any photographs or other matter, concerning plays and masques done by amateurs and to give suggestions and advice wherever I can. Write me. *The Editor*

THE first important question which arises after the decision to give a play, is "What play?" Only too often is this question answered in a haphazard way. Of recent years a large number of guides to selecting plays have made their appearance, but many of them are incomplete and otherwise unsatisfactory. The large lists issued by play publishers are bewildering.

Each play considered by any organization should be read by the director or even the whole club or cast, after the requisite conditions have been considered. These conditions usually are:

### Size and Ability of Cast

THIS is obviously a simple matter: a cast of ten cannot play Shakespeare.

This is a little more difficult. While it is a laudable ambition to produce Ibsen, let us say, no high-school students are sufficiently mature or skilled to produce "A Doll's House." As a rule, the well-known classics—Shakespeare, Molière, Goldoni, Sheridan, Goldsmith—suffer much less from inadequate acting and production than do modern dramatists. The opinion of an expert, or at least of some one who has had experience in coaching amateur plays, should be sought and acted upon.

If, for example, "As You Like It" is under consideration, it must be borne in mind that the rôle of Rosalind requires delicate and subtle acting, and if no suitable woman can be found for that part, a simpler play, like "The Comedy of Errors," had much better be substituted. Modern plays are on the whole more difficult; the portrayal of a modern character calls for greater variety, maturity, and skill than the average amateur possesses. The characters in Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" ("The Merchant Gentleman"), Shakespeare's "The Comedy of Errors," Sheridan's "The Rivals," are more or less

well-known types, and acting of a conventional and imitative kind is better suited to them. On the other hand, only the best-trained amateurs are able to impart the needful appearance of life and actuality to a play like Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars." Still, there are many modern plays—among them, Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" and Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest"—in which no great subtlety of characterization is called for. These can be produced as easily by amateurs as can Shakespeare and Sheridan.

## CHOOSING THE PLAY



### The Kind of Play

to be presented usually raises many questions which are entirely without the scope of purely dramatic considerations. In this country especially, there is a studied avoidance among schools and often among colleges and universities, of so-called "unpleasant plays." Without entering into the reasons for this aversion, it is rather fortunate, because as a general rule, "thesis," "sex," and "problem" plays are full of pitfalls for amateur actors and producers.

While it is a splendid thing to believe no play too good for amateurs, some moderation is necessary where a play under consideration is obviously beyond the ability of a cast: "Hamlet" ought never to be attempted by amateurs, nor such subtle and otherwise difficult plays as

that all farces and comedies should be left out of the repertory: "The Magistrate" and "The Importance of Being Earnest" are among the finest farces in the language. The point to be impressed is that it is better to attempt a play which may be more difficult to perform than "Charley's Aunt," than to give a good performance of that oft-acted and decidedly hackneyed piece. It is much more meritorious to produce a good play poorly, if need be, than a poor play well.

If, after having consulted the lists which are gotten out by various play-brokers, the club is still unable to decide on a suitable modern play, the best course is to return to the classics. It is likely that the plays that have pleased audiences for centuries will please us. Aristophanes' "The Clouds" and "Lysistrata," with a few necessary "cuts"; Plautus' "The Twins," and Terence's "Pharmio"; Goldoni's "The Fan"; Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors" and half a dozen other comedies; Molière's "Merchant Gentleman" and "Doctor in Spite of Himself"; Sheridan's "The Rivals" and Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer"; Lessing's "Minna von Barnhelm"—almost any one of these is "safe."

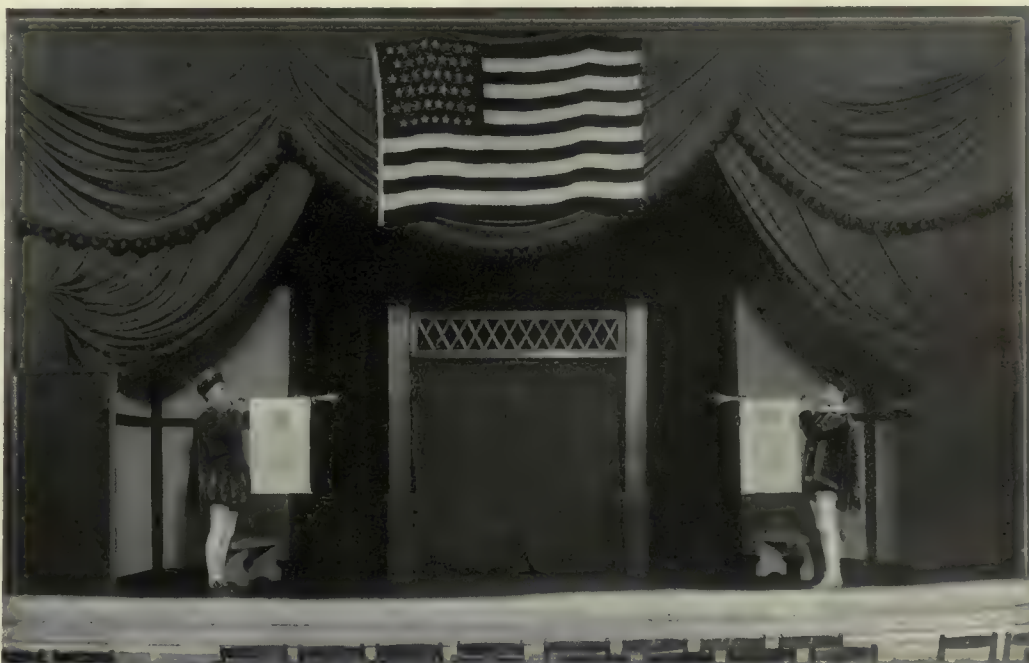
A classic can never be seen too often and, since true amateurs are those who play for the joy of playing, they will receive ample recompense for their efforts in the thought that they have at least added their mite to the sum total of true enjoyment in the theatre. Another argument in favor of the performance of the classics is that they are rarely produced by professionals. If an amateur club revives a classic, especially one which is not often seen nowadays, it may well be proud of its efforts.

If, however, the club insists on giving a modern play, it will have little difficulty in finding suitable material. It is well not to

challenge comparison with professional productions by choosing plays which have had professional runs of late.



The material for this article was taken from Barrett H. Clark's book "How to Produce Amateur Plays," published by Little, Brown & Company.



An interesting Elizabethan setting, arranged by "The Amards," a Dramatic Society at the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, Ithaca, N. Y.

"Man and Superman." Plays of the highest merit can be found which are not so taxing as these. There is no reason why Sophocles' "Electra," Euripides' "Alcestis," or the comedies of Lope de Vega, Goldoni, Molière, Kotzebue, Lessing, not to mention the better-known English classics, should not be performed by amateurs.

It goes without saying that the facile, trashy, "popular comedies of the past two or three generations are to be avoided by amateurs who take their work seriously. Nor does this mean

**T**HE far-western city of Vancouver, British Columbia, is not without its college dramatic society. With a population of about 125,000, Vancouver is the seat of the provincial university, with an enrollment of over six hundred students, though many others are away at the front. In 1915, the first year of the college, a group of students interested in dramatics came together through the initiative of Prof. Frederic G. C. Wood, a graduate of McGill and Harvard, and a member of the English department. Under his guidance as Honorary President and Director, the Players' Club came into being.

With a limited membership of forty, a cast was selected for the initial venture, the four-act comedy, "Fanny and the Servant Problem," by Jerome K. Jerome. There were many difficulties in the way: the club was young, the majority of the actors inexperienced, and the temporary college buildings,—due to war-time conditions,—minus an auditorium. But working with a the club staged their performance in the first term at a city theatre, and awoke the next morning to find themselves famous. It was

## DRAMATICS AT THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

By  
CONSTANCE HIGHMOOR



and two in the capitol city of Victoria, under the patronage of the Lieutenant-Governor.

The following year saw four other playlets given in the first half of the session. These were Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband" "Lonesome-Like," by Brighouse, "The Land of Heart's Desire," of Yeats, and Lord Dun-

sany's "Lost Silk Hat." This time two evenings were set apart for these private performances. The selection for the spring public performance was more ambitious than in the previous two years, but it met with great success. It was Barrie's "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," which proved a fitting artistic climax to the three years' work. Given as were the other performances, for patriotic purposes, no less than \$831 was realized as the net profit of these two Vancouver performances of the Barrie play.

Although less than half of the members may be fortunate enough to be given an acting part, the entire club shares in the responsibility of production. The executive of eight is kept busy with the business affairs of the club, while the details of staging are in the hands of various committees. As the plays are given entirely for patriotic purpose, or in the case of the private performances with no money involved at all, the club has to procure its many stage properties and costumes with very little expenditure. An adequate auditorium with a stage was supplied by the college authorities after the first year, and on this are staged the programmes of short plays. The Property Committee depends upon the good-will of its many friends to supply its needs, while those in charge of the costumes manage to clothe the cast, with great ingenuity in procuring suitable attire at little cost. The scenery and lighting are in the hands of the men members, and as a result of careful planning, the "tout ensemble" has always been most pleasing.

**T**HE Players' Club has proven of great value not only to the students themselves, but to the general public who have given most hearty endorsement to the efforts. In these days of war-time conservation, that have characterized the last four years in Canada, there are few modern plays of worth presented by traveling companies on the Coast during a season. As a consequence, these well-staged performances of the college amateurs have won a wide, popular favor.

While proud of their artistic success, and reminiscent of the added pleasure that these productions have given to memories of college days, the members of the Players' Club are most happy over the splendid financial results of their efforts. In the three years of their activities, this energetic group of amateurs has cleared over \$2,100 for war-time purposes.



A scene from a recent production of "Merely Mary Ann," with Viva Martin, Nora Coy, Russell Hunter and Helena Bodie

termed the best amateur production ever seen in Vancouver. The handsome returns were donated to the Red Cross Society. At this time a company was being formed in the college as a part of the 196th Western Universities Battalion, and by request, the play was repeated in three of the Coast cities for its benefit. The leading rôle in these performances was taken by Jessie Todhunter, a sophomore student of undoubted talent, who is now pursuing her art as a professional in New York City. During the same year, Barrie's "Twelve Pound Look" was given privately, and Lily Tinsley's pathetic little playlet, "Cinders" was used as a curtain raiser.

The second year in the club's history saw progressive studies. It was decided to give four one-act plays at Christmas, the casts of which would be chosen from the new members so as to give them an opportunity to show their real worth. These were given privately before the club and its invited friends. Those presented were "Rosalie," by Max Mauray; "Modesty," by Paul Hervieu; "Op-o'-me-Thumb," by Feon and Pryce, and Lady Gregory's "Spreading the News." The second annual spring play was Zangwill's fascinating "Merely Mary Ann." Two performances were given in Vancouver



"Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," with Jessie Adam, W. C. Agabob, Fred Law and Viva Martin, a Barrie play which lends itself very successfully to amateur production





A clever amateur danseuse, Miss Ruth N. Straus, of Louisville, Ky., who twice each year appears at the French Lick Springs Hotel, in a series of classic dances, for charity

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FROM NEW ENGLAND TO  
THE WESTERN COAST



Maxwell Erbaugh and Hazel Thornton, as they appeared dancing the Minuet, in the play "The Traitor," given by the graduating class of the Denver North Side High School. The play made a decided hit and brought to the fore the exceptional talent of the amateurs who took part. We advocate a dramatic club in every high school in the country



A really charming "Tosca" convincingly impersonated by Demetrius S. Zades, one of a clever group of young Greeks, who make up the membership of the Apollo Dramatic Club of Springfield, Mass. The club has successfully produced a number of amateur plays for charity, and more recently "La Tosca," with a cast composed entirely of men

## THE STROLLERS' DRAMATIC CLUB OF OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY, BY CHARME SEEDS



**F**IRST in dramatic achievement, first in business management and first in social attainment is the claim the Strollers Dramatic Club of Ohio State University is making for itself. This society boasts an alumni group which is closely allied with and just as active as the student group.

Organization has been the key word of the Strollers for the twenty-five years of its existence.

And here, during these years it has evolved its own personal style with her time.



*Elizabeth Lyons and Newell Dobson in an exquisite scene from "Shades of Night," as produced by The Strollers*

an organization which is co-operated under a board of directors in which the student group, the alumni group and the university faculty are represented. Operating under this board, which is made up of two faculty members, two student members and two alumni, the Strollers yearly present two sets of plays. At Christmas time a group of one-act plays is presented in the college chapel and in the spring a longer play is given in one of the town theatres. The annual spring play is the big piece of work of the student group and is rehearsed under the hand of a professional director for seven or eight weeks preceding its public appearance. The casts of the Christmas plays are made up of both the alumni and the students and the plays in these groups are coached by alumni members.

**C**OMPETITION is the basis on which the Strollers is operated. By this method new material is selected, plays are cast, business and advertising managers are chosen. The acting material is selected through a "try-out" in the fall of each year, open to any upper class man. The judges, who make the selections at the "try-outs," are called in from among the dramatic

drama in the university. As a rule nearly a hundred students appear at the try-outs and about a dozen are chosen to supplement the active members in their work for the year. Those who have passed the preliminary try-outs are then on a competitive basis with the old members for the cast of the spring play. The Christmas casts are made up from material at hand within the organization and alumni members.

The business and advertising positions are open for competition. The managers of these departments for the ensuing year are selected from among those who have worked successfully under the foregoing management.

**A**DVERTISING is one of the prides of the Strollers both from an artistic and from a financial standpoint. The credit of the business success of the organization goes to the live, up-to-the-minute, effectively resourceful advertising department. An effort is made to incorporate the best advertising ideas in the country into the

critics of the city newspapers and professors of advertising for these plays. Many times Stroller advertising is done on a larger scale than is used for the season's most spectacular successes. Bill-boards, half sheets, cards, hotel menu, newspapers and cast photographs are used in the publicity campaigns.

Besides the regular campus and city productions Strollers appear at various State institutions and in different Ohio towns using dramatics as educational propoganda for the university.

To professional coaching, the selection of plays, business opportunities and the social life of the organization is attributed the drawing success of Strollers. Carl Burton Robbins, a former Stroller, now professional actor and director has coached the spring productions a half dozen times and has also designed many of the sets used in Stroller productions. Ernest Elton, for many years in support of Otis Skinner, has also coached Stroller productions.

**L**OUIS A. COOPER, professor of dramatics in Ohio State University, guided Strollers through its upward climb. In 1909 his own play, "Bluff," presented by Strollers, scored such a



*One of the striking posters especially designed for The Strollers. These clever amateurs believe that "It Pays to Advertise"*

success that it proved one of the landmarks in the climb toward the ideals the society has set for itself. Mr. Cooper, with William Lucius Graves, professor in the English department of the university, and for many years actively interested in the life and progress of the organization, are the faculty representatives on the board of directors.

For the past six years the interests of the organization have been closely wrapped about the shoulders of Ray Lee Jackson, at present alumni representative on the board of directors. Within this time Mr. Jackson has coached a half-dozen Stroller plays, acted on the board, and in general has been the moving spirit of the organization.

In the selection of plays, which is made by the board, an effort is made to ferret out the best things among English and American drama to which Stroller material is adaptable. It is often a difficulty to find a play which is a good vehicle for the best talent in the group. And often a play which might be otherwise admirably suited to Strollers cannot find its particular lead among the members. Two notable examples, in this organization, of successfully cast plays were Clyde Fitch's "The Truth" and Rupert Henry Davies' "Mrs. Gorringer's Necklace."

**A**MONG the shorter plays in which Strollers have appeared are: "Playgoers," by Pinero; "The Bracelet," by Sutro; "The Dear Departed," by Houghton; "The Fifth Commandment," by the same author; Maeterlinck's "The Miracle of St. Anthony," Arnold Bennett's "A Question of Sex," Sudermann's "Far-away Princess" and "Shades of Night," by R. Marshall.

"The Schoolmistress," by Pinero; "The Magistrate," by the same author, and "The Manoeuvres of Jane," by Henry Arthur Jones. Two original comedies, "The Clean-up" and "So Help Me," by Carl Burton Robbins. "She Stoops To Conquer" and "The Rivals" are numbered among the longer performances given in recent years by Strollers.

The compiling of a history of the club is one of the interesting features of Strollers. This work includes the history, roster of members from date of organization in 1893, and a library of photographs of individual members, groups and scenes from the various plays. The compilation is the work of Frank A. Hunter, Ohio State Legislator (now a Captain in United States Army overseas) and Ray Lee Jackson.



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# TYPES—

## MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON AMERICAN BEAUTY

By  
ANNE ARCHBALD

**A**MERICAN beauty! Think of all the adjectives that go with the American beauty rose and you will have Miss Pearson's type, color and radiance, brilliancy combined with sweetness, dash with a certain stateliness. Incidentally, Miss Pearson has dark grey eyes—that is they are dark grey when they aren't busy being otherwise, black with hazel lights, say, or brown, or something indescribable—pale skin and a frame of soft, dark curly hair.

Her wardrobe, both for her private life and for the screen is entirely in harmony with her type. A real American beauty wardrobe! Particularly is she a specialist in hats, of which she possesses fifty-two varieties, collecting them as other people collect antiques. Marvellous hats, they are too, I can vouch for it. Her advice is to buy always hats that are individual, that are suited to your type and only sufficiently in the mode not to make them conspicuous. That way you can wear them several seasons and they will not go out of fashion. That way too it will redeem for you any seeming extravagance of numbers.

"Never wear things that are too hard to get on," is another splendid piece of advice Miss Pearson gives. "Clothes should have as few hooks as possible, and a careless, easy look. If you lose your temper putting them on you lose your charm along with it."

All Miss Pearson's hats and frocks come from Giddings, and her furs from A. Jaekel & Co., and from Shayne's.



*A mink coat of mink coming just to the waist line in front and a little below in back, that is to be worn over a very dressy afternoon frock. Everything should be dressy to be in keeping with such a coat, Miss Pearson says, shoes, accessories, hat. The latter is a wonder—of black Chantilly lace, both crown and brim, with double birds of pale yellow Paradise coming out of either side*

*"Hats can make or mar you in the daytime, just as your hair or a headpiece can do in the evening," Miss Pearson maintains, and is absolutely right. This hat for evening restaurant wear is of black velvet faced with orchid, its trimming a wreath of orchid feathers to match the facing, the long fues tinted with blue and pastel shades and caught down with little French roses. The coat is a genuine Russian sable for very formal afternoon or evening wear*



Photo Ira L. Hill

A gown of the supplest royal blue velvet with large American beauty roses printed on it with bits of yellow autumn effects. Down the right side drip iridescent blue beads. The slippers and stockings are gold color, the fan a vivid green—Miss Pearson, you see, is not afraid of color—and the headdress, a band of brilliants, with black birds of paradise



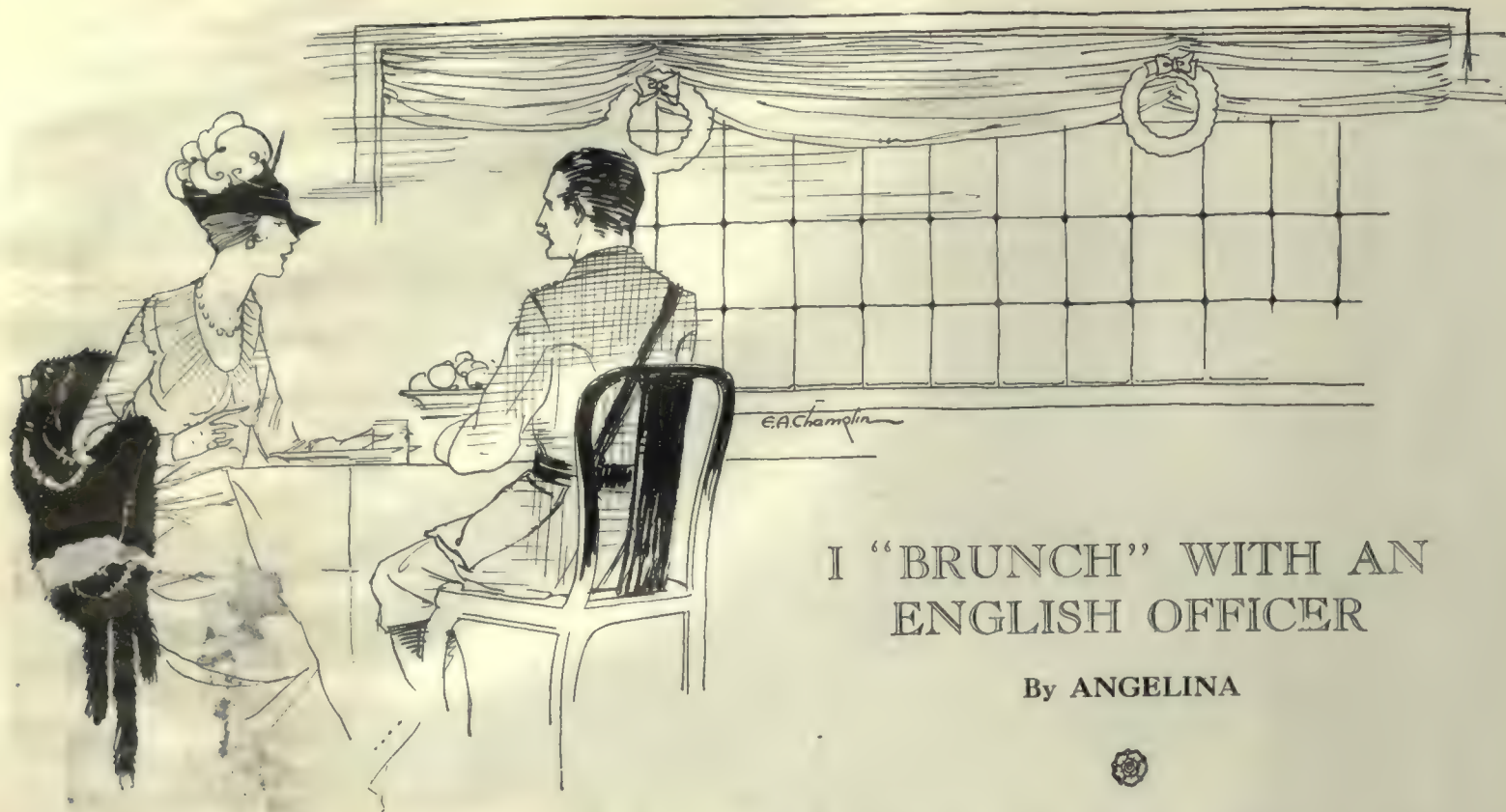
Underwood & Underwood

This theatre bodice of iridescent beads exemplifies Miss Pearson's belief that clothes should be made to go on easily. It swathes around the form, fastens easily on the side under a gold flower, and is to be worn with a black velvet skirt. The hat is of a peculiar purple velvet and the paradise plumes are in gold color to match the gold flower



Photo Ira L. Hill

"I feel the same way about my hats and frocks and friends," Miss Pearson told us. "Once they have weathered a storm I am that much more attached to them." Here are two of her favorites, a moleskin coat with silver fox collar and another of her wonderful hats, of French purple velvet with purple plumes, lavender silver around the brim and the top wreathed in it



## I "BRUNCH" WITH AN ENGLISH OFFICER

By ANGELINA

"BRUNCH" is one of those Humpty Dumpty words that pack two meanings away in one. The Oxford men originated it for that hybrid repas that combines something of the character and hour of breakfast with still more of the character and hour of lunch. I had it the other morning with an English officer and he told me. "Brunch," for instance, would be what Simple Septimus used to have when he went to the Café de Paris at Monte Carlo around three in the afternoon. You remember? An absinthe frappé, a poached egg, and a Pêche Melba? We tried hard to live up to the epic simplicity of that standard, but the best we could do was: oatmeal—pardon me, porridge—lobster salad, and Biscuit Tortonis.... After "brunch" I was to lead my brother to the best shop for buying a smart Christmas present or two. "Giving a Christmas box" is how he put it

\* \* \*

Our conversation was most interesting. Englishmen are nice to talk to. I hope I'm not committing any *lèse-majesté* by saying so—after all, there's nothing like our own American men, is there?—but they have such a receptiveness to and entire concentration on the subject in hand and such a pleasing method of interrogation about "you, yourself," curious and interested and yet not a bit impertinent.

I had to tell just what it was I did and how I did it and where and when. Weren't the American shops wonderful? And the theatres? Wasn't it splendid for me to have my work lie in and around them? It was so jolly for a girl to do things. Hadn't this war proved it? And didn't the men admire them for it, though? His Mother and his sisters now.... What they'd done....! He couldn't express his admiration.... Speaking of home, what did I the specialist in such matters think of this platinum watch chain that he was sending over for Christmas? He had gone into the shop imagining he would have to buy white gold or silver, but they still had a sufficient supply of platinum on hand, and now that the war is over there would soon be more, so he had purchased the platinum instead. It really was so much softer and richer a metal in tone than either the silver or the white gold that there was no com-

parison. It was well worth the difference in price.

Oh, forgive him for seeming to let his eyes wander, but really, my word, would I please observe those two "gerls" just coming in, the one in the service costume and the other behind her with the what-d'ye-call-'em hobble skirt. What a contrast! How well the first one walked and carried herself. And how perfectly ridiculous the other one looked, mincing and hopping along. Like a gymkhana pillow slip race.



Otherwise quite a pretty girl. Why did women in this day and generation do such silly, antiquated things?

Because they thought men liked them, I said. All wrong. Men didn't. Not real men, anyway. The feminine lure being what it is they tolerated it on occasions, that was all.

Paris thought, I added, that the men who had been at the front had seen so much of war that

they didn't want reminders of it around, service costumes or anything. That they would now prefer to see all the paraphernalia of the ultra-feminine.

Feminine, yes, my dear girl, but not ultra, which spells idiocy! And a service costume now might be entirely feminine, even though the costume was based on the English soldier's tunic. Had I noticed, by the way, how well the jackets of the women of the Motor Service Corps looked? That was because his friend, Colonel Thorde-Grey, now on his way to command a division in Russia, had, when the Motor Corps was first started, lent his own tunic to its captain to be copied.

So might a hat be feminine, even though borrowing its suggestion from the masculine counterpart. The Blue Devils' tams, for instance. It was so jolly, he thought, the way the women had taken the shape up. He saw tam o' shanters all over town on the young girls and women, in lovely colors. ("He certainly shows that he has been well trained by sisters," I told myself.) Not so many Bersaglieri hats. They weren't apt to be generally becoming. It took a certain type to wear them. He had met a very beautiful young married woman at tea the other afternoon wearing one...olive skin and dark eyes, like an Italian. She had looked perfectly ripping with the green cock's plume floating around her face.

\* \* \*

We finished "brunch" and walked up the Avenue to Giddings, where I knew I had only to show my officer the famous half-moon vitrine that faces the entrance, overflowing with the milk and honey of things from Paris, to have him "go over the top" at once. He did, enthusiastically, carrying off three "Christmas boxes": One of the new canteen-shaped leather handbags in taupe color, beautifully lined with moire and





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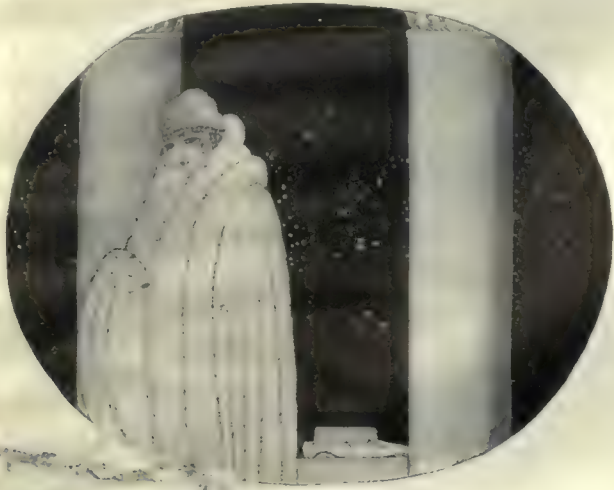
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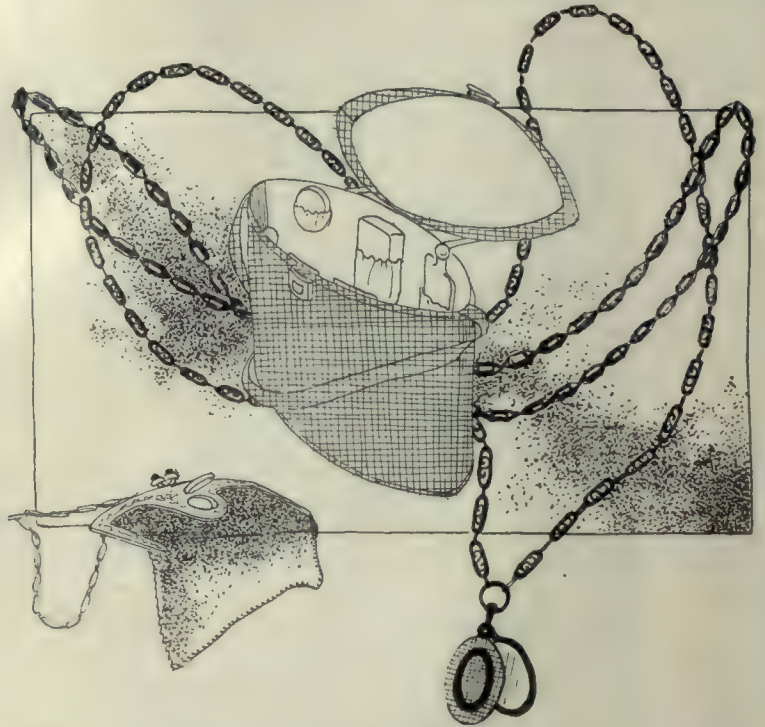
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**"I BRUNCH" WITH AN ENGLISH OFFICER**

fitted with every entrancing small property for the toilet one could think of. A long chain of cut beads of Whitby jet. And an adorable silver link purse in whose top was set for utmost convenience, a little round powder-box. As all these things were the "very latest"—jet especially is to be extremely popular and the chains can be matched with

than one of these big fans. And there were not only fans, but lovely little wraps of feathers to match. One woman, all in black, was quite enveloped in a floating, fluffy wrap of the feathers, with a big black feather fan mounted on amber sticks. It's all part of the revival of ostrich, I suppose.

Something else I purchased for



*Three of the latest things from the famous half-moon vitrine at J. M. Goodings: one of the new canteen shaped leather hand-bags, lined with moiré and fitted: a string of real Whitby jet and a brilliant-studded locket: and a silver mesh bag and its attendant powder box.*

beautiful high combs for the hair—and as they had the seal of approval of such a connoisseur I had my sketcher go and wing a duplicate of each, as you may see on this page.

Oh, I forgot. We purchased something else. A huge ostrich feather fan in rose, such as Miss Mary Nash carried in her last play.

Christmas. But alone, after I had parted from my cavalier. I couldn't very well take him along, because it was lingerie. I've made about half my presents lingerie this year. You can't have too much of it, and generally you haven't half enough. It's one of the most satisfactory presents there is to give. I amend that. It's



I advised that. Feather fans haven't abated a bit in popularity. At the opera they are in evidence in all the boxes, bright bits of color in the house. Nothing gives more effect

one of the most satisfactory presents there is to give if the lingerie is the Van Raalte Niagara Maid—that Italian silk underwear which is made up in such enchanting patterns,



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## The VANITY BOX

ONE of the things "you all" readers of the Vanity Box are going to do during the next month is to pay a visit to the new establishment of Madame Helena Rubinstein. She is just opening it in that famous block on Fifty-seventh street, lying between Fifth and Sixth, where so many of the great ones of the earth, who minister to the art of being beautiful, are already congregated.

You can't miss the place if you pass through the street. Your eye will at once be arrested by the charming façade, white with little bright green window grills and Madame Rubinstein's name lettered in the same bright green across the front. There is a certain air of French gaiety about it and a distinct promise of other charming things offered inside, a promise that is not belied, I can assure you.



One goes directly off the street into what is called the "shop" part. First, a smallish entrance room with gold walls and ceiling and black painted columns at the four corners, later to be replaced by black marble ones that are on their way here from abroad. At the back, set into the wall, two glass fronted cases containing the magic Rubinstein preparations. Beyond this room the offices, and further back still a splendid scientifically up-to-date laboratory, white-tiled and porcelain-equipped, where the preparations are brought into being.

On the second floor are the treatment rooms, one front, one back. In between, a reception room done in modern art—deep blue walls and painted woodwork, silver ceiling, furniture upholstered in futuristic velvets.

Those treatment rooms... Really too adorable. They did take my fancy. You feel the minute you cross the threshold that you must be participating in some particularly delicious musical comedy. The room proper is divided up into four or five cubbyholes—*cabinets particuliers* if you like—whose partitions go only half way up, are painted a flesh pink with a dash of mauve in it, have a garland of flowers across their middles and dear little round windows curtained closely with old blue silk. Old blue silk curtains hang at the front window. A curtain of pink wash net is shirred across the glass entrance door.



I can't begin to tell you of the infinite details that have been worked out for this wonderful place. All by Madame Rubinstein herself. For weeks she has had in the house—it is an old one remodelled—a retinue of carpenters, painters, marble polishers, sewing women, whom she has overseen and directed with untiring energy. If she had not been the artist in the particular line that she is she could have made her reputation twice over as an interior decorator. Offers, in fact, were made her in Paris to embark on interior decorating, of such unusual artistic distinction was her establishment there, with its collection of furniture and pictures and statuary. These, by the way, are all being brought from the other side, to take their place in the big reception room on the third floor and in Madame Rubinstein's own living apartments.

An extremely interesting feature of the house will be the decorations by a young Polish painter, Witold Gordon, whom Madame Rubinstein knew in Paris and who has recently come to America. His talent lies in several directions. As you go up the stairs from the first floor you will see his work in two large and interesting wall paintings: and around the reception room in a series of unusual and charming fan paintings. All the finishing touches, the gold garlands above the black pillars in the "shop," the decorations of the treatment booths, are of his designing. Incidentally so were the costumes for *La Forza del Destino*, recently produced at the Metropolitan.

*Enfin* I am perfectly safe in saying, though it is a large order, that there is not another such an establishment as Madame Rubinstein's in the world.



# Vanity Fair

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It's different on both ends, this Vanity Fair Plus-4-Inch Vest.

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# Your Skin is Individual.

Consequently it requires an individual diet, individual treatment and individual care. Never, never, choose your crèmes, powders or lotions at a counter unless you know whether they fit your case.

You would not think of saying, give me a dress, and closing my eyes; or hand me a hat, and then wearing it no matter how ill-fitting it is the most fickle mistress in the world. She demands infinite courtesy and care. Even if you are the most beautiful creature in the world you must cater to your skin as carefully as you would to your health. Do not blindly put your hand out at the cosmetic counter for anything which is within your reach.

capable of deciding what your needs are in order to improve it?

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So successful are Mme. Rubinstein's treatments that she has been obliged to enlarge her New York headquarters, and her MAISON DE BEAUTE VALAZE has now been removed to 46 West 57th Street.

Here, in an exquisite setting, Parisian in its taste, decoration and display, delightfully restful and efficacious treatments may be taken, or Mme. Rubinstein will personally advise you on the choice of preparations and directions for their home use.

## EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY OFFER

Mme. Rubinstein has always refrained from making any bid for business on other than a purely quality appeal. But in view of the times and the wisdom of economy, she is offering a "Miniature Set of Valaze Preparations de Luxe"—namely, five of her most important products suitable for dry, greasy, oily, wrinkled or shiny skin. Complete \$5.00. When asking for the "Set" advise her clearly as possible about your complexion condition, so that she may personally select the correct combination of products.

The following are a few of the conditions for which these preparations are so famous:—

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Mme. Rubinstein feels that this is her supreme achievement, because women's faces are normal and merely require nourishment and cleansing aid to keep the skin in the pink of condition—free from freckles, sallowness, incipient wrinkles and *passé* appearance. Price \$1.25, \$2.25, \$6.50.

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For deep lines, lifeless skin, Eau qui Pique is infallible. Price \$2.00 and upwards.

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Especially valuable and most effective at this time. This preparation guards the skin against blistering, chapping and discoloration due to drying winds or sun. Unequaled as an anti-wrinkle preparation, also excellent as a foundation for powder. Price \$1.65 and \$3.30.

## FOR BAGGY, RELAXED AND FLABBY SKIN

Mme. Rubinstein has found among all the preparations that she has been able to recommend the Roman Jelly (Price \$1.50 and \$3.00) and the Georgine Lactee (Price \$2.75 and \$6.00) the best suited for this condition. Used in time it will prevent such a condition as this.

## FOR SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Her Valaze Hair Remover is the only reliable and effectual remedy to quickly remove the growth of hair from the face as well as the arms. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00.

## POWDERS

Valaze Complexion Powder for normal and oily skin; Novena Poudre, for dry skin. Price \$1.00, \$1.50, \$3.00 and up.

## FOR DOUBLE CHIN

The Valaze Reducing Jelly (Price \$1.50 and \$3.00) also the Valaze Reducing Soap (Price \$1.25 a cake) are the two most effective preparations to remove a double chin as well as superfluous fat.

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Melbourne: Sydney.

## MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

a strange one. Cawthorn, however, is always comical. Julia Sanderson, as pretty as ever, dances as well as ever. Sam Hardy, Doyle and Dixon complete a satisfactory cast.

\* \* \*

**BOOTH. "BE CALM, CAMILLA."**  
Comedy in two acts by Clare Kummer. Produced on October 31 with this cast:

|                         |                   |
|-------------------------|-------------------|
| Junius Patterson        | Walter Hampden    |
| Baxter Pell             | Rex McDougall     |
| Gus Beals               | Arthur Shaw       |
| McNeil Brownlow, "Mac." | William Sampson   |
| Jo Gibbons              | Harold Salter     |
| Bill Slattery           | John J. Harris    |
| Celia Brooke            | Carlotta Monterey |
| Alma Robins             | Hedda Hopper      |
| Camilla Hathaway        | Lola Fisher       |

"BE CALM, CAMILLA," is the latest offering of the prolific Clare Kummer. It started well—full of witticisms—what the French call *plein d'esprit*, and had the last act kept up with the others it would have been an unqualified success.

Camilla, alone in New York, where she expects to attain fame and make a fortune with negligible talent as a pianiste, finds herself up against it. Her last chance is to accept the position as accompanist in a moving picture house. On her way to obtain the position she is run over by an automobile. Picked up by the rich owner, she is carried to the hospital—private room, nurse, flowers, and a case of love at first sight. He is married—but unhappily, and this time he is up against it. In the last act, Camilla who spends a week-end at the country home of the millionaire, learns that he is married. She has no other alternative but to disappear and to that end she takes a plunge in the lake. Pulled out shivering but living, her lover realizes his deep affection, obtains a divorce and marries Camilla.

There is hardly a new situation in the whole play. The acting is above the average, Lola Fisher being particularly pleasing as the demure Camilla. Walter Hampden was somewhat miscast as her wealthy lover as the rôle demanded a very light touch and Mr. Hampden is better known as a tragedian.

\* \* \*

**48TH STREET. "THE BIG CHANCE."** Play in four acts by Grant Morris and Willard Mack. Produced on October 28 with this cast:

|                    |                            |
|--------------------|----------------------------|
| Larry Thorndyke    | Willard Mack               |
| Mrs. Malloy        | Anna Mack Berlein          |
| Margaret Malloy,   | Katherine Harris Barrymore |
| Eddie Crandall     | William E. Meehan          |
| Charles Hickson    | Harry Robert               |
| Mary Delano        | Mary Nash                  |
| "Pinkey Granville" | Ramsey Wallace             |
| Asa Hickson        | John Mason                 |
| Jack Burns         | John Sharkey               |
| Sergeant Todkins   | T. S. James                |
| Fritz              | Nathaniel Sack             |

AMONG the other things that the war brought to our shores was an avalanche of plays created to arouse patriotism. Now with the armistice signed and the peace treaty on the way, what is to become of the war play? "The Big Chance" missed its big chance. It is among the best of its kind, but comes too late.

Practically the same idea as that is "Out There" and "Getting Together," it is a typical war play. Mary Nash is a bit melodramatic but always interesting. Willard Mack as the Irish hero worshiper did very well, but to William E. Meehan, who had the best lines and delivered them with a full understanding of their values, came the success of the evening.

\* \* \*

**PLAYHOUSE. "HOME AGAIN."**  
Comedy in four acts by Robert McLaughlin, written from the folk poems and stories of James Whitcomb Riley. Produced on November 11 with this cast:

|                   |                   |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Jap Miller        | Charles Dow Clark |
| Squire Hawkins    | Scott Cooper      |
| Jim Johnson       | Henry Duffy       |
| Jeff Thompson     | Erville Alderson  |
| Patience Thompson | Antoinette Walker |
| The Raggedy Man   | Tim Murphy        |
| "Doc" Townsend    | Maclyn Arbuckle   |
| Orphant Annie     | Madeline Delmar   |
| Abner Cover       | James Donlan      |
| Violet Thompson   | Frances Lapsley   |
| Bud Thompson      | Geraldine Herman  |
| Phillip Flash     | Harry Redding     |
| "Doc" Sifers      | Forrest Robinson  |
| "Eck" Skinner     | James Billings    |
| Lizabeth Ann      | Shirley De Me     |
| Ma Townsend       | Helen Pingree     |
| "Aunt Mary"       | Marie Taylor      |

"HOME AGAIN" is a "by gosh" drama based on the poems and writings of that distinguished and much beloved Hoosier poet, the late James Whitcomb Riley. Save for the interpolation of several of his poems, this hybrid, fragmentary conglomeration of his work is nearly criminal in its assault on his memory.

"The Raggedy Man," "Orphant Annie" and other familiar and stock characters are combined in a story that has occasionally a flash of poetry, sentiment and real emotion. Most of it, however, is trivial, trite and tedious.

Tim Murphy was amusing as the poetical sporting tramp. No one could have "put over" its pathos. Very true, unctuous and real was Maclyn Arbuckle as the peripatetic vendor of stomach bitters. Scott Cooper and Erville Anderson were excellent in conventional types. Forrest Robinson was artistically mushy as the country doctor and there was spirited picturesqueness in Madeline Delmar's rendering of "Orphant Annie."

## ROSES OF PICARDY

Chappell and Company, Ltd., have published a new song—"Roses of Picardy." The setting of this popular English ballad is laid on the plains of Picardy, so recently the center of the battle between Barbarism and "Kultur." The song which has been successfully featured by Reinald Werrenrath, Charles Harrison and Lambert Murphy is becoming popular both here and abroad, and is one of the many successes this firm is bringing out.

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said the manager of the barnstorming opera company, "there is no danger whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas has gone out." Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the show."—*Musical America*.



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**BACK FROM THE TRENCHES.**  
(Continued from page 338)

entire performance. Happily he decided not to do any strafing. All he did was to contribute a little extra local color. Did my voice wobble?—it did.

When I was back in this country a few days, a retired Colonel called me up on the telephone. He asked if I could tell him where I was on September 24th. His voice was choked with emotion. I could hear him weeping at the other end of the wire. His boy had written him a letter on that day which ran: "Irene Franklin dropped down from Heaven today, and sang for us. She never was more appreciated than she was here." Since the 24th that boy has been missing, and every effort to trace him has been in vain. But I was able to tell the Colonel just the place where I sang on that day, and now he has hopes of tracing his boy. Could any fiction writer want anything better—soldier, the battlefield, missing in action, found through a singer of comic songs?

Won't the players lend their aid? Even if the war is over, "the boys" will need amusement for the next two years. Some of the Y. M. C. A. huts are admirable places to give pieces, and Toul has a charming theatre where regular attractions could be given. The Y. M. C. A. is doing everything possible for the comfort of the entertainer as well as the soldier, but with all its hardships, if you want my opinion, here it is: I've come home to fill the coal bin and I'm going right back.

**FRANCE'S NEW WAR SONG.**

WHEN, during the Liberty Loan Drive, the United States was visited by the Blue Devils of France, the towns that heard these brave soldiers sing "Madelon" were taken by storm.

Now, who was "Madelon"? The song is the war song of France, which brings out not only the spirit of this wonderful country, but the spirit of her women as well. Today it is almost as well known as the *Marseillaise*, and the story about it can be told in a few words.

The boys coming back from the trenches enter a canteen and are waited on by a very charming servant—young, pretty, and bright—whose name is Madelon. Everybody makes love to her. She takes it good naturedly, because, as she says, "I am a sister to you all." To anyone who asks for her hand, she answers, "Not now. Why should I take one single man when I love the entire regiment, and I need my hand to pour out the wine when the boys come back tired from the trenches."

This song has just been published in this country by Jerome H. Remick, and no doubt will be played on every piano, talking machine, and musical instrument, and heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The Visitor—Hark! some one is playing a delightful bit of Wagner!  
The Host—Oh! that's the janitor putting coal on the fire!—  
Pennsylvania "Punch Bowl."

**NEW VICTOR RECORDS.**

THE approach of the Christmas season instinctively awakens in the hearts of millions a keen desire to hear those time-honored hymns and carols so redolent of the Day of all the year to childhood.

A rehearing, therefore, of that beautiful "Cantique de Noel" (Holy Night) sung by Enrico Caruso, on a Victrola Record, finds it as fresh and inspiring as the day it was first presented to the world. Of itself, it is a splendid, gorgeously harmonized piece of music, picturesque in character, yet deeply reverent in spirit.

Imagine, if you can, fifty thousand people assembled in one place at one time listening to one person sing, and you will have a vision of that mighty concourse—the largest audience that ever gathered in Central Park—when recently Caruso sang, "Over There." The effect was overwhelming, for there were doubtless few in that vast assembly that did not know that Caruso had immortalized that song on a Victrola Record.

"Dixie," that time-honored tune, which our boys are singing to-day on the battlefields of France and Belgium, we always love to hear. But Mabel Garrison does much more than merely sing on her Victrola Record of the song. She vividly interprets it.

Akin in feeling to the thrilling effect produced is that of the great war-song of France, "La Marseillaise," presented by Frances Alda on a Victrola Record. Aglow with the spirit of liberty it is one of the most remarkable of her recordings and the interest is intensified by the accompaniment of the Metropolitan Opera House chorus of singers in the refrain.—*Adv.*

**NEW COLUMBIA RECORDS.**

BARRIENTOS and Lazaro, two of the most famous stars in the Metropolitan Opera's great galaxy, have joined voices for their first concerted Columbia number this month. They have selected the thrilling climax of Verdi's "Traviata"—the brilliant "Parigi o cara." Here is an exquisite record of a great and beautiful aria by two of the most famous voices in the world.

The sparkling "Alla Vita" from the famous opera "Ballo in Maschera" might have been written especially for Stracciari, so completely does it lie in the richest range of his glorious baritone voice. Stracciari has made the most of his opportunity in a glorious record of this great operatic gem which is now on sale among the December Columbia Records.

Barbara Maurel, the dainty Alsatian songstress who has created a veritable sensation here, sings two more of her delightful old ballads for Columbia. The selections are "Slumber Boat" and "Song of the Chimes," both on the same record. "Carmen" and "Il Trovatore" are undoubtedly the world's two most popular operas. It is fitting, therefore, that the great orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House, which recently signed a contract to make records of operatic music exclusively for Columbia, should have taken selections from these two glorious operas for their December Columbia Record. Everyone knows the music, but to hear it played by this famous ensemble of musicians is to find an added delight in the dramatic strains.

These four records are but a few of the December Columbia group which includes not only operatic arias, but dance records, popular songs, instrumental, Christmas novelty records, and many others too numerous to mention here.—*Adv.*

**\$400 in Prizes**

Last call for the big Jingle Contest. For the best short jingles featuring the merits of ZYMOLE TROKEYS received before Dec. 15th, 1918, we will give the following prizes: first \$150; second \$100; third \$75; fourth \$25; and five \$10 prizes. ZYMOLE TROKEYS are not cough drops—but mildly antiseptic throat pastilles of real worth—which keep the voice fit. At all drug stores. Send rhymes to our Jingle Department.

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is necessary to every woman who wears the sheer georgette and organdie blouses or the sleeveless dancing frocks decreed by Fashion. She must remove the hair from her arm-pits to be either modest or well groomed.

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The old idea of brushing teeth was to remove food particles. Some ways also aimed to polish teeth.

But time soon proved those methods insufficient. Teeth still discolored, still decayed. Tartar formed, and pyorrhea remained undiminished. Statistics show that tooth troubles constantly increased.

Millions of users have discovered that the tooth brush fails to save their teeth.

Now science knows the reason. It lies in a film—a slimy film—which dentists call bacterial plaque. It constantly forms on the teeth, and it clings. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays.

Old-time brushing methods could not properly combat it.

That film is what discolors, not the teeth. It hardens into tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus tooth troubles are largely traced to that film.

Science now has found a way to combat that film. It has proved itself to many able authorities by four years of clinical tests. Today it is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And we offer you a special tube to let you prove it out.

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As a cleanser and polisher, Pepsodent holds supreme place among tooth pastes. But it also goes further.

It is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly prevent its accumulation.

But pepsin alone won't do. It must be activated, and the usual activating agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden.

Now science has found an activating method harmless to the teeth. Five governments have already granted patents. That method, used in Pepsodent, makes the use of active pepsin possible.

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able dental authorities proved its value by clinical tests. They placed its results beyond question. Now we offer the proof to you in the shape of a home test.

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# MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO



Campbell

## PEARL WHITE

A late photograph of Pearl White, who will be shown as a new, daring and resourceful character in "The Lightning Raider," a story of grim mystery and peril, by George Brackett Seitz and Bertram Millhauser, released by Pathé



[Reprinted from letter of May 25 to Committee on Public Information, and incorporated in War Activities Report of National Association of Motion Picture Industry]

“The people of the country who are working at high pressure to win the war need some form of recreation, and to a vast number of our people moving pictures are the only form of recreation within their means. The majority of the moving picture theatres of the country have placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government for the furtherance of Liberty Loans, War Savings, and other Government movements, and deserve the thanks of the country for their patriotic attitude.”

(Signed) W. G. MCADOO, Secretary of the Treasury

## The Crystal of Life

THE motion picture is like the magician's crystal. You gaze into it and you see life.

Life alight with gaiety and purple with dreams, life astride the champing steed of adventure, life careless of death.

By what test have Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures emerged crowned monarchs in this art?

By the test of the *faithfulness* and *clearness* of their crystal-reflections of life!

By the sheer vitality of their foremost stars—by their sheer *beauty*—by their sheer *charm*—often by their sheer loveliness—by their *LIFE!*

And nowhere else is there such *directing* as in *Paramount* and *Artcraft*, such gorgeous presentation, such superb understanding of the story's artistic atmosphere, such closeness to *life's richest hues!*

In deed as well as in name are these motion pictures—*Paramount! Artcraft!*

# Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION  
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General  
NEW YORK



“FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES”



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MARY PICKFORD

Who it is said has formed her own company to produce the screen version of "Daddy Long-Legs." She is said to have paid \$40,000 for the screen rights



CHARLOTTE WALKER

Is now the star of William Fox's drama of democracy entitled "18 to 45," staged by R. A. Walsh. This photo-play, tells the story of the military draft



PEGGY SHANOR

Who will shortly be featured by a new film corporation



## CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

who is now making what promises to be one of her most pretentious productions, "Cheating Cheaters," which was such a success as a play. Harry Garson has surrounded Miss Young with a remarkable cast, including Anna O. Nilsson, Jack Holt, Tully Marshall, Frank Campeau, Edwin Stevens, Frederick Burton, and many other screen notables.

**FOUR WONDERFUL COMPOSITIONS**

**"SMILES"**

The Cyclonic Song and Fox Trot Hit  
 Music by Lee S. Roberts      Lyric by J. Will Callahan

**"TILL WE MEET AGAIN"**

SONG      WALTZ  
 Lyric by Raymond Egan      Melody by Richard Whiting  
 You'll sing, whistle, play and dance to this one "Till We Meet Again"

**"A LITTLE BIRCH CANOE AND YOU"**

WALTZ      SONG  
 Melody by Lee S. Roberts      Lyric by J. Will Callahan  
 A fitting successor to "Smiles" by the same composers  
 The feature Waltz number with all prominent dance orchestras

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THE DISTINCTIVE NOVELTY SONG OF THE SEASON

**"MADELON"**

(The French Soldiers' Song)  
 SONG      ONE-STEP  
 American Lyric by Alfred Bryan      Melody by Camille Robert

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 OH! HOW I WISH I COULD SLEEP UNTIL MY  
 DADDY COMES HOME  
 OH! HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING  
 YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND A LITTLE SUNSHINE IN  
 THE Y. M. C. A.  
 COME ON PAPA  
 OH! WHAT A TIME FOR THE GIRLIES WHEN THE  
 BOYS COME MARCHING HOME  
 THE WORST IS YET TO COME  
 THE TALE THE CHURCH BELL TOLLED  
 MY BARNEY LIES OVER THE OCEAN  
 ROCK-A-BYE YOUR BABY WITH A DIXIE MELODY  
 DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE DAY  
 TELL THAT TO THE MARINES  
 AMERICAN BEAUTY  
 I CANNOT BEAR TO SAY GOOD-BYE

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IN THE GAY MUSIC PLAY

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Music by JEROME KERN

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GREATEST COMEDY DRAMA SINCE "THE MUSIC MASTER"

By Harry James Smith



# WINTER, BUT NOT OF DISCONTENT



**S**TERN winter loves a "dirge-like sound," if Poet Wordsworth can be believed. But how can an almost emancipated world be expected to oblige with dirge-like sounds when *Te Deums* would be more suited to its mood?

\* \* \*

To be sure, the newspapers have limited Mary Pickford's income for the current picture year to two million dollars; but a frugal person should be able to pull through on two millions a year by avoiding restaurants in the White Light district. Again, the epidemic of influenza has been a dreadful thing, but you must admit that it saved us from a lot of campaign oratory. Every cloud, you see, has its silver lining.

\* \* \*

In fact, from every point of view the silver lining overlaps the cloud. Even a world war is seen to have its compensations when you stop to think how completely it has suppressed Bill Bryan, and remember that nothing else ever did that. And if Hoover has eliminated flour and shortening and sugar from the pie of commerce until in its present form it is more suitable for car wheels than for table use there still remains the comforting reflection that at present prices we can't afford pie, any way.

\* \* \*

The farther you go the more unmitigated our blessings appear. Theatre ticket speculators have beaten the Kaiser into oblivion by a neck. Cherman ersatz opera has been spurlos versenkt alretty. Sex problem plays have been decently interred in chloride of lime—or most of them have, at least, and the rest will be attended to as soon as the overworked garbage man can get around to them. Recognizing the tendencies of the times the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has handed down a ukase putting the double cross on war themes for photoplays, the great national pastime of plutocrat and proletariat, not to mention the bourgeoisie abhorred of Trotzky, and nailing to the mast of the most important producer of motion pictures the motto, "Let joy be unconfined."

\* \* \*

Speaking of photoplays in particular, a lot of water has flowed under the bridge since Wild Bill Hohenzollern led the Potsdam gang out for world dominion or downfall and got it. Not a branch of the New Art but has been uplifted and ennobled.

\* \* \*

Take its optical aspect, for instance. When the camera man went out into a low temperature for winter scenes before the war his steady

grinding at the crank as he wound the celluloid through velvet-faced slots generated static electricity within the camera. The electricity in such cases was quiet and unobtrusive, giving no sign of its presence until the film was developed, when it would be found to be streaked and spattered as if it had been traversed by a lightning bug in the last stages of delirium tremens. It was such things as these that caused the camera man to backslide and his boss to bite tenpenny nails.

\* \* \*

But now that science has provided a non-conducting film the camera man has so far lived down his past that his name now appears on the program and the star is not ashamed to be seen conversing with him—until said star gets a look at his picture in the projection room.

\* \* \*

Again, there is the literary side of the photoplay. Time was, and not so very long ago at that, when the chief National industry was writing scenarios for motion pictures. Every person capable of signing his name without resorting to a cross wrote photoplays—you could tell that that was what they were, because the author always enclosed a written confession with his crime. But since war industries have been progressively absorbing the Nation's labor there has been a corresponding decrease in the writing of photoplays. One result has been that the world's stock of paper, which was getting dangerously low, is once more increasing. At the same time the money formerly spent for postage both ways on scenarios has been saved and has thus made possible the floating of the six billion dollar Fourth Liberty Loan, the greatest single financial transaction in history. And not only that, but McAdoo has been able to utilize the rolling stock formerly employed in the transportation of manuscripts in hauling munitions to the seaboard. When you trace these things right down to fundamentals you can see what a vital part the scenario writers are playing in winning the war.

\* \* \*

Pursuing the subject of literature still further, there is the immemorial grievance of the author because the scenario editor performs plastic surgery upon the former's effusions. It is customary to submit the production as presented to the public as circumstantial evidence in behalf of the plaintiff; but Oh, do not thou forget, however darkly stained by sins of omission or commission the finished product may be, you never saw the scenario in its original form. Who, therefore, shall say

how many authors today are able to hold up their heads as more or less respected members of the community because some intrepid scenario editor has stood between their atrocities and the just consequences thereof? If these things were only understood in their true light there should be no difficulty in negotiating an armistice between authors and editors, or even peace without annexations or indemnities.

\* \* \*

And if only the President could find time to tell Congress what it thought about the matter we might have a law making it justifiable homicide for an editor to put out of her misery the author who breaks into the corral and insists on talking about her "brain child"—"brain child," mark you. Then, my friends, the last touch of perfection would be added to the whole field of photoplay literature.

\* \* \*

In their triumphal progress motion pictures have won "Some measure of official recognition" from no less a personage than the President himself. He says motion pictures are "an increasingly important factor in the development of our National life." And they are.

\* \* \*

The publisher who once frothed at the mouth with one hand when the Dorcas Society asked for a two line free announcement of its next meeting, and with the other hand extended two pages of free space to baseball, a purely commercial enterprise, now sells the two pages at regular rates to motion picture producers and exhibitors. With this addition to his income the publisher has been able to buy a new automobile. And he can ring for full speed ahead in passing his own bulletin board, because the fairway is no longer clogged with patriots who pause in their mad career for half an afternoon to follow the fortunes of the Giants and the Cubs and the rest of the menagerie as reported by wire to an anxious world.

\* \* \*

These faithful citizens—or such of them as may be able to obtain passes—can sit in comfortable motion picture theatres, instead of standing in hot dusty streets, to obtain the recreation which Secretary McAdoo says is so essential to those who are working at high pressure to win the war.

\* \* \*

Herein lies a moral. Observe that baseball, which never paid an advertising bill, had to shut up shop and go to work or fight; while motion pictures, which squandered most of the gross receipts on advertising, has been declared by the highest Gov-

ernment authority to be a necessary of life. Producers of motion pictures not only have not been asked to close down, but, on the contrary, have had a hand-picked assortment of actors and extras set aside by the Government itself in order that they might continue operations unhindered.

\* \* \*

It is a great pleasure to say that the Government's sentiments are reciprocated. The motion picture industry subscribed for approximately twenty-five million dollars in bonds of the first three loans and through the efforts of motion picture artists, who toured the country to make addresses and of local exhibitors who freely lent the aid of their theatres, added another hundred millions. Besides this the industry raised twenty-six million dollars for the Red Cross up to July last; it exhibited scores of thousands of slides and short reels for food conservation, for recruiting labor for war industries and various other Government activities and provided eighteen thousand forums from which the Four Minute Men nightly made addresses that were of incalculable value in disseminating the propaganda that united sentiment behind the Nation's purpose to carry the war on to complete victory.

\* \* \*

Such an important factor was the motion picture industry in the first three loans that in the fourth it was called upon for still greater exertions. For example, W. S. Hart, the Aircraft star, who is better known to millions of his fellow citizens than General Pershing, was called to the East, where he labored incessantly throughout the drive. Douglas Fairbanks also came East, and by flying from Washington to New York and back again raised between six and seven million dollars for the loan.

\* \* \*

Doug's press agent was inspired by this achievement to announce that his boss was getting flighty. The press agent thought out this *bon mot* all by himself. The key furnished by the press agent explains that this is a play on words. The adjective "flighty" as here used by the press agent is derived from the noun "flight," the name of the action taken by Doug. in traveling by aeroplane, although that is not exactly the definition usually associated with the adjective "flighty" aforesaid. But, as the press agent fully explains, elucidating by aid of diagrams, that's just it. The *mot* becomes *bon* through the unexpected double entendre—sort of sweeps you off your feet, as it were, by its reversible cleverness, so to speak.

# The Girl With The Golden Smile



## LILLIAN WALKER

In the Second of the Series  
of Eight "Happy" Pictures

An adaptation of the widely read novel  
"FRAN"

*By John Deckeridge Ellis*

*Directed by William P. S. Earle*

A sunny, human picture of a little girl  
who had a great longing for home and  
love—a heart drama, typical in the  
freshness of its appeal and the fascina-  
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*Released thru the W. W. Hodkinson Corp.*

**Lillian Walker Pictures Corp.**  
501 Fifth Avenue New York City



Betty Blythe of the Vita-graph for whom many have predicted stardom within the next year



Viola Dana, film favorite, one of the shining lights of the Metro programme



Roxana McGowan, Mack Sennett star

# RIVOLI GOES TO THE MOVIES

STRAND THEATRE. Edith Cavell in "THE WOMAN THE GERMANS SHOT," with Julia Arthur. Plunkitt and Carroll present the story of Edith Cavell the woman the Germans shot with Julia Arthur as Miss Cavell. The story has been picturized by Anthony Paul Kelly and directed by John G. Adolphi. The soul-stirring story of the murder of Nurse Edith Cavell by the Huns has been faithfully and forcefully depicted with an excellent cast and with more than the usual amount of attention paid to detail. This picture brings to the screen for the first time Miss Julia Arthur, who acquits herself creditably although a bit camera shy in the early part of the film. The finish of the picture had almost everyone in tears, and leaves one filled with righteous indignation against the nation that countenances the murder of women under the guise of Kultur.

RIVOLI. "WOMAN," directed by Maurice Tourneur. "Woman" has been directed and produced by Maurice Tourneur which in itself means that the motion picture can will at least see a well produced picture. "Woman" is no exception to the foregoing and from the artistic standpoint is all that can be asked. But the story, which by the way, is by Charles Whittaker makes an awful mess of lovely woman, and almost leads one to believe that director Tourneur has little or no use for the gentler sex and takes the method of getting it out of his system. The story is in five episodes,

a prologue and an epilogue, and starting with the days of Adam and Eve goes right through history showing up the fairer sex in a startling and most unique way. The finish and most unique way. The finish sort of tones for the beginning making the best of woman's activity in war work.

RIVOLI. "SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY," with Mitchel Lewis. J. Stuart Blackton presents "Safe for Democracy," a propaganda picture based on the work or fight order of General Crowder. There is nothing particularly new or exciting about this feature and Mitchel Lewis, really a good actor who is best remembered for his portrayal of the half-breed type, has appeared to much better advantage due perhaps to the fact that he has little or nothing to do. The picture is a bit jumpy at times but the continuity improves as the picture progresses. There is considerable action and some exceedingly light comedy, but as a whole "Safe for Democracy" can hardly be called good entertainment.

BROADWAY THEATRE. "MARRIAGE," with Catherine Calvert. "Marriage" is an old theme rehashed in an old way with Catherine Calvert as the sorely tried wife of an easy living husband who is financially ruined and as a climax must go to Paris to save his eyesight. Friend wife in the meantime tries to recoup the family exchequer by cheating at cards. Piffle and more of it. A good director in the person of James Kirkwood

wasted on the trashiest kind of a story. There are good possibilities in Catherine Calvert but Frank Keeney should be politely but firmly told that in producing pictures a good story is the first essential.

STRAND THEATRE. "THE MASTER MYSTERY," with Houdini. The first four episodes of "The Master Mystery," the new B. S. Rolfe serial featuring Houdini were shown to an especially invited audience at the Strand Theatre the early part of the month. Like all serials there are thrills galore but Houdini makes them even thrillier if possible. Yet one cannot help but think that thanks to trick photography Houdini's powers are discounted. However, there is no doubt that the box-office value of Houdini's name will put the serial over financially. The story is by Arthur B. Reeve and Charles A. Logue and is just the sort of story one would expect from two such capable writers. In addition to Houdini we have Marguerite Marsh, Ruth Stonehouse and Floyd Buckley all of whom are worthy of mention.

BROADWAY. "SUSPICION," with Grace Davison. I wonder if the audience at the Broadway had any idea of what they were letting themselves in for when they bought their tickets. "Suspicion" is so poor that I refuse to waste further space upon it. Suffice it to say that Grace Davison, the girl that plays the lead, comes close to wrecking what otherwise might have been the stepping

stone to a promising career by her appearance in such truck as "Suspicion."

RIVOLI. "A ROMANCE OF THE AIR," with Lieut. Bert Hall and Edith Day. "A Romance of the Air," was suggested by Lieut. Hall's book, *En l'Air*. The Lieut. and Edith Day are featured in the picture which tells of an aviator's experiences in the early part of the war. Lieut. Hall seems a born actor, whereas Edith Day who should know better, overacts. As war pictures go, "A Romance of the Air," is above the average. It neither bores or tires one which is due to the delicate handling of the production.

STRAND. "LITTLE WOMEN," directed by Harley Knowles. William A. Brady's film production of Louisa M. Alcott's world renowned story, "Little Women," is a screen classic. The production of pictures such as "Little Women" do much to uplift the dignity of the screen, and proves an old contention of mine that clean, wholesome entertainment always does find favor wherever right-minded people congregate. The Alcott Memorial Committee permitted most of the scenes of the picture to be made in and around the home of the author, thereby imparting a true sense of New England atmosphere. Little or no fault can be found with the acting, and with the exception of several unnecessary titles this picture will stand the test of any criticism.

## UNWINDING THE REEL

William J. Shea, 56 years old, the oldest moving picture actor in the country in years of service, and the first comedian of the Vitagraph Company, died suddenly of heart disease, at his Brooklyn residence.

William Duncan, director and star of Vitagraph serials, is back at the Hollywood studio after a short trip to New York, where he visited relatives and met the officials of the Vitagraph company. "Bill," says New York is all right, but it is still far from finished.

The new laboratory which is being built at the Vitagraph studio in Hollywood is now almost completed, and it will be one of the finest on the coast. It will be fully equipped for printing on a large scale and soon will be in operation.

Earle Williams is back at the Hollywood studio. Mr. Williams went East to make one feature and was to have returned here upon its completion, but a change in plans resulted in his going back after a few weeks spent in New York and

he is now preparing to start work on a new feature.

When Bessie Love's first Vitagraph Blue Ribbon feature "The Dawn of Understanding," is released, J. Frank Glendon will be seen playing opposite to her. Mr. Glendon was one of the featured stars in the successful Vitagraph serial, "The Woman in the Web," Hedde Nova being the other star.

The National Film Corporation of America has signed a contract with Henry B. Walthall for the exclusive services of the star for an extended period. The definite signing of Mr. Walthall follows close upon the deal by which the Robertson-Cole Company takes over the National Film Corporation interests, handling for the world the eight Billie Rhodes pictures, as also the forthcoming series of Walthall dramas.

According to present plans Walthall will make eight pictures during the next twelve months. William Parsons, general manager and treasurer of the National Film Corporation, announces that Mr. Walt-

hall will receive the highest salary of any individual male star in the motion picture world. Several stars may receive greater remuneration through the fact that they own their own producing organizations, but Mr. Walthall will take first place among salaried stars, declares Mr. Parsons.

The star has just scored a hit in the spoken drama, "The Awakening," at the Criterion Theatre in New York. Mr. Walthall will return immediately to the National Coast studios to begin work on his first feature of the series.

Few stars in the screen world are better known than Walthall. He came to the front in the famous old Biograph days, when David Griffith was laying the foundation of the modern photoplay. Back in those pioneer and developing days of Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, the Gishs, Blanche Sweet and others, Walthall was one of the biggest Biograph favorites.

Walthall scored one of his first big hits in "Judith of Bethulia," the first American feature production, and he followed it with his famous

depiction of the little colonel in that screen classic, "The Birth of a Nation."

After leaving Griffith, Walthall joined the Essanay forces and later starred with Paralta. Only recently he returned temporarily to the Griffith fold, appearing with striking success in "The Great Love." Then Walthall came East to rejoin his first love, the spoken drama.

Marjorie Rambeau, the theatrical star at present appearing in "Where Poppies Bloom," at the Republic Theatre, has joined the list of players who share their theatrical accomplishments with the screen.

Miss Rambeau's screen work will not interfere with her theatrical engagement and she will continue to appear at the Republic Theatre. She has entered upon her film duties, and her initial offering is a story by a famous author.

Miss Rambeau says that she is more than eager to come under Mr. Revier's film direction, as it will renew a professional association of more than half a dozen years ago on the Western coast.

(Concluded on page 394)



Campbell

Bryant Washburn who will shortly appear in "Venus in the East"



Witzel

Gloria Joy, seven years old, heading her own company as star of Mission Productions



Witzel

Herbert Heyes now appearing as leading man for Helen Keller



Evans

Claire Du Brey a west coast favorite, who is becoming popular in the east

# THE SALVATION ARMY IN PICTURES

THE remarkable story of the Salvation Army, both in war and peace, is about to be screened for the further enlightenment of these civilized nations. Although the Salvation Army was estab-



© Iva L. Hill  
COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH

lished over fifty years ago, it is now flourishing in sixty-one countries on this earth, and its marvelous story of sacrifice and devotion to the cause of humanity has never before been screened. Upon this occasion, the tremendous sentiment which sprang up in the hearts of American soldiers and sailors within the last

year in behalf of the Salvation Army for its practical and effective work at the front, inspired the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to investigate and finally to order a story to be made, which has been months in course of preparation.

The story finds its basis in historical truth, and in recently developed facts, which reveal the Salvation Army as perhaps the most popular war work organization of which the American troops have any knowledge, and as a body of sanctified men and women, who actually serve without selfish views or considerations, to the end that life may be made happier for those upon this earth, and that a firm hope in life hereafter may be cherished and depended upon by all.

The story of the Salvation Army in peace is scarcely less thrilling and inspiring than the story of the Salvation Army in war, and both of these phases have been covered by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, now about to make the picture. Every word of the script has been read to Commander Evangeline Booth, the forceful, intelligent woman who leads this great army for peace in America, and who shares in the belief that the public should be given an opportunity to know more of the Salvation Army's actual operations and affairs.

The Salvation Army, as such, will

not appear in this, or any other motion picture in the capacity of actors and actresses, but will be filmed in connection with the story as they pursue their ordinary daily functions, both at the front in France, in their scores of institutions for mercy in the United States, in the slums, the tenements and wherever misery, hardship and privation, either in the young or the old, exist.

It has not been generally known that the Salvation Army was the first to establish war work huts, having gone through this entire experience in the Boer War, many years ago. When Germany made her first vicious thrust at the throat of little Belgium, and the British troops moved in within twelve days, to fight the battles of righteousness and justice, the Salvation Army of England was on the job at the side of the troops. From that day to this the far-flung battle line of the Allies has known the uplifting and useful influence and exertions of the Salvation Army. When the United States entered the struggle a year ago, Commander Evangeline Booth had workers in France at the head of the American troops, and their work from that moment until the present hour, has carved a niche for them in the heart of every soldier and sailor in the American service. Practically without funds, but with stout hearts and a willingness to give up life itself, if nec-

essary, to help the troops on the common-sense basis, the Salvation Army has been serving the soldiers of the Allies faithfully and efficiently, and as a result has brought about a better understanding of its work with the world at large.

No longer will the little band around the corner be scoffed at, or the motives of this great organization, which has a hard-working corps in eight hundred and thirty cities of the United States, be questioned.

The great and very powerful force at the head of all this useful work in America is Evangeline Booth, daughter of the distinguished founder of the Salvation Army, who died some years ago. She is surrounded by a staff of capable executives and the work of her wonderful organization is handled for the west by her chief assistant in America, Commissioner Thomas Estill, whose headquarters are in Chicago. Commander Booth will appear in this film as she discharges her regular, every day duties and the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation will film this story with the due reverence and profound respect the subject calls for. It is said the story is of tremendous force and is bound to be a potent factor in helping the public to think better, live better, hope better, and, therefore, fare better while on this unhappy earth.

## UNWINDING THE REEL

(Continued from page 392)

Mr. Revier heretofore has been associated, as director, with Cecil De Mille, Edmund Bræse, Irene Fenwick, Olga Petrova and William Walker.

The Affiliated Film Corporation has acquired the financial and managing control of the Mutual Film Corporation.

Announcement is made by H. A. Brink, William J. Clark and H. C. Cornelius, who thus take possession for themselves and for the exhibitors, as they represent of the twenty-nine branch offices of the principal cities of the United States.

Messrs. Clark, Brink and Cornelius are exhibitors in Grand Rapids, Mich., which city is the headquarters of the Affiliated Distributors' Corporation. The Affiliated Distributors' Corporation is operated upon a direct from producer to exhibitor cooperative plan, the distribution being made through five unit corporations exclusively owned and controlled by exhibitors.

James M. Sheldon, president of the Mutual Film Company, will re-

take the position as chairman of the board of directors and act in an advisory capacity to the Affiliated Company. A. S. Kirkpatrick, assistant general manager, will, as heretofore, maintain supervision and control over all the branches of the Mutual. The present organization of the Mutual will be retained intact.

The officers of the new organization are: President, William J. Clark; vice-president and general manager, H. A. Brink; chairman of the board of directors, James M. Sheldon; secretary, H. C. Cornelius; treasurer, Paul H. Davis; assistant general manager, A. S. Kirkpatrick; auditor, Hugh Davis, and general counsel, Charles C. Pettijohn. In addition, there will be appointed an advisory board of exhibitors from different sections of the country.

The first film to be handled under the new organization will be "Lafayette, We Come."

The K. W. S. Distributing Company, Inc., of New York City, announces that it is producing a series of films under the title of

"Healthograms," each one giving some hygienic advice calculated to benefit humanity.

It is stated that these health hints will be based on information supplied by prominent physicians, but that the health aids are portrayed in pictures which are given rather a humorous turn so that they may amuse as well as give valuable advice.

These Healthograms are to be released as "four-minute reels" in the very near future, according to the K. W. S. Company.

When Broadway Star Features offer their new releases of O. Henry Stories it will be found that the subjects ready for the exhibitor are well ahead of schedule, as the directors had been gaining at the time production was temporarily suspended at all studios.

Two of the stories that may be expected are "The Ghost of a Chance" and "Buried Treasure," with Agnes Ayres and Edward Earle in the leading rôles, direction by Kenneth Webb.

"America's Answer," the U. S. Official War Picture issued by the Division of Films, of the Committee on Public Information, is not the ordinary press-agented film-play. It is a chapter of the great drama of the war, registered by U. S. Signal Corps photographers, by direction of General John J. Pershing. It is purely a Government enterprise. No individual has any profit interest in the production.

The picture has been made and it is presented for public consideration, not to make money—although it must necessarily produce a revenue in order to meet the expenses involved—but in order to show the millions of contributors to the several Liberty Loans, the purchasers of Thrift and War Stamps, Taxpayers, and those who have so generously given in other ways for the needs of the war, just how the great sum has been expended and what, in a physical way, has been accomplished in France during the first year of America's participation in the struggle for Democracy.

Irene Castle as France, and Effie Shannon as Belgium in the allegorical prologue of the forthcoming war film, "The Common Cause"



Frances Burnham, who plays leads opposite George Walsh



Two little patriots, Charles Stuart and Violet Blackton, children of Commodore and Mrs. Stuart Blackton, film producers



Madaline Traverser, whose work as star in "The Caillaux Case" has been favorably commented upon



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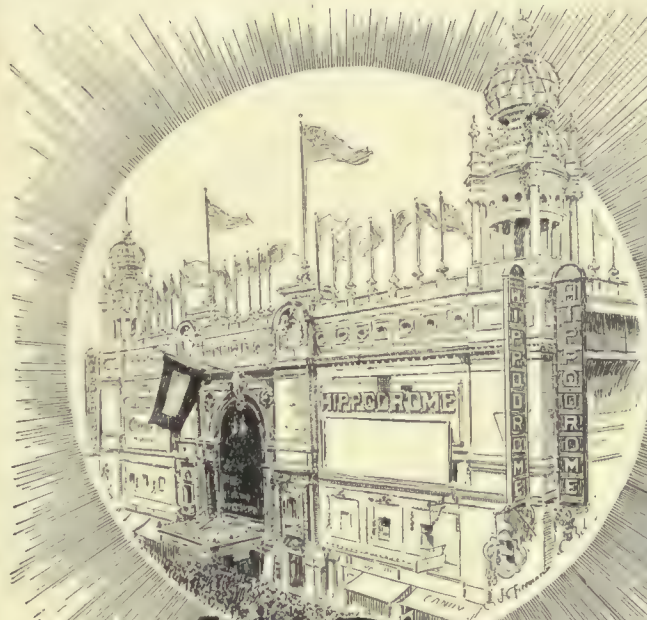
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